THE PLAYS OF SHAKESPEARE.

King Henry VI.—Part III.

King Richard III.

The Two Gentlemen of Verona.

EDITED BY

HENRY MORLEY, LL.D.,

EMERITUS PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE,
UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON.

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THIRD PART OF KING HENRY VI.

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INTRODUCTION.

THE THIRD PART OF KING HENRY VI. was, like the Second Part, an old play revised. As the Second Part had followed the Play printed in 1594,—*The First Part of the Contention betwixt the two famous Houses of York and Lancaster*—so the Third Part followed as closely the play printed in 1595. This was, in fact, the Second Part of the Contention, but was separately entitled, "*The True Tragedie of Richard, Duke of Yorke, and the death of good King Henrie the Sixt with the whole contention betweene the two Houses of Lancaster and Yorke, as it was sundrie times acted by the Right Honourable the Earl of Pembrooke his servants.* Printed at London by P. S. for Thomas Millington, and are to be sold at his shoppe vnder Saint Peter's Church in Cornhill. 1595." *The True Tragedie* is the original of Shakespeare's *Third Part of King Henry VI.*, which begins where it begins, ends where it ends. The play is too long to be given complete in both forms within the limits of this volume. The earlier form, therefore, is appended to Shakespeare's version of it only as far as space permits, and the rest will be appended to the next play, which immediately continues the action, and was Shakespeare's own close to the series, his *King Richard III.* Still there was space to find, and it has been made by borrowing some pages that would otherwise have been given to this Introduction.

As in *The Second Part of King Henry VI.*, those passages in the play assigned to Shakespeare which are not in the older version, and which we may suppose to have been added by him, are underlined. A little observation of the character of these additions—even before proceeding to that

closer comparison of play with play which shows the smaller verbal changes and artistic transpositions—should make it clear that the *First Part of the Contention* and the *True Tragedie*, *i.e.*, are really older plays retouched by Shakespeare; and that they are not, as Mr. W. N. Lettsom supposed them to be, piratical depravations of the plays included among Shakespeare's works. I have no doubt that they do frequently deprave the lines of Marlowe, or of Greene, or of some other poet. In some places, also, I have no doubt that what seem to be Shakespeare's amendments are simply the more faithful reproductions of the text upon which Shakespeare was working. But I think there may be a trace also of Shakespeare found in the *True Tragedie*, though there be none in the *First Part of the Contention*.

It is weakness to speak positively upon matters that we cannot positively know, and build unhesitating faith upon conjecture. Mr. Dyce, in his edition published in 1850 of Marlowe, whose works no contemporary had attempted to collect—there was, indeed, no collection of them before that made by George Robinson in 1826—Mr. Dyce included *The First Part of the Contention* and *The True Tragedie* among plays of which Marlowe probably was the chief author "Greene," he said, "may have contributed his share, so also may Lodge, and so may Peele have done; but in both pieces there are scenes characterised by a vigour of conception and expression, to which, as their undisputed works demonstrably prove, neither Greene, nor Lodge, nor Peele could possibly have risen. Surely, therefore, we have full warrant for supposing that Marlowe was very largely concerned in the composition of *The First Part of the Contention* and *The True Tragedie;* and the following instances of their occasional close resemblance to his *Edward the Second* are confirmative of that supposition, however little such parallelisms might be thought to weigh, if they formed the only grounds for it:—

"'I *tell* thee, Poull, *when* thou didst *runne at tilt*
And stol'st away our ladaies hearts *in France*.'
"*First Part of Contention.*

"'*Tell* Isabel, the queen, I looked not thus
When for her sake *I ran at tilt in France*.'
"*Edward II.*

"'Madame, I bring you newes from Ireland;
The wild O'Nele, my lord, is vp in armes,
With troupes *of Irish kernes* that, *uncontrold*,
Doth plant themselves *within the English pale*.'
"*First Part of Contention.*

"'*The wild O'Neil, with* swarms *of Irish kerns*
Lives *uncontrolled within the English pale*.'
"*Edward II.*

"'Sterne Fawconbridge *commands the narrow seas*.'
"*True Tragedie.*

"'The haughty Dane *commands the narrow seas*.'
"*Edward II.*

"'Thus yields *the cedar* to the axes edge,
Whose armes gave shelter to the princlie eagle.'
"*True Tragedie.*

"'A lofty *cedar-tree*, fair, flourishing,
On whose top branches kingly eagles perch.'
"*Edward II.*

"'What, will the *aspiring blood of Lancaster*
Sink into the ground? I had thought it would have mounted.'
"*True Tragedie.*

"'Frown'st thou thereat, *aspiring Lancaster?*'
"*Edward II.*

"'[And], highly scorning that *the lowly earth*
Should drink his blood, mounts up into the air.'
"*Edward II.*"

Other writers have found good grounds for a presumption that Robert Greene had a hand in the writing of these plays. It is noticeable that when Greene in his last days wrote the often-quoted passage of complaint against actors who dealt as they pleased with work of poets, and indicated Shakespeare as a chief offender in that way, he levelled at Shakespeare, as an "upstart crow beautified with our feathers," a

parody of a line in this *Third Part of King Henry VI.*, "O, tiger's heart, wrapped in a woman's hide"—reading it "player's hide." In that context of complaint against Shakespeare as an actor meddling with the works of poets, Greene showed that he had this play present to his mind. The line that put a tiger's heart into a woman's hide is in the old play, and, so far, does not seem to have been added by Shakespeare, although Greene may have accounted it Shakespearean bombast.

Greene died on the 3rd of September, 1592. Before that date, therefore, all the Three Parts of *King Henry VI.* were in existence. My conjecture is that Shakespeare's retouching grew bolder as its worth obtained more recognition, and that some part of his revision of the *True Tragedie*—work very recent in September, 1592, and, therefore, a fresh grief to Greene—became inseparable from the play, and remained in it when it was first printed in 1595. I do not suppose that there were any touches by Shakespeare in the *First Part of the Contention*, at least three years old when printed in 1594. But the *True Tragedie* was, I think, printed in 1595 with passages at the close which Shakespeare had made inseparable from it, and which were designed by him as preparation for his treatment of the history of Richard III. Upon that sequel of civil war he then went on to shape, himself alone, a fourth and last play for the full completion of the series. When the play of *Richard III.* was in existence—as it was in 1595—the *True Tragedie* would be acted or read with those passages indicating the dramatic motive of the next and best play of the set. These passages I can ascribe only to Shakespeare, though they do occur in the old play, and, therefore, are not underlined in the present edition of the *Third Part of King Henry VI.* But here we reach what must be the first topic of the Introduction to *King Richard III.*

H. M.

THIRD PART OF KING HENRY VI.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING HENRY THE SIXTH.
EDWARD, *Prince of Wales, his Son.*
LEWIS XI., *King of France.*

On King Henry's Side.
- DUKE OF SOMERSET,
- DUKE OF EXETER,
- EARL OF OXFORD,
- EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND,
- EARL OF WESTMORELAND,
- LORD CLIFFORD,

RICHARD PLANTAGENET, *Duke of York.*

His Sons.
- EDWARD, *Earl of March, afterwards King Edward IV.*,
- EDMUND, *Earl of Rutland*,
- GEORGE, *afterwards Duke of Clarence*,
- RICHARD, *afterwards Duke of Gloster*,

Of the Duke of York's Party.
- DUKE OF NORFOLK,
- MARQUESS OF MONTAGUE,
- EARL OF WARWICK,
- EARL OF PEMBROKE,
- LORD HASTINGS,
- LORD STAFFORD,

Uncles to the Duke of York.
- SIR JOHN MORTIMER,
- SIR HUGH MORTIMER,

HENRY, *Earl of Richmond, a Youth.*
LORD RIVERS, *Brother to Lady Grey.*
SIR WILLIAM STANLEY.
SIR JOHN MONTGOMERY.
SIR JOHN SOMERVILLE.
Tutor to Rutland.
Mayor of York.
Lieutenant of the Tower.
A Nobleman.
Two Keepers.
A Huntsman.
A Son that has killed his Father.
A Father that has killed his Son.

QUEEN MARGARET.
LADY GREY, *afterwards Queen to Edward IV.*
BONA, *Sister to the French Queen.*

Soldiers, and other Attendants on King Henry and King Edward, Messengers, Watchmen, &c.

SCENE—During the Third Act, in FRANCE; during the rest of the Play, in ENGLAND.

ACT I.

Scene I.—London. The Parliament House.

Drums. Some Soldiers of York's *party break in. Then enter the Duke of* York, Edward, Richard, Norfolk, Montague, Warwick, *and others, with White Roses in their hats.*

War. I wonder how the king escaped our hands.

York. While we pursued the horsemen of the north,
He slily stole away, and left his men:
Whereat the great Lord of Northumberland,
Whose warlike ears could never brook retreat,
Cheered up the drooping army; and himself,
Lord Clifford, and Lord Stafford, all abreast,
Charged our main battle's front, and, breaking in,
Were by the swords of common soldiers slain.

Edw. Lord Stafford's father, Duke of Buckingham,
Is either slain or wounded dangerous:
I cleft his beaver with a downright blow;
That this is true, father, behold his blood.

[*Showing his bloody sword.*

Mont. [To YORK, *showing his.*] And, brother,
here 's the Earl of Wiltshire's blood,
Whom I encountered as the battles joined.

Rich. Speak thou for me, and tell them what I did.

[*Throwing down the Duke of* SOMERSET'S *head.*

York. Richard hath best deserved of all my sons.—
But, is your grace dead, my Lord of Somerset?

Norf. Such hope have all the line of John of Gaunt!

Rich. Thus do I hope to shake King Henry's head.

War. And so do I. Victorious Prince of York
Before I see thee seated in that throne,
Which now the house of Lancaster usurps,
I vow by Heaven these eyes shall never close.
This is the palace of the fearful king,
And this the regal seat: possess it, York;
For this is thine, and not King Henry's heirs'.

York. Assist me then, sweet Warwick, and I will;
For hither we have broken in by force.

Norf. We 'll all assist you; he that flies shall die.

York. Thanks, gentle Norfolk.—Stay by me, my lords:—

And, soldiers, stay, and lodge by me this night.

War. And when the king comes, offer him no violence,
Unless he seek to thrust you out perforce.

[*The Soldiers retire.*

York. The queen this day here holds her parliament,
But little thinks we shall be of her council.
By words or blows here let us win our right.

Rich. Armed as we are, let's stay within this house.

War. The bloody parliament shall this be called,
Unless Plantagenet, Duke of York, be king,
And bashful Henry be deposed, whose cowardice
Hath made us by-words to our enemies.

York. Then leave me not, my lords; be resolute;
I mean to take possession of my right.

War. Neither the king, nor he that loves him best,
The proudest he that holds up Lancaster,
Dare stir a wing, if Warwick shake his bells.
I'll plant Plantagenet, root him up who dares.—
Resolve thee, Richard: claim the English crown.

[WARWICK *leads* YORK *to the throne, who seats himself.*

Flourish. Enter King HENRY, CLIFFORD, NORTHUMBERLAND, WESTMORELAND, EXETER, *and others, with Red Roses in their hats.*

K. Hen. My lords, look where the sturdy rebel sits,
Even in the chair of state! belike, he means,
Backed by the power of Warwick, that false peer,
To aspire unto the crown, and reign as king.—
Earl of Northumberland, he slew thy father,—
And thine, Lord Clifford; and you both have vowed revenge
On him, his sons, his favourites, and his friends.

North. If I be not, heavens be revenged on me!

Clif. The hope thereof makes Clifford mourn in steel.

West. What! shall we suffer this? let 's pluck him down:
My heart for anger burns, I cannot brook it.

K. Hen. Be patient, gentle Earl of Westmoreland.

Clif. Patience is for poltroons such as he:
He durst not sit there, had your father lived.
My gracious lord, here in the parliament
Let us assail the family of York.

North. Well hast thou spoken, cousin: be it so.

K. Hen. Ah! know you not, the city favours them,
And they have troops of soldiers at their beck?

Exe. But when the duke is slain, they'll quickly fly.

K. Hen. Far be the thought of this from Henry's heart,
To make a shambles of the parliament-house!
Cousin of Exeter, frowns, words, and threats,
Shall be the war that Henry means to use.
[*They advance to the* DUKE.
Thou factious Duke of York, descend my throne,
And kneel for grace and mercy at my feet:
I am thy sovereign.

York. I am thine.

Exe. For shame! come down. He made thee Duke of York.

York. 'T was my inheritance, as the earldom was.[1]

Exe. Thy father was a traitor to the crown.

War. Exeter, thou art a traitor to the crown,
In following this usurping Henry.

Clif. Whom should he follow but his natural king?

War. True, Clifford; and that's Richard, Duke of York.

[1] as the kingdom is.

K. Hen. And shall I stand, and thou sit in my throne?

York. It must and shall be so. Content thyself.

War. Be Duke of Lancaster: let him be king.

West. He is both king and Duke of Lancaster;
And that the Lord of Westmoreland shall maintain.

War. And Warwick shall disprove it. You forget,
That we are those which chased you from the field,
And slew your father, and with colours spread
Marched through the city to the palace gates.

North. Yes, Warwick, I remember it to my grief;
And, by his soul, thou and thy house shall rue it.

West. Plantagenet, of thee, and these thy sons,
Thy kinsmen, and thy friends, I 'll have more lives
Than drops of blood were in my father's veins.

Clif. Urge it no more; lest that, instead of words,
I send thee, Warwick, such a messenger,
As shall revenge his death before I stir.

War. Poor Clifford, how I scorn his worthless threats.

York. Will you we show our title to the crown?
If not, our swords shall plead it in the field.

K. Hen. What title hast thou, traitor, to the crown?

Thy father was, as thou art, Duke of York;
Thy grandfather, Roger Mortimer, Earl of March.
I am the son of Henry the Fifth,
Who made the Dauphin and the French to stoop,
And seized upon their towns and provinces.

War. Talk not of France, sith thou hast lost it all.

K. Hen. The lord Protector lost it, and not I:
When I was crowned, I was but nine months old.

Rich. You are old enough now, and yet, methinks, you lose.

Father, tear the crown from the usurper's head.

Edw. Sweet father, do so: set it on your head.

Mont. [*To* YORK.] Good brother, as thou lov'st and honour'st arms,

Let 's fight it out, and not stand cavilling thus.

Rich. Sound drums and trumpets, and the king will fly.

York. Sons, peace!

K. Hen. Peace thou, and give King Henry leave to speak.

War. Plantagenet shall speak first: hear him, lords;
And be you silent and attentive too,

For he that interrupts him shall not live.

K. Hen. Think 'st thou, that I will leave my kingly throne,
Wherein my grandsire and my father sat?
No: first shall war unpeople this my realm;
Ay, and their colours—often borne in France,
And now in England, to our heart's great sorrow,—
Shall be my winding sheet.—Why faint you, lords?
My title 's good, and better far than his.

War. Prove it, Henry, and thou shalt be king.

K. Hen. Henry the Fourth by conquest got the crown.

York. 'T was by rebellion against his king.

K. Hen. [*Aside.*] I know not what to say: my title 's weak.—
Tell me, may not a king adopt an heir?

York. What then?

K. Hen. An if he may, then am I lawful king;
For Richard, in the view of many lords,
Resigned the crown to Henry the Fourth,
Whose heir my father was, and I am his.

York. He rose against him, being his sovereign,
And made him to resign his crown perforce.

War. Suppose, my lords, he did it unconstrained,
Think you, 't were prejudicial to his crown?

Exe. No; for he could not so resign his crown,

But that the next heir should succeed and reign.

K. Hen. Art thou against us, Duke of Exeter?

Exe. His is the right, and therefore pardon me.

York. Why whisper you, my lords, and answer not?

Exe. My conscience tells me he is lawful king.

K. Hen. All will revolt from me, and turn to him.

North. Plantagenet, for all the claim thou lay'st,
Think not, that Henry shall be so deposed.

War. Deposed he shall be in despite of all.

North. Thou art deceived: 't is not thy southern power,
Of Essex, Norfolk, Suffolk, nor of Kent,—
Which makes thee thus presumptuous and proud,—
Can set the duke up in despite of me.

Clif. King Henry, be thy title right or wrong,
Lord Clifford vows to fight in thy defence:
May that ground gape, and swallow me alive,
Where I shall kneel to him that slew my father!

K. Hen. O Clifford, how thy words revive my heart!

York. Henry of Lancaster, resign thy crown.
What mutter you, or what conspire you, lords?

War. Do right unto this princely Duke of York,
Or I will fill the house with armèd men,

And o'er the chair of state where now he sits,
Write up his title with usurping blood.

[*He stamps with his foot, and the Soldiers show themselves.*

K. Hen. My Lord of Warwick, hear me but one word.
Let me for this my life-time reign as king.

York. Confirm the crown to me, and to mine heirs,
And thou shalt reign in quiet while thou liv'st.

K. Hen. I am content: Richard Plantagenet,
Enjoy the kingdom after my decease.[1]

Clif. What wrong is this unto the prince your son!

War. What good is this to England, and himself!

West. Base, fearful, and despairing Henry!

Clif. How hast thou injured both thyself and us!

West. I cannot stay to hear these articles.

North. Nor I.

Clif. Come, cousin, let us tell the queen these news.

West. Farewell, faint-hearted and degenerate king,
In whose cold blood no spark of honour bides.

[1] *King.* Convey the soldiers hence, and then I will.
War. Captain, conduct them into Tothill Fields.

North. Be thou a prey unto the house of York,
And die in bands for this unmanly deed!

Clif. In dreadful war may'st thou be overcome,
Or live in peace, abandoned, and despised!

[*Exeunt* NORTHUMBERLAND, CLIFFORD, *and* WESTMORELAND.

War. Turn this way, Henry, and regard them not.

Exe. They seek revenge, and therefore will not yield.

K. Hen. Ah, Exeter!

War. Why should you sigh, my lord?

K. Hen. Not for myself, Lord Warwick, but my son,
Whom I unnaturally shall disinherit.
But be it as it may, I here entail
The crown to thee, and to thine heirs for ever;
Conditionally, that here thou take an oath
To cease this civil war, and, whilst I live,
To honour me as thy king and sovereign;
And neither by treason, nor hostility,
To seek to put me down, and reign thyself.

York. This oath I willingly take, and will perform. [*Coming from the throne.*

War. Long live King Henry!—Plantagenet, embrace him.

K. Hen. And long live thou, and these thy forward sons!

York. Now York and Lancaster are reconciled.

Exe. Accursed be he that seeks to make them foes!

[*Sennet. The Lords come forward.*

York. Farewell, my gracious lord: I'll to my castle.

War. And I'll keep London with my soldiers.

Norf. And I to Norfolk with my followers.

Mont. And I unto the sea from whence I came.

[*Exeunt* YORK *and his Sons*, WARWICK, NORFOLK, MONTAGUE, *Soldiers, and Attendants.*

K. Hen. And I, with grief and sorrow, to the court.

Enter Queen MARGARET *and the Prince of* WALES.

Exe. Here comes the queen, whose looks bewray her anger:
I'll steal away.

K. Hen. Exeter, so will I.

Q. Mar. Nay, go not from me; I will follow thee.

K. Hen. Be patient, gentle queen, and I will stay.

Q. Mar. Who can be patient in such extremes?
Ah, wretched man! 'would I had died a maid,
And never seen thee, never borne thee son,

Seeing thou hast proved so unnatural a father!
Hath he deserved to lose his birthright thus?
Hadst thou but loved him half so well as I,
Or felt that pain which I did for him once,
Or nourished him, as I did with my blood,
Thou wouldst have left thy dearest heart-blood there,
Rather than have made that savage duke thine heir,
And disinherited thine only son.

Prince. Father, you cannot disinherit me.
If you be king, why should not I succeed?

K. Hen. Pardon me, Margaret;—pardon me, sweet son:—
The Earl of Warwick and the duke enforced me.

Q. Mar. Enforced thee! art thou king, and wilt be forced?
I shame to hear thee speak. Ah, timorous wretch!
Thou hast undone thyself, thy son, and me,
And given unto the house of York such head,
As thou shalt reign but by their sufferance.
To entail him and his heirs unto the crown,
What is it, but to make thy sepulchre,
And creep into it far before thy time?
Warwick is chancellor, and the Lord of Calais;
Stern Faulconbridge commands the narrow seas;
The duke is made Protector of the realm;

And yet shalt thou be safe? such safety finds
The trembling lamb, environéd with wolves.
Had I been there, which am a silly woman,
The soldiers should have tossed me on their pikes,
Before I would have granted to that act;
But thou preferr'st thy life before thine honour:
And seeing thou dost, I here divorce myself,
Both from thy table, Henry, and thy bed,
Until that act of parliament be repealed,
Whereby my son is disinherited.
The northern lords, that have forsworn thy colours,
Will follow mine, if once they see them spread;
And spread they shall be, to thy foul disgrace,
And utter ruin of the house of York.
Thus do I leave thee.—Come, son, let's away:
Our army is ready; come, we 'll after them.

K. Hen. Stay, gentle Margaret, and hear me speak.

Q. Mar. Thou hast spoke too much already: get thee gone.

K. Hen. Gentle son Edward, thou wilt stay with me?

Q. Mar. Ay, to be murdered by his enemies.

Prince. When I return with victory from the field,
I 'll see your grace; till then, I 'll follow her.

Q. Mar. Come, son, away! we may not linger thus.

[*Exeunt Queen* MARGARET *and the* PRINCE.

K. Hen. Poor queen! how love to me, and to her son,
Hath made her break out into terms of rage!
Revenged may she be on that hateful duke,
Whose haughty spirit, wingéd with desire,
Will cost my crown, and, like an empty eagle,
Tire on the flesh of me and of my son!
The loss of those three lords torments my heart:
I 'll write unto them, and entreat them fair.—
Come, cousin; you shall be the messenger.[1]

Exe. And I, I hope, shall reconcile them all.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—A Room in Sandal Castle, near Wakefield.

Enter EDWARD, RICHARD, *and* MONTAGUE.

Rich. Brother, though I be youngest, give me leave.

Edw. No, I can better play the orator.

Mont. But I have reasons strong and forcible.

1 Come, cousin of Exeter, stay thou here;
For Clifford and these northern lords be gone
I fear towards Wakefield, to disturb the duke.

Enter YORK.

York. Why, how now, sons and brother, at a strife?
What is your quarrel? how began it first?

Edw. No quarrel, but a slight contention.

York. About what?

Rich. About that which concerns your grace, and us;
The crown of England, father, which is yours.

York. Mine, boy? not till King Henry be dead.

Rich. Your right depends not on his life, or death.

Edw. Now you are heir, therefore enjoy it now:
By giving the house of Lancaster leave to breathe,
It will outrun you, father, in the end.

York. I took an oath that he should quietly reign.

Edw. But for a kingdom any oath may be broken:
I 'd break a thousand oaths to reign one year.

Rich. No; God forbid, your grace should be forsworn.

York. I shall be, if I claim by open war.

Rich. I 'll prove the contrary, if you 'll hear me speak.

York. Thou canst not, son: it is impossible.

Rich. An oath is of no moment, being not took
Before a true and lawful magistrate,
That hath authority over him that swears:
Henry had none, but did usurp the place;
Then, seeing 't was he that made you to depose,
Your oath, my lord, is vain and frivolous.[1]
Therefore, to arms. And, father, do but think,
How sweet a thing it is to wear a crown,
Within whose circuit is Elysium,
And all that poets feign of bliss and joy.
Why do we linger thus? I cannot rest,
Until the white rose that I wear be dyed
Even in the lukewarm blood of Henry's heart.

York. Richard, enough: I will be king, or die.—
Brother, thou shalt to London presently,
And whet on Warwick to this enterprise.—
Thou, Richard, shalt to the Duke of Norfolk
And tell him privily of our intent.—
You, Edward, shall unto my Lord Cobham,
With whom the Kentishmen will willingly rise:
In them I trust; for they are soldiers,
Witty, courteous, liberal, full of spirit.—
While you are thus employed, what resteth more

[1] And yet your grace stands bound to him by oath.
Then, noble father, resolve yourself,
And once more claim the crown.

But that I seek occasion how to rise,
And yet the king not privy to my drift,
Nor any of the house of Lancaster?

Enter a Messenger.

But, stay.—What news? Why com'st thou in such post?

Mess. The queen with all the northern earls and lords
Intend here to besiege you in your castle.
She is hard by with twenty thousand men,
And therefore fortify your hold, my lord.

York. Ay, with my sword. What! think'st thou, that we fear them?—
Edward and Richard, you shall stay with me;
My brother Montague shall post to London:
Let noble Warwick, Cobham, and the rest,
Whom we have left protectors of the king,
With powerful policy strengthen themselves,
And trust not simple Henry, nor his oaths.

Mont. Brother, I go; I'll win them, fear it not:
And thus most humbly I do take my leave. [*Exit.*

Enter Sir JOHN *and Sir* HUGH MORTIMER.

York. Sir John, and Sir Hugh Mortimer, mine uncles,

You are come to Sandal in a happy hour;
The army of the queen mean to besiege us.

Sir John. She shall not need, we 'll meet her in the field.

York. What, with five thousand men?

Rich. Ay, with five hundred, father, for a need.
A woman 's general; what should we fear?

[*A march afar off.*

Edw. I hear their drums: let 's set our men in order,
And issue forth, and bid them battle straight.

York. Five men to twenty!—though the odds be great,
I doubt not, uncle, of our victory.
Many a battle have I won in France,
Whenas the enemy hath been ten to one:
Why should I not now have the like success?

[*Alarum. Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Plains near Sandal Castle.

Alarums; Excursions. Enter RUTLAND *and his Tutor.*

Rut. Ah! whither shall I fly to 'scape their hands?
Ah, tutor! look, where bloody Clifford comes.

Enter CLIFFORD *and Soldiers.*

Clif. Chaplain, away: thy priesthood saves thy life.

As for the brat of this accurséd duke,
Whose father slew my father, he shall die.

Tut. And I, my lord, will bear him company.

Clif. Soldiers, away with him.

Tut. Ah, Clifford! murder not this innocent child,
Lest thou be hated both of God and man.

[*Exit, forced off by Soldiers.*

Clif. How now! is he dead already? Or is it fear
That makes him close his eyes? I'll open them.

Rut. So looks the pent-up lion o'er the wretch
That trembles under his devouring paws;[1]
And so he walks, insulting o'er his prey,
And so he comes to rend his limbs asunder.—
Ah, gentle Clifford! kill me with thy sword,
And not with such a cruel threatening look.
Sweet Clifford! hear me speak before I die:
I am too mean a subject for thy wrath;
Be thou revenged on men, and let me live.

Clif. In vain thou speak'st, poor boy: my father's blood

[1] on the lamb.

Hath stopped the passage where thy words should
enter.

Rut. Then let my father's blood open it again:
He is a man, and, Clifford, cope with him.

Clif. Had I thy brethren here, their lives and
thine
Were not revenge sufficient for me.
No, if I digged up thy forefathers' graves,
And hung their rotten coffins up in chains,
It could not slake mine ire, nor ease my heart.
The sight of any of the house of York
Is as a fury to torment my soul;
And till I root out their accursed line,
And leave not one alive, I live in hell.
Therefore—

Rut. O! let me pray before I take my death.—
To thee I pray: sweet Clifford, pity me!

Clif. Such pity as my rapier's point affords.

Rut. I never did thee harm: why wilt thou slay
me?

Clif. Thy father hath.

Rut. But 't was ere I was born.
Thou hast one son, for his sake pity me,
Lest, in revenge thereof, sith God is just,
He be as miserably slain as I.
Ah, let me live in prison all my days;

And when I give occasion of offence,
Then let me die, for now thou hast no cause.

Clif. No cause?
Thy father slew my father: therefore, die.

[*Stabs him.*

Rut. *Di faciant laudis summa sit ista tuæ!*

[*Dies.*

Clif. Plantagenet! I come, Plantagenet!
And this thy son's blood, cleaving to my blade,
Shall rust upon my weapon till thy blood,
Congealed with this, do make me wipe off both.

[*Exit.*

Scene IV. — The Same.

Alarum. *Enter* York.

York. The army of the queen hath got the field:
My uncles both are slain in rescuing me;
And all my followers to the eager foe
Turn back, and fly like ships before the wind,
Or lambs pursued by hunger-starvéd wolves.
My sons—God knows, what hath bechancéd them:
But this I know, they have demeaned themselves
Like men born to renown, by life, or death.
Three times did Richard make a lane to me, [1]

[1] Three times this day came Richard to my sight.

And thrice cried,—"Courage, father! fight it out!"[1]
And full as oft came Edward to my side,[2]
With purple faulchion, painted to the hilt
In blood of those that had encountered him:
And when the hardiest warriors did retire,
Richard cried,—"Charge! and give no foot of ground!"
And cried,—"A crown, or else a glorious tomb!
A sceptre, or an earthly sepulchre!"
With this, we charged again; but, out, alas!
We bodged again: as I have seen a swan
With bootless labour swim against the tide,
And spend her strength with over-matching waves.
[*A short alarum within.*
Ah, hark! the fatal followers do pursue;[3]
And I am faint, and cannot fly their fury;
And were I strong, I would not shun their fury.
The sands are numbered, that make up my life;
Here must I stay, and here my life must end.

Enter Queen MARGARET, CLIFFORD, NORTHUMBERLAND, *the young* PRINCE, *and Soldiers.*

Come, bloody Clifford,—rough Northumberland,—

[1] Victory or death.
[2] And twice so oft came Edward to my view.
[3] I hear the drums

I dare your quenchless fury to more rage.
I am your butt, and I abide your shot.

North. Yield to our mercy, proud Plantagenet.

Clif. Ay, to such mercy, as his ruthless arm
With downright payment showed unto my father.
Now Phaëton hath tumbled from his car,
And made an evening at the noontide prick.

York. My ashes, as the phœnix, may bring forth
A bird that will revenge upon you all;
And in that hope I throw mine eyes to heaven,
Scorning whate'er you can afflict me with.
Why come you not?—what! multitudes, and fear?

Clif. So cowards fight, when they can fly no farther;
So doves do peck the falcon's piercing talons;
So desperate thieves, all hopeless of their lives,
Breathe out invectives 'gainst the officers.

York. O Clifford! but bethink thee once again,
And in thy thought o'errun my former time;
And, if thou canst for blushing, view this face,
And bite thy tongue that slanders him with cowardice
Whose frown hath made thee faint and fly ere this.

Clif. I will not bandy with thee word for word,
But buckle with thee blows, twice two for one.

[*Draws.*

Q. Mar. Hold, valiant Clifford! for a thousand causes
I would prolong awhile the traitor's life.—
Wrath makes him deaf: speak thou, Northumberland.

North. Hold, Clifford! do not honour him so much
To prick thy finger, though to wound his heart.
What valour were it, when a cur doth grin,
For one to thrust his hand between his teeth,
When he might spurn him with his foot away?
It is war's prize to take all vantages,
And ten to one is no impeach of valour.

[*They lay hands on* YORK, *who struggles.*

Clif. Ay, ay: so strives the woodcock with the gin.

North. So doth the cony struggle in the net.

[YORK *is taken prisoner.*

York. So triumph thieves upon their conquered booty;
So true men yield, with robbers so o'ermatched.

North. What would your grace have done unto him now?

Q. Mar. Brave warriors, Clifford and Northumberland,
Come, make him stand upon this molehill here,

That raught at mountains with outstretchéd arms,
Yet parted but the shadow with his hand.—
What! was it you, that would be England's king?
Was 't you that revelled in our parliament,
And made a preachment of your high descent?
Where are your mess of sons to back you now?
The wanton Edward, and the lusty George?
And where 's that valiant crook-back prodigy,
Dicky your boy, that, with his grumbling voice,
Was wont to cheer his dad in mutinies?
Or, with the rest, where is your darling Rutland?
Look, York: I stained this napkin with the blood
That valiant Clifford with his rapier's point
Made issue from the bosom of the boy;
And if thine eyes can water for his death,
I give thee this to dry thy cheeks withal.
Alas, poor York! but that I hate thee deadly,
I should lament thy miserable state.
I pr'ythee, grieve, to make me merry, York:
What! hath thy fiery heart so parched thine entrails,
That not a tear can fall for Rutland's death?
Why art thou patient, man? thou shouldst be mad;
And I, to make thee mad, do mock thee thus.
Stamp, rave, and fret, that I may sing and dance.
Thou wouldst be fee'd, I see, to make me sport;

York cannot speak, unless he wear a crown.—
A crown for York!—and, lords, bow low to him.—
Hold you his hands, whilst I do set it on.—
[*Putting a paper crown on his head.*
Ay, marry, sir, now looks he like a king.
Ay, this is he that took King Henry's chair,
And this is he was his adopted heir.—
But how is it, that great Plantagenet
Is crowned so soon, and broke his solemn oath?
As I bethink me, you should not be king,
Till our King Henry had shook hands with death.
And will you pale your head in Henry's glory,
And rob his temples of the diadem,
Now in his life, against your holy oath?
O! 't is a fault too too unpardonable.—
Off with the crown; and, with the crown, his head!
And, whilst we breathe, take time to do him dead.

Clif. That is my office, for my father's sake.

Q. Mar. Nay, stay; let 's hear the orisons he makes.

York. She-wolf of France, but worse than wolves of France;
Whose tongue more poisons than the adder's tooth!
How ill-beseeming is it in thy sex

To triumph, like an Amazonian trull,
Upon their woes whom fortune captivates!
But that thy face is, visor-like, unchanging,
Made impudent with use of evil deeds,
I would assay, proud queen, to make thee blush:
To tell thee whence thou cam'st, of whom derived,
Were shame enough to shame thee, wert thou not
shameless.
Thy father bears the type of King of Naples,
Of both the Sicils, and Jerusalem,
Yet not so wealthy as an English yeoman.
Hath that poor monarch taught thee to insult?
It needs not, nor it boots thee not, proud queen;
Unless the adage must be verified,
That beggars, mounted, run their horse to death.
'T is beauty that doth oft make women proud;
But God he knows thy share thereof is small.
'T is virtue that doth make them most admired;
The contrary doth make thee wondered at.
'T is government that makes them seem divine;
The want thereof makes thee abominable.
Thou art as opposite to every good,
As the Antipodes are unto us,
Or as the south to the septentrion.
O tiger's heart, wrapped in a woman's hide!
How couldst thou drain the life-blood of the child,

To bid the father wipe his eyes withal;
And yet be seen to bear a woman's face?
Women are soft, mild, pitiful, and flexible;
Thou stern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorseless.
Bidd'st thou me rage? why, now thou hast thy wish:
Wouldst have me weep? why, now thou hast thy will.
For raging wind blows up incessant showers,
And when the rage allays, the rain begins.
These tears are my sweet Rutland's obsequies,
And every drop cries vengeance for his death,
'Gainst thee, fell Clifford, and thee, false Frenchwoman.

North. Beshrew me, but his passions move me so,
That hardly can I check my eyes from tears.

York. That face of his the hungry cannibals
Would not have touched, would not have stained with blood;
But you are more inhuman, more inexorable,
O, ten times more, than tigers of Hyrcania,
See, ruthless queen, a hapless father's tears!
This cloth thou dipp'dst in blood of my sweet boy,
And I with tears do wash the blood away.
Keep thou the napkin, and go boast of this;

And if thou tell'st the heavy story right,
Upon my soul, the hearers will shed tears;
Yea, even my foes will shed fast-falling tears,
And say,—'Alas! it was a piteous deed.'—
There, take the crown, and with the crown my curse,
And in thy need such comfort come to thee,
As now I reap at thy too cruel hand!—
Hard-hearted Clifford, take me from the world;
My soul to heaven, my blood upon your heads!

North. Had he been slaughter-man to all my kin,
I should not, for my life, but weep with him,
To see how inly sorrow gripes his soul.

Q. Mar. What! weeping-ripe, my Lord Northumberland?
Think but upon the wrong he did us all,
And that will quickly dry thy melting tears.

Clif. Here 's for my oath; here 's for my father's death. [*Stabbing him.*

Q. Mar. And here 's to right our gentle-hearted king. [*Stabbing him.*

York. Open thy gate of mercy, gracious God!
My soul flies through these wounds to seek out thee.[1] [*Dies.*

[1] My soul flies forth to meet with thee.

Q. Mar. Off with his head, and set it on York gates:
So York may overlook the town of York.
[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

ACT II.

Scene I.—A Plain near Mortimer's Cross in Herefordshire.

A March. Enter Edward *and* Richard, *with their Power.*

Edw. I wonder, how our princely father 'scaped;
Or whether he be 'scaped away, or no,
From Clifford's and Northumberland's pursuit.
Had he been ta'en, we should have heard the news;
Had he been slain, we should have heard the news;
Or had he 'scaped, methinks we should have heard
The happy tidings of his good escape.—
How fares my brother? why is he so sad?

Rich. I cannot joy, until I be resolved
Where our right valiant father is become.
I saw him in the battle range about,
And watched him how he singled Clifford forth.
Methought, he bore him in the thickest troop,

As doth a lion in a herd of neat:
Or as a bear, encompassed round with dogs;
Who having pinched a few, and made them cry,
The rest stand all aloof, and bark at him.
So fared our father with his enemies;
So fled his enemies my warlike father:
Methinks, 't is prize enough to be his son.
See, how the morning opes her golden gates,
And takes her farewell of the glorious sun:
How well resembles it the prime of youth,
Trimmed like a younker, prancing to his love!

Edw. Dazzle mine eyes, or do I see three suns?

Rich. Three glorious suns, each one a perfect sun,
Not separated with the racking clouds,
But severed in a pale clear-shining sky.
See, see! they join, embrace, and seem to kiss,
As if they vowed some league inviolable:
Now are they but one lamp, one light, one sun!
In this the heaven figures some event.

Edw. 'T is wondrous strange, the like yet never heard of.
I think, it cites us, brother, to the field,
That we, the sons of brave Plantagenet,
Each one already blazing by our meeds,
Should, notwithstanding, join our lights together,

And over-shine the earth, as this the world.
Whate'er it bodes, henceforward will I bear
Upon my target three fair-shining suns.

Rich. Nay, bear three daughters: by your leave I speak it,
You love the breeder better than the male.

Enter a Messenger.

But what art thou, whose heavy looks foretell
Some dreadful story hanging on thy tongue?

Mess. Ah, one that was a woful looker-on,
Whenas the noble Duke of York was slain,
Your princely father, and my loving lord.

Edw. O, speak no more! for I have heard too much.

Rich. Say, how he died, for I will hear it all.

Mess. Environéd he was with many foes;
And stood against them, as the hope of Troy
Against the Greeks, that would have entered Troy.
But Hercules himself must yield to odds;
And many strokes, though with a little axe,
Hew down and fell the hardest-timbered oak.
By many hands your father was subdued;
But only slaughtered by the ireful arm
Of unrelenting Clifford, and the queen,
Who crowned the gracious duke in high despite;

Laughed in his face; and, when with grief he wept,
The ruthless queen gave him, to dry his cheeks,
A napkin steepéd in the harmless blood
Of sweet young Rutland, by rough Clifford slain
And, after many scorns, many foul taunts,
They took his head, and on the gates of York
They set the same; and there it doth remain,
The saddest spectacle that e'er I viewed.

Edw. Sweet Duke of York! our prop to lean upon,
Now thou art gone, we have no staff, no stay.
O Clifford! boisterous Clifford! thou hast slain
The flower of Europe for his chivalry;
And treacherously hast thou vanquished him,
For, hand to hand, he would have vanquished thee.
Now, my soul's palace is become a prison:
Ah, would she break from hence, that this my body
Might in the ground be closéd up in rest!
For never henceforth shall I joy again,
Never, O, never, shall I see more joy.[1]

Rich. I cannot weep, for all my body's moisture
Scarce serves to quench my furnace-burning heart:

[1] These two lines expand. The one line—
For never shall I have more joy.

Nor can my tongue unload my heart's great burden;
For selfsame wind, that I should speak withal,
Is kindling coals that fire all my breast,
And burn me up with flames that tears would quench.
To weep is to make less the depth of grief:
Tears, then, for babes; blows and revenge for me!—[1]
Richard, I bear thy name, I'll venge thy death,
Or die renownéd by attempting it.

Edw. His name that valiant duke hath left with thee;
His dukedom and his chair with me is left.

Rich. Nay, if thou be that princely eagle's bird,
Show thy descent by gazing 'gainst the sun:
For chair and dukedom, throne and kingdom say;
Either that is thine, or else thou wert not his.

March. Enter WARWICK *and* MONTAGUE, *with their Army.*

War. How now, fair lords? What fare? what news abroad?

Rich. Great Lord of Warwick, if we should recount

[1] These six lines expand the two lines—

I cannot joy till the white rose be dyed,
Even in the heart blood of the house of Lancaster.

Our baleful news, and at each word's deliverance
Stab poniards in our flesh till all were told,
The words would add more anguish than the wounds.
O valiant lord ! the Duke of York is slain.

Edw. O Warwick ! Warwick ! that Plantagenet,
Which held thee dearly as his soul's redemption,
Is by the stern Lord Clifford done to death.

War. Ten days ago I drowned these news in tears,
And now, to add more measure to your woes,
I come to tell you things sith then befallen.
After the bloody fray at Wakefield fought,
Where your brave father breathed his latest gasp,
Tidings, as swiftly as the posts could run,
Were brought me of your loss, and his depart.
I, then in London, keeper of the king,
Mustered my soldiers, gathered flocks of friends,
And very well appointed, as I thought,
Marched towards Saint Albans to intercept the queen,
Bearing the king in my behalf along ;
For by my scouts I was advértiséd,
That she was coming with a full intent
To dash our late decree in parliament,
Touching King Henry's oath and your succession.

Short tale to make,—we at Saint Albans met,
Our battles joined and both sides fiercely fought;
But, whether 't was the coldness of the king,
Who looked full gently on his warlike queen,
That robbed my soldiers of their heated spleen,
Or whether 't was report of her success,
Or more than common fear of Clifford's rigour,
Who thunders to his captives blood and death,
I cannot judge: but, to conclude with truth,
Their weapons like to lightning came and went;
Our soldiers'—like the night-owl's lazy flight,
Or like an idle thresher with a flail,—
Fell gently down, as if they struck their friends.
I cheered them up with justice of our cause,
With promise of high pay and great rewards:
But all in vain; they had no heart to fight,
And we, in them, no hope to win the day;
So that we fled: the king unto the queen;
Lord George your brother, Norfolk, and myself,
In haste, post-haste, are come to join with you;
For in the marches here, we heard, you were,
Making another head to fight again.

Edw. Where is the Duke of Norfolk, gentle Warwick?
And when came George from Burgundy to England?

War. Some six miles off the duke is with the soldiers;
And for your brother, he was lately sent
From your kind aunt, Duchess of Burgundy,
With aid of soldiers to this needful war.

Rich. 'T was odds, belike, when valiant Warwick fled:
Oft have I heard his praises in pursuit,
But ne'er, till now, his scandal of retire.

War. Nor now my scandal, Richard, dost thou hear;
For thou shalt know, this strong right hand of mine,
Can pluck the diadem from faint Henry's head,
And wring the awful sceptre from his fist,
Were he as famous, and as bold in war,
As he is famed for mildness, peace, and prayer.

Rich. I know it well, Lord Warwick; blame me not:
'T is love I bear thy glories makes me speak.
But in this troublous time, what 's to be done?
Shall we go throw away our coats of steel,
And wrap our bodies in black mourning gowns
Numbering our Ave-Maries with our beads?
Or shall we on the helmets of our foes
Tell our devotion with revengeful arms?

If for the last, say—'Ay, and to it, lords.'

War. Why, therefore Warwick came to seek you out,

And therefore comes my brother Montague.
Attend me, lords. The proud insulting queen,
With Clifford, and the haught Northumberland,
And of their feather many more proud birds,
Have wrought the easy-melting king like wax.
He swore consent to your succession,
His oath enrolléd in the parliament;
And now to London all the crew are gone,
To frustrate both his oath, and what beside
May make against the house of Lancaster:
Their power, I think, is thirty[1] thousand strong.
Now, if the help of Norfolk, and myself,
With all the friends that thou, brave Earl of March,
Amongst the loving Welshmen canst procure,
Will but amount to five-and-twenty[2] thousand,
Why, *Via!* to London will we march amain,
And once again bestride our foaming steeds,
And once again cry—'Charge! upon our foes!'
But never once again turn back, and fly.

Rich. Ay, now, methinks, I hear great Warwick speak.

[1] fifty. [2] forty-eight.

Ne'er may he live to see a sunshine day,
That cries—'Retire,' if Warwick bid him stay.

Edw. Lord Warwick, on thy shoulder will I lean;
And when thou fail'st,—as God forbid the hour!—
Must Edward fall, which peril Heaven forfend!

War. No longer Earl of March, but Duke of York;
The next degree is England's royal throne;
For King of England shalt thou be proclaimed
In every borough as we pass along;
And he that throws not up his cap for joy,
Shall for the fault make forfeit of his head.
King Edward,—valiant Richard,—Montague,—
Stay we no longer dreaming of renown,
But sound the trumpets, and about our task.

Rich. Then, Clifford, were thy heart as hard as steel,
As thou hast shown it flinty by thy deeds,
I come to pierce it, or to give thee mine.

Edw. Then strike up, drums!—God and Saint George for us!

Enter a Messenger.

War. How now? what news?

Mess. The Duke of Norfolk sends you word by me,

The queen is coming with a puissant host;
And craves your company for speedy counsel.

War. Why then it sorts: brave warriors, let's away. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.—Before York.

Flourish. Enter King Henry, *Queen* Margaret, *the Prince of* Wales, Clifford, *and* Northumberland, *with drums and trumpets.*

Q. Mar. Welcome, my lord, to this brave town of York.
Yonder's the head of that arch-enemy,
That sought to be encompassed with your crown:
Doth not the object cheer your heart, my lord?

K. Hen. Ay, as the rocks cheer them that fear their wrack:
To see this sight, it irks my very soul.—
Withhold revenge, dear God! 't is not my fault,
Nor wittingly have I infringed my vow.

Clif. My gracious liege, this too much lenity,
And harmful pity, must be laid aside.
To whom do lions cast their gentle looks?
Not to the beasts that would usurp their den.
Whose hand is that the forest bear doth lick?
Not his that spoils her young before her face.

Who 'scapes the lurking serpent's mortal sting?
Not he that sets his foot upon her back.
The smallest worm will turn, being trodden on;
And doves will peck in safeguard of their brood.
Ambitious York did level at thy crown;
Thou smiling, while he knit his angry brows;
He, but a duke, would have his son a king,
And raise his issue like a loving sire;
Thou, being a king, blessed with a goodly son,
Didst yield consent to disinherit him,
Which argued thee a most unloving father.
Unreasonable creatures feed their young;
And though man's face be fearful to their eyes,
Yet, in protection of their tender ones,
Who hath not seen them, even with those wings
Which sometime they have used in fearful flight,
Make war with him that climbed unto their nest,
Offering their own lives in their young's defence?
For shame, my liege! make them your precedent.
Were it not pity, that this goodly boy
Should lose his birthright by his father's fault,
And long hereafter say unto his child,—
'What my great-grandfather and grandsire got,
My careless father fondly gave away.'
Ah! what a shame were this! Look on the boy;
And let his manly face, which promiseth

Successful fortune, steel thy melting heart
To hold thine own, and leave thine own with him.

K. Hen. Full well hath Clifford played the orator,
Inferring arguments of mighty force.
But, Clifford, tell me, didst thou never hear,
That things ill got had ever bad success?
And happy always was it for that son
Whose father for his hoarding went to hell?
I'll leave my son my virtuous deeds behind;
And would my father had left me no more;
For all the rest is held at such a rate
As brings a thousand-fold more care to keep,
Than in possession any jot of pleasure. [1]
Ah, cousin York! would thy best friends did know
How it doth grieve me that thy head is here!

Q. Mar. My lord, cheer up your spirits: our foes are nigh,
And this soft courage makes your followers faint.
You promised knighthood to our forward son;
Unsheathe your sword, and dub him presently.—
Edward, kneel down.

K. Hen. Edward Plantagenet, arise a knight;
And learn this lesson,—Draw thy sword in right.

Prince. My gracious father, by your kingly leave,

[1] Than may the present profit countervail.

I 'll draw it as apparent to the crown,
And in that quarrel use it to the death.

Clif. Why, that is spoken like a toward prince.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Royal commanders, be in readiness :
For, with a band of thirty [1] thousand men,
Comes Warwick, backing of the Duke of York ;
And in the towns, as they do march along,
Proclaims him king, and many fly to him.
Darraign your battle, for they are at hand.

Clif. I would, your highness would depart the field :
The queen hath best success when you are absent.

Q. Mar. Ay, good my lord, and leave us to our fortune.

K. Hen. Why, that 's my fortune too ; therefore I 'll stay.

North. Be it with resolution then to fight.

Prince. My royal father, cheer these noble lords,
And hearten those that fight in your defence.
Unsheathe your sword, good father : cry, "Saint George !"

[1] fifty.

March. *Enter* EDWARD, GEORGE, RICHARD, WARWICK, NORFOLK, MONTAGUE, *and Soldiers.*

Edw. Now, perjured Henry, wilt thou kneel for grace,
And set thy diadem upon my head,
Or bide the mortal fortune of the field?[1]

Q. Mar. Go, rate thy minions, proud insulting boy!
Becomes it thee to be thus bold in terms,
Before thy sovereign, and thy lawful king?

Edw. I am his king, and he should bow his knee;
I was adopted heir by his consent;
Since when, his oath is broke: for, as I hear,
You, that are king, though he do wear the crown,
Have caused him, by new act of parliament,
To blot out me, and put his own son in.

Clif. And reason too:
Who should succeed the father but the son?

Rich. Are you there, butcher?—O! I cannot speak.

Clif. Ay, crook-back; here I stand, to answer thee,

[1] Now perjured Henry, wilt thou yield thy crown,
And kneel for mercy at thy sovereign's feet?

Or any he the proudest of thy sort.

Rich. 'T was you that killed young Rutland, was it not?

Clif. Ay, and old York, and yet not satisfied.

Rich. For God's sake, lords, give signal to the fight.

War. What say'st thou, Henry, wilt thou yield the crown?

Q. Mar. Why, how now, long-tongued Warwick! dare you speak?

When you and I met at Saint Albans last,
Your legs did better service than your hands.

War. Then 't was my turn to fly, now it is thine.

Clif. You said so much before, and yet you fled.

War. 'T was not your valour, Clifford, drove me thence.

North. No, nor your manhood, that durst make you stay.

Rich. Northumberland, I hold thee reverently.
Break off the parley; scarce I can refrain
The execution of my big-swoln heart
Upon that Clifford, that cruel child-killer.

Clif. I slew thy father: call'st thou him a child?

Rich. Ay, like a dastard, and a treacherous coward,
As thou didst kill our tender brother Rutland;

But ere sunset I 'll make thee curse the deed.

K. Hen. Have done with words, my lords, and hear me speak.

Q. Mar. Defy them then, or else hold close thy lips.

K. Hen. I pr'ythee, give no limits to my tongue: I am a king, and privileged to speak.

Clif. My liege, the wound that bred this meeting here
Cannot be cured by words; therefore be still.

Rich. Then, executioner, unsheathe thy sword.
By Him that made us all, I am resolved
That Clifford's manhood lies upon his tongue.

Edw. Say, Henry, shall I have my right, or no?
A thousand men have broke their fasts to-day,
That ne'er shall dine, unless thou yield the crown.

War. If thou deny, their blood upon thy head;
For York in justice puts his armour on.

Prince. If that be right which Warwick says is right,
There is no wrong but everything is right.

Rich. Whoever got thee, there thy mother stands;
For, well I wot, thou hast thy mother's tongue.

Q. Mar. But thou art neither like thy sire, nor dam;
But like a foul misshapen stigmatic,

Marked by the destinies to be avoided,
As venom toads, or lizards' dreadful stings.

Rich. Iron of Naples, hid with English gilt,
Whose father bears the title of a king,—
As if a channel should be called the sea,—
Sham'st thou not, knowing whence thou art extraught,
To let thy tongue detect thy base-born heart?[1]

Edw. A wisp of straw were worth a thousand crowns,
To make this shameless callat know herself.
Helen of Greece was fairer far than thou,
Although thy husband may be Menelaus;
And ne'er was Agamemnon's brother wronged
By that false woman, as this king by thee.
His father revelled in the heart of France,
And tamed the king, and made the Dauphin stoop;
And had he matched according to his state,
He might have kept that glory to this day;
But when he took a beggar to his bed,
And graced thy poor sire with his bridal-day,
Even then that sunshine brewed a shower for him,
That washed his father's fortunes forth of France,
And heaped sedition on his crown at home.
For what hath broached this tumult, but thy pride?

[1] To parley thus with England's lawful heirs.

Hadst thou been meek, our title still had slept,
And we, in pity of the gentle king,
Had slipped our claim until another age.

Geo. But when we saw our sunshine made thy spring,
And that thy summer bred us no increase,
We set the axe to thy usurping root:
And though the edge hath something hit ourselves,
Yet, know thou, since we have begun to strike,
We 'll never leave, till we have hewn thee down,
Or bathed thy growing with our heated bloods.

Edw. And in this resolution I defy thee;
Not willing any longer conference,
Since thou deniest the gentle king to speak.—
Sound trumpets!—let our bloody colours wave!
And either victory, or else a grave.

Q. Mar. Stay, Edward.

Edw. No, wrangling woman; we 'll no longer stay:
These words will cost ten thousand lives this day.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III.—A Field of Battle near Towton.

Alarums: Excursions. Enter Warwick.

War. Forspent with toil, as runners with a race,
I lay me down a little while to breathe;
For strokes received, and many blows repaid,
Have robbed my strong-knit sinews of their strength,
And, spite of spite,[1] needs must I rest awhile.

Enter Edward, *running.*

Edw. Smile, gentle Heaven, or strike, ungentle death!
For this world frowns, and Edward's sun is clouded.[2]

War. How now, my lord? what hap? what hope of good?

Enter George.

Geo. Our hap is lost, our hope but sad despair:
Our ranks are broke, and ruin follows us.
What counsel give you? whither shall we fly?

Edw. Bootless is flight: they follow us with wings;
And weak we are, and cannot shun pursuit.

[1] force perforce.

[2] That we may die unless we gain the day:
What fatal star malignant frowns from heaven
Upon the harmless line of York's true house?

Enter RICHARD.

Rich. Ah, Warwick! why hast thou withdrawn thyself?
Thy brother's blood the thirsty earth hath drunk,
Broached with the steely point of Clifford's lance;
And in the very pangs of death he cried,
Like to a dismal clangor heard from far,
'Warwick, revenge! brother, revenge my death!'[1]
So, underneath the belly of their steeds,
That stained their fetlocks in his smoking blood,
The noble gentleman gave up the ghost.

War. Then let the earth be drunken with our blood:
I'll kill my horse, because I will not fly.
Why stand we like soft-hearted women here,
Wailing our losses, whiles the foe doth rage;
And look upon, as if the tragedy
Were played in jest by counterfeiting actors?
Here on my knee I vow to God above,

[1] Thy noble father in the thickest throngs
Cried still for Warwick his thrice valiant son,
Until with thousand swords he was beset,
And many wounds made in his aged breast.
And as he tottering sat upon his steed,
He waft his hands to me and cried aloud,
'Richard, commend me to my valiant son.'
And still he cried, 'Warwick, revenge my death!'

I 'll never pause again, never stand still,
Till either death hath closed these eyes of mine,
Or fortune given me measure of revenge.

Edw. O Warwick! I do bend my knee with thine;
And, in this vow, do chain my soul to thine.—
And, ere my knee rise from the earth's cold face,
I throw my hands, mine eyes, my heart to thee,
Thou setter-up and plucker-down of kings,
Beseeching thee,—if with thy will it stands
That to my foes this body must be prey,—
Yet that thy brazen gates of heaven may ope,
And give sweet passage to my sinful soul.[1]—
Now, lords, take leave until we meet again,
Where'er it be, in heaven, or in earth.

Rich. Brother, give me thy hand;—and, gentle Warwick,
Let me embrace thee in my weary arms.
I, that did never weep, nor melt with woe,
That winter should cut off our spring-time so.[2]

War. Away, away! Once more, sweet lords, farewell.

Geo. Yet let us all together to our troops,

[1] Vouchsafe a gentle victory to us,
Or let us die before we lose the day.

[2] To see these dire mishaps continue so.

And give them leave to fly that will not stay,
And call them pillars that will stand to us;
And if we thrive promise them such rewards
As victors wear at the Olympian games.
This may plant courage in their quailing breasts;
For yet is hope of life, and victory.—
Forslow no longer; make we hence amain.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.—The Same. Another Part of the Field.

Excursions. *Enter* Richard *and* Clifford.

Rich. Now, Clifford, I have singled thee alone.
Suppose, this arm is for the Duke of York,
And this for Rutland; both bound to revenge,
Wert thou environed with a brazen wall.[1]

Clif. Now, Richard, I am with thee here alone.
This is the hand that stabbed thy father York,
And this the hand that slew thy brother Rutland;
And there 's the heart that triumphs in their death,

[1] Now, Clifford, for York and young Rutland's death
This thirsty sword, that longs to drink thy blood,
Shall lop thy limbs, and slice thy curséd heart,
For to revenge the murders thou hast made.

And cheers these hands, that slew thy sire and
brother,
And so, have at thee!

[*They fight.* WARWICK *comes;* CLIFFORD *flies.*

Rich. Nay, Warwick, single out some other
chase;
For I myself will hunt this wolf to death.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—Another Part of the Field.

Alarum. Enter King HENRY.

K. Hen. This battle fares like to the morning's
war,
When dying clouds contend with growing light;
What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,
Can neither call it perfect day, nor night.
Now sways it this way, like a mighty sea,
Forced by the tide to combat with the wind:
Now sways it that way, like the selfsame sea,
Forced to retire by fury of the wind:
Sometime, the flood prevails; and then, the
wind;
Now, one the better, then, another best;
Both tugging to be victors, breast to breast,

Yet neither conqueror, nor conquerèd :[1]
So is the equal poise of this fell war.
Here, on this molehill, will I sit me down.
To whom God will, there be the victory;
For Margaret my queen, and Clifford too,
Have chid me from the battle; swearing both,
They prosper best of all when I am thence.
'Would I were dead! if God's good will were so;
For what is in this world but grief and woe?
O God! methinks, it were a happy life,
To be no better than a homely swain;
To sit upon a hill, as I do now,
To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,
Thereby to see the minutes how they run,
How many make the hour full complete;
How many hours bring about the day;
How many days will finish up the year;
How many years a mortal man may live.
When this is known, then to divide the times:
So many hours must I tend my flock;
So many hours must I take my rest;
So many hours must I contemplate;

[1] How like a mastless ship upon the seas
This woful battle doth continue still,
Now leaning this way, now to that side drive,
And none doth know to whom the day will fall.

So many hours must I sport myself;
So many days my ewes have been with young;
So many weeks ere the poor fools will eau;
So many years ere I shall shear the fleece:
So minutes, hours, days, months, and years,
Passed over to the end they were created,
Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.
Ah, what a life were this! how sweet! how lovely!
Gives not the hawthorn-bush a sweeter shade
To shepherds looking on their silly sheep,
Than doth a rich-embroidered canopy
To kings that fear their subjects' treachery?
O, yes, it doth; a thousand-fold it doth.
And to conclude,—the shepherd's homely curds,
His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,
His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,
All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,
Is far beyond a prince's delicates,
His viands sparkling in a golden cup,
His body couchéd in a curious bed,
When care, mistrust, and treason waits on him.

Alarum. Enter a Son that hath killed his Father, with the dead body.

Son. Ill blows the wind that profits nobody.
This man, whom hand to hand I slew in fight,

May be possessèd with some store of crowns:
And I, that haply take them from him now,
May yet ere night yield both my life and them
To some man else, as this dead man doth me.[1]
Who 's this?—O God! it is my father's face,
Whom in this conflict I unwares have killed.
O heavy times, begetting such events!
From London by the king was I pressed forth:
My father, being the Earl of Warwick's man,
Came on the part of York, pressed by his master;
And I, who at his hands received my life,
Have by my hands of life bereavéd him.[2]—
Pardon me, God, I knew not what I did;—
And pardon, father, for I knew not thee.—
My tears shall wipe away these bloody marks;
And no more words, till they have flowed their fill.

K. Hen. O piteous spectacle! O bloody times!
While lions war and battle for their dens,
Poor harmless lambs abide their enmity.[3]
Weep, wretched man, I 'll aid thee, tear for tear;
And let our hearts, and eyes, like civil war,

[1] And I will search to find them if I can.

[2] And in this conflict I have slain my father.

[3] Transposed from part of the King's speech after the lament of the Father who has killed his son. After the lament of the Son who has killed his father, the King, in the old play, does not speak.

Be blind with tears, and break o'ercharged with grief.

Enter a Father, who has killed his Son, with the body in his arms.

Fath. Thou that so stoutly hast resisted me,
Give me thy gold, if thou hast any gold,
For I have bought it with an hundred blows.—
But let me see:—is this our foeman's[1] face?
Ah, no, no, no! it is mine only son!—
Ah, boy! if any life be left in thee,
Throw up thine eye: see, see, what showers arise,
Blown with the windy tempest of my heart,
Upon thy wounds, that kill mine eye and heart!—
O, pity, God, this miserable age!
What stratagems, how fell, how butcherly,
Erroneous, mutinous, and unnatural,
This deadly quarrel daily doth beget!—
O boy! thy father gave thee life too soon,
And hath bereft thee of thy life too late.

K. Hen. Woe above woe! grief more than common grief!
O, that my death would stay these ruthful deeds![2]

[1] The old play has here 'no famous,' a misprint for 'no foeman's.'

[2] This line is transposed from the first speech of the King in the old play, 'O, would my death might stay these civil jars!'

O, pity, pity! gentle Heaven, pity!—
The red rose and the white are on his face,
The fatal colours of our striving houses:
The one his purple blood right well resembles;
The other his pale cheeks, methinks, presenteth;
Wither one rose, and let the other flourish!
If you contend, a thousand lives must wither.

Son. How will my mother, for a father's death,
Take on with me, and ne'er be satisfied!

Fath. How will my wife, for slaughter of my son,
Shed seas of tears, and ne'er be satisfied!

K. Hen. How will the country, for these woful chances,
Misthink the king, and not be satisfied!

Son. Was ever son so rued a father's death?

Fath. Was ever father so bemoaned his son?

K. Hen. Was ever king so grieved for subjects' woe?
Much is your sorrow; mine, ten times so much.

Son. I'll bear thee hence, where I may weep my fill. [*Exit, with the body.*

Fath. These arms of mine shall be thy winding-sheet;
My heart, sweet boy, shall be thy sepulchre,
For from my heart thine image ne'er shall go.
My sighing breast shall be thy funeral bell;

And so obsequious will thy father be,
Son, for the loss of thee, having no more,
As Priam was for all his valiant sons.
I 'll bear thee hence ; and let them fight that will,
For I have murdered where I should not kill.
[*Exit, with the body.*

K. Hen. Sad-hearted men, much overgone with care,
Here sits a king more woful than you are.

Alarum : Excursions. Enter Queen MARGARET, *Prince of* WALES, *and* EXETER.

Prince. Fly, father, fly ! for all your friends are fled,
And Warwick rages like a chafèd bull.
Away ! for death doth hold us in pursuit.

Q. Mar. Mount you, my lord : towards Berwick post amain.
Edward and Richard, like a brace of greyhounds
Having the fearful flying hare in sight,
With fiery eyes, sparkling for very wrath,
And bloody steel grasped in their ireful hands,
Are at our backs ; and therefore hence amain.

Exe. Away ! for vengeance comes along with them.
Nay, stay not to expostulate ; make speed,

Or else come after: I'll away before.

K. Hen. Nay, take me with thee, good sweet Exeter:
Not that I fear to stay, but love to go
Whither the queen intends. Forward! away!

[*Exeunt.*

Scene VI.—The Same.

A loud Alarum. Enter Clifford, *wounded.*

Clif. Here burns my candle out; ay, here it dies,
Which, while it lasted, gave King Henry light.
O, Lancaster, I fear thy overthrow,
More than my body's parting with my soul.
My love and fear glued many friends to thee;
And now I fall thy tough commixture melts,
Impairing Henry, strengthening misproud York;
And whither fly the gnats, but to the sun?
And who shines now but Henry's enemies?
O Phœbus! hadst thou never given consent
That Phaëthon should check thy fiery steeds,
Thy burning car never had scorched the earth;
And, Henry, hadst thou swayed as kings should do,
Or as thy father, and his father, did,
Giving no ground unto the house of York,
They never then had sprung like summer-flies;

I and ten thousand in this luckless realm
Had left no mourning widows for our death,
And thou this day hadst kept thy chair in peace.
For what doth cherish weeds but gentle air?
And what makes robbers bold but too much lenity?
Bootless are plaints, and cureless are my wounds;
No way to fly, nor strength to hold out flight:
The foe is merciless, and will not pity;
For at their hands I have deserved no pity.
The air hath got into my deadly wounds,
And much effuse of blood doth make me faint.—
Come, York, and Richard, Warwick, and the rest;
I stabbed your fathers' bosoms, split my breast.

[*He faints.*

Alarum and Retreat. Enter EDWARD, GEORGE, RICHARD, MONTAGUE, WARWICK, *and Soldiers.*

Edw. Now breathe we, lords: good fortune bids us pause,
And smooth the frowns of war with peaceful looks.[1]—
Some troops pursue the bloody-minded queen,
That led calm Henry, though he were a king,
As doth a sail, filled with a fretting gust,

[1] Thus far our fortunes keep an upward course,
And we are graced with wreaths of victory.

Command an argosy to stem the waves.
But think you, lords, that Clifford fled with them?

War. No, 't is impossible he should escape;
For, though before his face I speak the words,
Your brother Richard marked him for the grave;
And wheresoe'er he is, he 's surely dead.

[CLIFFORD *groans and dies.*

Edw. Whose soul is that which takes her heavy leave?

Rich. A deadly groan, like life and death's departing.

Edw. See who it is: and, now the battle 's ended,
If friend, or foe, let him be gently used.

Rich. Revoke that doom of mercy, for 't is Clifford;
Who not contented that he lopped the branch
In hewing Rutland when his leaves put forth,
But set his murdering knife unto the root
From whence that tender spray did sweetly spring,—
I mean, our princely father, Duke of York.[1]

War. From off the gates of York fetch down the head,
Your father's head, which Clifford placéd there;

[1] Who killed our tender brother, Rutland,
And stabbed our princely father, Duke of York.

Instead whereof, let this supply the room :
Measure for measure must be answeréd.

Edw. Bring forth that fatal screech-owl to our house
That nothing sung but death to us and ours :
Now death shall stop his dismal threatening sound,
And his ill-boding tongue no more shall speak.

[*Attendants bring the body forward.*

War. I think, his understanding is bereft.—
Speak, Clifford, dost thou know who speaks to thee?—
Dark cloudy death o'ershades his beams of life,
And he nor sees, nor hears us what we say.

Rich. O, would he did! and so, perhaps, he doth:
'T is but his policy to counterfeit,
Because he would avoid such bitter taunts
Which in the time of death he gave our father.

Geo. If so thou think'st, vex him with eager words.

Rich. Clifford! ask mercy, and obtain no grace.

Edw. Clifford! repent in bootless penitence.

War. Clifford! devise excuses for thy faults.

Geo. While we devise fell tortures for thy faults.

Rich. Thou didst love York, and I am son to York.

Edw. Thou pitiedst Rutland, I will pity thee.

Geo. Where's Captain Margaret, to fence you now?

War. They mock thee, Clifford: swear as thou wast wont.

Rich. What! not an oath? nay, then the world goes hard,

When Clifford cannot spare his friends an oath.—
I know by that, he's dead; and, by my soul,
If this right hand would buy two hours' life
That I in all despite might rail at him,
This hand should chop it off; and with the issuing blood
Stifle the villain, whose unstaunchéd thirst
York and young Rutland could not satisfy.

War. Ay, but he's dead. Off with the traitor's head,

And rear it in the place your father's stands.
And now to London with triumphant march,
There to be crownéd England's royal king.
From whence shall Warwick cut the sea to France,
And ask the Lady Bona for thy queen.
So shalt thou sinew both these lands together;
And, having France thy friend, thou shalt not dread
The scattered foe that hopes to rise again;
For though they cannot greatly sting to hurt,

Yet look to have them buz[1], to offend thine ears.
First will I see the coronation,
And then to Brittany I 'll cross the sea,
To effect this marriage, so it please my lord.

Edw. Even as thou wilt, sweet Warwick, let it be;
For in thy shoulder do I build my seat,
And never will I undertake the thing,
Wherein thy counsel and consent is wanting.—
Richard, I will create thee Duke of Gloster;—
And George, of Clarence;—Warwick, as ourself,
Shall do, and undo, as him pleaseth best.

Rich. Let me be Duke of Clarence, George of Gloster,
For Gloster's dukedom is too ominous.

War. Tut! that 's a foolish observation:
Richard, be Duke of Gloster. Now to London,
To see these honours in possession. [*Exeunt.*

[1] Misprinted in the old play 'busie.'

ACT III.

Scene I.—A Chase in the North of England

Enter two Keepers, with cross-bows in their hands.

1 *Keep.* Under this thick-grown brake we'll shroud ourselves;[1]
For through this laund anon the deer will come;
And in this covert will we make our stand,
Culling the principal of all the deer.

2 *Keep.* I'll stay above the hill, so both may shoot.

1 *Keep.* That cannot be; the noise of thy cross-bow
Will scare the herd, and so my shoot is lost.
Here stand we both, and aim we at the best:
And, for the time shall not seem tedious,
I'll tell thee what befell me on a day,
In this self place where now we mean to stand.

2 *Keep.* Here comes a man, let's stay till he be past.

[1] Come, let's take our stand upon this hill,
And by and by the deer will come this way;
But stay, here comes a man, let's listen him awhile.

Enter King HENRY, *disguised, with a prayer-book.*

K. Hen. From Scotland am I stol'n, even of pure love,
To greet mine own land with my wishful sight.
No, Harry, Harry, 't is no land of thine;
Thy place is filled, thy sceptre wrung from thee,
Thy balm washed off wherewith thou wast anointed:
No bending knee will call thee Cæsar now,
No humble suitors press to speak for right,
No, not a man comes for redress of thee,
For how can I help them, and not myself?

1 *Keep.* Ay, here 's a deer whose skin 's a keeper's fee:
This is the *quondam* king; let 's seize upon him.

K. Hen. Let me embrace the sour adversities;
For wise men say, it is the wisest course.

2 *Keep.* Why linger we? let us lay hands upon him.

1 *Keep.* Forbear awhile; we 'll hear a little more.

K. Hen. My queen and son are gone to France for aid;
And, as I hear, the great commanding Warwick
Is thither gone, to crave the French king's sister
To wife for Edward. If this news be true,
Poor queen and son, your labour is but lost:

For Warwick is a subtle orator,
And Lewis a prince soon won with moving words.
By this account then, Margaret may win him,
For she 's a woman to be pitied much :
Her sighs will make a battery in his breast,
Her tears will pierce into a marble heart ;
The tiger will be mild whiles she doth mourn,
And Nero will be tainted with remorse
To hear and see her plaints, her brinish tears.
Ay, but she 's come to beg ; Warwick to give :
She on his left side craving aid for Henry,
He on his right asking a wife for Edward.
She weeps, and says—her Henry is deposed ;
He smiles, and says—his Edward is installed ;
That she, poor wretch, for grief can speak no more :
Whiles Warwick tells his title, smooths the wrong,
Inferreth arguments of mighty strength,
And, in conclusion, wins the king from her,
With promise of his sister, and what else,
To strengthen and support King Edward's place.
O Margaret ! thus 't will be ; and thou, poor soul,
Art then forsaken, as thou went'st forlorn.

2 *Keep.* Say, what art thou that talk'st of kings and queens ?

K. Hen. More than I seem, and less than I was born to :

A man at least, for less I should not be ;
And men may talk of kings, and why not I ?

2 *Keep.* Ay, but thou talk'st as if thou wert a king.

K. Hen. Why, so I am, in mind ; and that's enough.

2 *Keep.* But, if thou be a king, where is thy crown ?

K. Ken. My crown is in my heart, not on my head ;

Not decked with diamonds, and Indian stones,
Nor to be seen : my crown is called, content ;
A crown it is, that seldom kings enjoy.

2 *Keep.* Well, if you be a king crowned with content,

Your crown content, and you, must be contented
To go along with us ; for, as we think,
You are the king King Edward hath deposed ;
And we his subjects, sworn in all allegiance,
Will apprehend you as his enemy.

K. Hen. But did you never swear, and break an oath ?

2 *Keep.* No, never such an oath ; nor will not now.

K. Hen. Where did you dwell, when I was King of England ?

2 *Keep.* Here in this country, where we now remain.

K. Hen. I was anointed king at nine months old;
My father and my grandfather were kings;
And you were sworn true subjects unto me:
And tell me then, have you not broke your oaths?

1 *Keep.* No;
For we were subjects but while you were king.

K. Hen. Why, am I dead? do I not breathe a man?
Ah, simple men! you know not what you swear
Look, as I blow this feather from my face,
And as the air blows it to me again,
Obeying with my wind when I do blow,
And yielding to another when it blows,
Commanded always by the greater gust:
Such is the lightness of you common men
But do not break your oaths; for of that sin
My mild entreaty shall not make you guilty.
Go where you will, the king shall be commanded;
And be you kings: command, and I'll obey.

1 *Keep.* We are true subjects to the king, King Edward.

K. Hen. So would you be again to Henry,
If he were seated as King Edward is.

1 *Keep.* We charge you, in God's name, and the king's,
To go with us unto the officers.

K. Hen. In God's name, lead; your king's name be obeyed:
And what God will, that let your king perform;
And what he will, I humbly yield unto. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.—London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter King Edward, Gloster, Clarence, *and Lady* Grey.

K. Edw. Brother of Gloster, at Saint Albans field
This lady's husband, Sir Richard Grey, was slain,
His lands then seized on by the conqueror:
Her suit is now, to repossess those lands;
Which we in justice cannot well deny,
Because in quarrel of the house of York
The worthy gentleman did lose his life.

Glo. Your highness shall do well to grant her suit;
It were dishonour to deny it her.

K. Edw. It were no less; but yet I 'll make a pause.

Glo. [*Aside to* Clarence.] Yea; is it so?
I see the lady hath a thing to grant,

Before the king will grant her humble suit.

Clar. [*Aside to* GLOSTER.] He knows the game: how true he keeps the wind!

Glo. [*Aside to* CLARENCE.] Silence!

K. Edw. Widow, we will consider of your suit,
And come some other time to know our mind.

L. Grey. Right gracious lord, I cannot brook delay:
May it please your highness to resolve me now,
And what your pleasure is shall satisfy me.

Glo. [*Aside to* CLARENCE.] Ay, widow? then I'll warrant you all your lands,
An if what pleases him shall pleasure you.
Fight closer, or, good faith, you'll catch a blow.

Clar. [*Aside to* GLOSTER.] I fear her not, unless she chance to fall.

Glo. [*Aside to* CLARENCE.] God forbid that, for he'll take vantages.[1]

K. Edw. How many children hast thou, widow? tell me.

Clar. [*Aside to* GLOSTER.] I think, he means to beg a child of her.

Glo. [*Aside to* CLARENCE.] Nay, whip me then; he'll rather give her two.

[1] These words between Gloster and Clarence are transposed from a later part of the scene.

L. Grey. Three, my most gracious lord.

Glo. [*Aside to* CLARENCE.] You shall have four, if you 'll be ruled by him.

K. Edw. 'Twere pity, they should lose their father's lands.

L. Grey. Be pitiful, dread lord, and grant it then.

K. Edw. Lords, give us leave: I 'll try this widow's wit.

Glo. [*Aside to* CLARENCE.] Ay, good leave have you; for you will have leave,
Till youth take leave, and leave you to the crutch.

[GLOSTER *and* CLARENCE *stand apart.*

K. Edw. Now tell me, madam, do you love your children?

L. Grey. Ay, full as dearly as I love myself.

K. Edw. And would you not do much, to do them good?

L. Grey. To do them good I would sustain some harm.

K. Edw. Then get your husband's lands, to do them good.

L. Grey. Therefore I came unto your majesty.

K. Edw. I 'll tell you how these lands are to be got.

L. Grey. So shall you bind me to your highness' service.

K. Edw. What service wilt thou do me, if I give them?

L. Grey. What you command, that rests in me to do.

K. Edw. But you will take exceptions to my boon.

L. Grey. No, gracious lord, except I cannot do it.

K. Edw. Ay, but thou canst do what I mean to ask.

L. Grey. Why then, I will do what your grace commands.

Glo. [*Aside to* CLARENCE.] He plies her hard; and much rain wears the marble.

Clar. [*Aside to* GLOSTER.] As red as fire! nay, then her wax must melt.

L. Grey. Why stops my lord? shall I not hear my task?

K. Edw. An easy task: 't is but to love a king.

L. Grey. That 's soon performed, because I am a subject.

K. Edw. Why then, thy husband's lands I freely give thee.

L. Grey. I take my leave with many thousand thanks.

Glo. [*Aside to* CLARENCE.] The match is made: she seals it with a curtsy.

K. Edw. But stay thee; 't is the fruits of love I mean.

L. Grey. The fruits of love I mean, my loving liege.

K. Edw. Ay, but, I fear me, in another sense.
What love think'st thou I sue so much to get?

L. Grey. My love till death, my humble thanks, my prayers:[1]
That love which virtue begs, and virtue grants.

K. Edw. No, by my troth, I did not mean such love.

L. Grey. Why, then you mean not as I thought you did.

K. Edw. But now you partly may perceive my mind.

L. Grey. My mind will never grant what I perceive
Your highness aims at, if I aim aright.

K. Edw. To tell thee plain, I aim to lie with thee.

L. Grey. To tell you plain, I had rather lie in prison.

K. Edw. Why, then thou shalt not have thy husband's lands.

[1] My humble service, such as subjects owes and the laws commands.

L. Grey. Why, then mine honesty shall be my dower;

For by that loss I will not purchase them.

K. Edw. Therein thou wrong'st thy children mightily.

L. Grey. Herein your highness wrongs both them and me.

But, mighty lord, this merry inclination
Accords not with the sadness of my suit;
Please you dismiss me, either with ay, or no.

K. Edw. Ay, if thou wilt say ay to my request;
No, if thou dost say no to my demand.

L. Grey. Then, no, my lord. My suit is at an end.

Glo. [*Aside to* CLARENCE.] The widow likes him not, she knits her brows.

Clar. [*Aside to* GLOSTER.] He is the bluntest wooer in Christendom.

K. Edw. [*Aside.*] Her looks do argue her replete with modesty;
Her words do show her wit incomparable;
All her perfections challenge sovereignty:[1]
One way, or other, she is for a king,
And she shall be my love, or else my queen.—
Say, that King Edward take thee for his queen?

[1] Her looks are all replete with majesty.

L. Grey. 'T is better said than done, my gracious lord:

I am a subject fit to jest withal,
But far unfit to be a sovereign.

K. Edw. Sweet widow, by my state I swear to thee,

I speak no more than what my soul intends;
And that is, to enjoy thee for my love.

L. Grey. And that is more than I will yield unto.

I know, I am too mean to be your queen,
And yet too good to be your concubine.

K. Edw. You cavil, widow: I did mean, my queen.

L. Grey. 'T will grieve your grace, my sons should call you father.

K. Edw. No more than when my daughters call thee mother.

Thou art a widow, and thou hast some children;
And, by God's mother, I, being but a bachelor,
Have other some: why, 't is a happy thing
To be the father unto many sons.
Answer no more, for thou shalt be my queen.

Glo. [*Aside to* CLARENCE.] The ghostly father now hath done his shrift.

Clar. [*Aside to* GLOSTER.] When he was made a shriver 't was for shift.

K. Edw. Brothers, you muse what chat we two have had.

Glo. The widow likes it not, for she looks very sad.

K. Edw. You'd think it strange if I should marry her.

Clar. To whom, my lord?

K. Edw. Why, Clarence, to myself.

Glo. That would be ten days' wonder at the least.

Clar. That 's a day longer than a wonder lasts.

Glo. By so much is the wonder in extremes.

K. Edw. Well, jest on, brothers: I can tell you both,
Her suit is granted for her husband's lands.

Enter a Nobleman.

Nob. My gracious lord, Henry your foe is taken,
And brought your prisoner to your palace gate.

K. Edw. See that he be conveyed unto the Tower:—
And go we, brothers, to the man that took him,
To question of his apprehension.—
Widow, go you along.—Lords, use her honourably.

[*Exeunt King* EDWARD, *Lady* GREY, CLARENCE, *and Lord.*

Glo. Ay, Edward will use women honourably.

Would he were wasted, marrow, bones, and all,
That from his loins no hopeful branch may spring,
To cross me from the golden time I look for!
And yet, between my soul's desire, and me,—
The lustful Edward's title buried,—
Is[1] Clarence, Henry, and his son young Edward,
And all the unlooked for issue of their bodies,
To take their rooms, ere I can place myself:
A cold premeditation for my purpose!
Why then, I do but dream-on sovereignty;
Like one that stands upon a promontory,
And spies a far-off shore where he would tread,
Wishing his foot were equal with his eye;
And chides the sea that sunders him from thence,
Saying—he 'll lade it dry to have his way:
So do I wish the crown, being so far off,
And so I chide the means that keep me from it;
And so I say—I 'll cut the causes off,
Flattering me with impossibilities.—
My eye 's too quick, my heart o'erweens too much,
Unless my hand and strength could equal them.
Well, say there is no kingdom then for Richard,
What other pleasure can the world afford?
I 'll make my heaven in a lady's lap,
And deck my body in gay ornaments,

[1] First is there—

And witch sweet ladies with my words and looks.
O miserable thought! and more unlikely,
Than to accomplish twenty golden crowns.
Why, love forswore me in my mother's womb:
And, for I should not deal in her soft laws,
She did corrupt frail nature with some bribe,
To shrink mine arm up like a withered shrub:[1]
To make an envious mountain on my back,
Where sits deformity to mock my body;
To shape my legs of an unequal size;
To disproportion me in every part;
Like to a chaos, or an unlicked bear-whelp,
That carries no impression like the dam.
And am I then a man to be beloved!
O monstrous fault, to harbour such a thought!
Then, since this earth affords no joy to me
But to command, to check, to o'erbear such
As are of better person than myself,
I 'll make my heaven to dream upon the crown;
And, whiles I live, to account this world but hell,
Until my misshaped trunk, that bears this head,
Be round impaléd with a glorious crown.
And yet I know not how to get the crown,
For many lives stand between me and home:
And I,—like one lost in a thorny wood,

[1] 'Shrub,' misprinted 'shrimp' in the old play.

That rends the thorns, and is rent with the thorns,
Seeking a way, and straying from the way,
Not knowing how to find the open air,
But toiling desperately to find it out,—
Torment myself to catch the English crown:
And from that torment I will free myself,
Or hew my way out with a bloody axe.
Why, I can smile, and murder while I smile,
And cry, content, to that which grieves my heart,
And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,
And frame my face to all occasions.
I 'll drown more sailors than the mermaid shall,
I 'll slay more gazers than the basilisk;
I 'll play the orator as well as Nestor,
Deceive more slily than Ulysses could,
And, like a Sinon, take another Troy.
I can add colours to the chameleon,
Change shapes with Proteus, for advantages,
And set the murderous Machiavel to school.
Can I do this, and cannot get a crown?
Tut! were it further off, I 'll pluck it down.

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.—France. A Room in the Palace.

Flourish. Enter LEWIS *the French King, and Lady* BONA, *attended: the King takes his state. Then enter Queen* MARGARET, *Prince* EDWARD, *and the Earl of* OXFORD.

K. Lew. [*Rising.*] Fair Queen of England, worthy Margaret,
Sit down with us: it ill befits thy state
And birth, that thou shouldst stand, while Lewis doth sit.

Q. Mar. No, mighty king of France; now Margaret
Must strike her sail, and learn awhile to serve,
Where kings command. I was, I must confess,
Great Albion's queen in former golden days;
But now mischance hath trod my title down,
And with dishonour laid me on the ground
Where I must take like seat unto my fortune,
And to my humble seat conform myself.

K. Lew. Why, say, fair queen, whence springs this deep despair?

Q. Mar. From such a cause as fills mine eyes with tears,

And stops my tongue, while heart is drowned in cares,

K. Lew. Whate'er it be, be thou still like thyself,
And sit thee by our side: [*seats her by him*] yield not thy neck
To fortune's yoke, but let thy dauntless mind
Still ride in triumph over all mischance.
Be plain, Queen Margaret, and tell thy grief;
It shall be eased, if France can yield relief.

Q. Mar. Those gracious words revive my drooping thoughts,
And give my tongue-tied sorrows leave to speak.
Now, therefore, be it known to noble Lewis,
That Henry, sole possessor of my love,
Is of a king become a banished man,
And forced to live in Scotland, a forlorn;
While proud ambitious Edward, Duke of York,
Usurps the regal title, and the seat
Of England's true-anointed lawful king.
This is the cause, that I, poor Margaret,
With this my son, Prince Edward, Henry's heir,
Am come to crave thy just and lawful aid;
And if thou fail us, all our hope is done.
Scotland hath will to help, but cannot help;
Our people and our peers are both misled,
Our treasure seized, our soldiers put to flight,

And, as thou seest, ourselves in heavy plight.

K. Lew. Renownéd queen, with patience calm the storm,
While we bethink a means to break it off.[1]

Q. Mar. The more we stay, the stronger grows our foe.

K. Lew. The more I stay, the more I'll succour thee.

Q. Mar. O, but impatience waiteth on true sorrow:
And see where comes the breeder of my sorrow.

Enter WARWICK, *attended.*

K. Lew. What 's he, approacheth boldly to our presence?

Q. Mar. Our Earl of Warwick, Edward's greatest friend.

K. Lew. Welcome, brave Warwick. What brings thee to France?

[*Descending from his state.* *Queen* [MARGARET *rises.*

[1] Thou shalt have aid to repossess thy right
And beat proud Edward from his usurped seat,
And place King Henry in his former rule.
Q. Mar. I humbly thank your royal majesty,
And pray the God of heaven to bless thy state,
Great King of France, that thus regard our wrongs.
[*Enter* WARWICK.

Q. Mar. Ay, now begins a second storm to rise;
For this is he that moves both wind and tide.

War. From worthy Edward, King of Albion,
My lord and sovereign, and thy vowéd friend,
I come, in kindness, and unfeignéd love,
First, to do greetings to thy royal person;
And then, to crave a league of amity;
And lastly, to confirm that amity
With nuptial knot, if thou vouchsafe to grant
That virtuous Lady Bona, thy fair sister,
To England's king in lawful marriage.

Q. Mar. If that go forward, Henry's hope is done.

War. [*To* Bona.] And, gracious madam, in our king's behalf,
I am commanded, with your leave and favour,
Humbly to kiss your hand, and with my tongue
To tell the passion of my sovereign's heart;
Where fame, late entering at his heedful ears,
Hath placed thy beauty's image, and thy virtue.

Q. Mar. King Lewis, and Lady Bona, hear me speak,
Before you answer Warwick. His demand
Springs not from Edward's well-meant honest love,
But from deceit, bred by necessity;
For how can tyrants safely govern home,

Unless abroad they purchase great alliance?
To prove him tyrant, this reason may suffice,
That Henry liveth still; but were he dead,
Yet here Prince Edward stands, King Henry's son.
Look, therefore, Lewis, that by this league and marriage
Thou draw not on thy danger and dishonour;
For though usurpers sway the rule awhile,
Yet heavens are just, and time suppresseth wrongs.[1]

War. Injurious Margaret!

Prince. And why not queen?

War. Because thy father Henry did usurp,
And thou no more art prince than she is queen.

Oxf. Then Warwick disannuls great John of Gaunt,
Which did subdue the greatest part of Spain;
And, after John of Gaunt, Henry the Fourth,
Whose wisdom was a mirror to the wisest;
And after that wise prince, Henry the Fifth,
Who by his prowess conquerèd all France:
From these our Henry lineally descends.

War. Oxford, how haps it in this smooth discourse,

[1] Before you answer Warwick or his words,
For he it is hath done us all these wrongs.

You told not, how Henry the Sixth hath lost
All that which Henry the Fifth had gotten?
Methinks, these peers of France should smile at that.
But for the rest,—you tell a pedigree
Of threescore and two years; a silly time
To make prescription for a kingdom's worth.

Oxf. Why, Warwick, canst thou speak against thy liege,
Whom thou obeyedst thirty and six[1] years,
And not bewray thy treason with a blush?

War. Can Oxford, that did ever fence the right,
Now buckler falsehood with a pedigree?
For shame! leave Henry, and call Edward king.

Oxf. Call him my king, by whose injurious doom
My elder brother, the Lord Aubrey Vere,
Was done to death? and more than so, my father,
Even in the downfall of his mellowed years,
When nature brought him to the door of death?
No, Warwick, no; while life upholds this arm,
This arm upholds the house of Lancaster.

War. And I the house of York.

K. Lew. Queen Margaret, Prince Edward, and Oxford,

[1] Thirty and eight.

Vouchsafe at our request to stand aside,
While I use further conference with Warwick

Q. Mar. Heavens grant, that Warwick's words bewitch him not!

[*Retiring with the* PRINCE *and* OXFORD.

K. Lew. Now, Warwick, tell me, even upon thy conscience,
Is Edward your true king? for I were loth,
To link with him that were not lawful chosen.

War. Thereon I pawn my credit, and mine honour.

K. Lew. But is he gracious in the people's eye?

War. The more, that Henry was unfortunate.

K. Lew. Then further, all dissembling set aside,
Tell me for truth the measure of his love
Unto our sister Bona.

War. Such it seems,
As may beseem a monarch like himself.
Myself have often heard him say, and swear,
That this his love was an eternal plant,
Whereof the root was fixed in virtue's ground,
The leaves and fruit maintained with beauty's sun,
Exempt from envy, but not from disdain,
Unless the Lady Bona quit his pain.

K. Lew. Now, sister, let us hear your firm resolve.

Bona. Your grant, or your denial, shall be mine.—

[*To* WARWICK.] Yet I confess, that often ere this day,
When I have heard your king's desert recounted,
Mine ear hath tempted judgment to desire.

K. Lew. Then, Warwick, thus :—our sister shall be Edward's ;
And now forthwith shall articles be drawn
Touching the jointure that your king must make,
Which with her dowry shall be counterpoised.—
Draw near, Queen Margaret, and be a witness,
That Bona shall be wife to the English king.

Prince. To Edward, but not to the English king.

Q. Mar. Deceitful Warwick ! it was thy device,
By this alliance to make void my suit :
Before thy coming, Lewis was Henry's friend.

K. Lew. And still is friend to him and Margaret :
But if your title to the crown be weak,
As may appear by Edward's good success,
Then 't is but reason, that I be released
From giving aid which late I promiséd.
Yet shall you have all kindness at my hand,
That your estate requires, and mine can yield.

War. Henry now lives in Scotland, at his ease,
Where having nothing, nothing can he lose.
And as for you yourself, our *quondam* queen,
You have a father able to maintain you,
And better 't were you troubled him than France.

Q. Mar. Peace! impudent and shameless Warwick, peace,
Proud setter-up and puller-down of kings:
I will not hence, till with my talk and tears,
Both full of truth, I make King Lewis behold
Thy sly conveyance, and thy lord's false love;
For both of you are birds of selfsame feather.

[*A horn sounded within.*

K. Lew. Warwick, this is some post to us, or thee.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord ambassador, these letters are for you,
Sent from your brother, Marquess Montague;—
These from our king unto your majesty;—
And, madam, these for you; from whom, I know not.

[*They all read their letters.*

Oxf. I like it well, that our fair queen and mistress
Smiles at her news, while Warwick frowns at his.

Prince. Nay, mark how Lewis stamps as he were nettled :
I hope all 's for the best.

K. Lew. Warwick, what are thy news? and yours, fair queen?

Q. Mar. Mine, such as fill my heart with unhoped joys.

War. Mine, full of sorrow and heart's discontent.

K. Lew. What! has your king married the Lady Grey,
And now, to soothe your forgery and his,
Sends me a paper to persuade me patience?
Is this the alliance that he seeks with France?
Dares he presume to scorn us in this manner?

Q. Mar. I told your majesty as much before :
This proveth Edward's love, and Warwick's honesty.

War. King Lewis, I here protest, in sight of heaven,
And by the hope I have of heavenly bliss,
That I am clear from this misdeed of Edward's ;
No more my king, for he dishonours me,
But most himself, if he could see his shame.
Did I forget, that by the house of York
My father came untimely to his death?
Did I let pass the abuse done to my niece?
Did I impale him with the regal crown?

Did I put Henry from his native right?
And am I guerdoned at the last with shame?
Shame on himself, for my desert is honour:
And to repair my honour lost for him,
I here renounce him, and return to Henry.
My noble queen, let former grudges pass,
And henceforth I am thy true servitor.
I will revenge his wrong to Lady Bona,
And replant Henry in his former state.

Q. Mar. Warwick, these words have turned my hate to love;
And I forgive and quite forget old faults,
And joy that thou becom'st King Henry's friend.

War. So much his friend, ay, his unfeignéd friend,
That if King Lewis vouchsafe to furnish us
With some few bands of chosen soldiers,
I'll undertake to land them on our coast,
And force the tyrant from his seat by war.
'T is not his new-made bride shall succour him:
And as for Clarence, as my letters tell me,
He 's very likely now to fall from him,
For matching more for wanton lust than honour,
Or than for strength and safety of our country.

Bona. Dear brother, how shall Bona be revenged,
But by thy help to this distresséd queen?

Q. Mar. Renownéd prince, how shall poor Henry live,
Unless thou rescue him from foul despair?

Bona. My quarrel, and this English queen's, are one.

War. And mine, fair Lady Bona, joins with yours.

K. Lew. And mine, with hers, and thine, and Margaret's.
Therefore, at last, I firmly am resolved,
You shall have aid.

Q. Mar. Let me give humble thanks for all at once.

K. Lew. Then, England's messenger, return in post;
And tell false Edward, thy supposéd king,
That Lewis of France is sending over masquers,
To revel it with him and his new bride.
Thou seest what's passed; go fear thy king withal.

Bona. Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower shortly,
I'll wear the willow garland for his sake.

Q. Mar. Tell him, my mourning weeds are laid aside,
And I am ready to put armour on.

War. Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,

And therefore I 'll uncrown him ere 't be long.
There 's thy reward : be gone. [*Exit Messenger.*
K. Lew. But, Warwick, thou,
And Oxford, with five thousand men,
Shall cross the seas, and bid false Edward battle :
And, as occasion serves, this noble Queen
And Prince shall follow with a fresh supply.
Yet, ere thou go, but answer me one doubt :
What pledge have we of thy firm loyalty ?
War. This shall assure my constant loyalty :—
That if our Queen and this young Prince agree,
I 'll join mine eldest daughter, and my joy,
To him forthwith in holy wedlock bands.
Q. Mar. Yes, I agree, and thank you for your motion.
Son Edward, she is fair and virtuous,
Therefore delay not, give thy hand to Warwick ;
And with thy hand thy faith irrevocable,
That only Warwick's daughter shall be thine.[1]
Prince. Yes, I accept her, for she well deserves it ;
And here, to pledge my vow, I give my hand.
[*He gives his hand to* WARWICK.

[1] *Q. Mar.* With all my heart ; that match I like full well.
Love her, son Edward, she is fair and young,
And give thy hand to Warwick for thy love.

K. Lew. Why stay we now? These soldiers shall
be levied,
And thou, Lord Bourbon, our high admiral,
Shalt waft them over with our royal fleet.—
I long till Edward fall by war's mischance,
For mocking marriage with a dame[1] of France.
[*Exeunt all but* WARWICK.

War. I came from Edward as ambassador,
But I return his sworn and mortal foe:
Matter of marriage was the charge he gave me,
But dreadful war shall answer his demand.
Had he none else to make a stale but me?
Then none but I shall turn his jest to sorrow.
I was the chief that raised him to the crown,
And I'll be chief to bring him down again:
Not that I pity Henry's misery,
But seek revenge on Edward's mockery. [*Exit.*

[1] 'Dame' misprinted 'name' in the old play.

ACT IV.

Scene I.—London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Gloster, Clarence, Somerset, *and* Montague.

Glo. Now tell me, brother Clarence, what think you
Of this new marriage with the Lady Grey?
Hath not our brother made a worthy choice?

Clar. Alas! you know, 't is far from hence to France:
How could he stay till Warwick made return?

Som. My lords, forbear this talk: here comes the king.

Glo. And his well-chosen bride.

Clar. I mind to tell him plainly what I think.

Flourish. Enter King Edward, *attended; Lady* Grey, *as Queen;* Pembroke, Stafford, *and* Hastings.

K. Edw. Now, brother of Clarence, how like you our choice,
That you stand pensive as half malcontent?

Clar. As well as Lewis of France, or the Earl of Warwick;

Which are so weak of courage, and in judgment,
That they 'll take no offence at our abuse.

K. Edw. Suppose they take offence without a cause,

They are but Lewis and Warwick: I am Edward,
Your king and Warwick's, and must have my will.

Glo. And you shall have your will, because our king;

Yet hasty marriage seldom proveth well.

K. Edw. Yea, brother Richard, are you offended too?

Glo. Not I:

No, God forbid, that I should wish them severed
Whom God hath joined together;[1] ay, and 't were pity,
To sunder them that yoke so well together.

K. Edw. Setting your scorns, and your mislike, aside,

Tell me some reason why the Lady Grey
Should not become my wife, and England's queen.—
And you too, Somerset, and Montague,

[1] God forefend
That I should once gainsay your highness' pleasure.

Speak freely what you think.

Clar. Then this is mine opinion,—that King Lewis

Becomes your enemy, for mocking him

About the marriage of the Lady Bona.

Glo. And Warwick, doing what you gave in charge,

Is now dishonouréd by this new marriage.

K. Edw. What, if both Lewis and Warwick be appeased

By such invention as I can devise?

Mont. Yet to have joined with France in such alliance,

Would more have strengthened this our commonwealth

'Gainst foreign storms, than any home-bred marriage.

Hast. Why, knows not Montague, that of itself

England is safe, if true within itself?

Mont. Yes; but the safer, when 't is backed with France.

Hast. 'T is better using France, than trusting France.

Let us be backed with God, and with the seas,

Which he hath given for fence impregnable,

And with their helps only defend ourselves:

In them and in ourselves our safety lies.

Clar. For this one speech Lord Hastings well deserves
To have the heir of the Lord Hungerford.

K. Edw. Ay, what of that? it was my will, and grant;
And for this once my will shall stand for law.

Glo. And yet, methinks, your grace hath not done well,
To give the heir and daughter of Lord Scales
Unto the brother of your loving bride:
She better would have fitted me, or Clarence;
But in your bride you bury brotherhood.

Clar. Or else you would not have bestowed the heir
Of the Lord Bonville on your new wife's son,
And leave your brothers to go speed elsewhere.

K. Edw. Alas, poor Clarence! is it for a wife,
That thou art malcontent? I will provide thee.

Clar. In choosing for yourself you showed your judgment;
Which being shallow, you shall give me leave
To play the broker in mine own behalf;
And to that end I shortly mind to leave you.

K. Edw. Leave me, or tarry, Edward will be king,
And not be tied unto his brother's will.

Q. Eliz. My lords, before it pleased his majesty
To raise my state to title of a queen,
Do me but right, and you must all confess
That I was not ignoble of descent:
And meaner than myself have had like fortune.
But as this title honours me and mine,
So your dislikes, to whom I would be pleasing,
Do cloud my joys with danger and with sorrow.

K. Edw. My love, forbear to fawn upon their frowns.
What danger, or what sorrow can befall thee,
So long as Edward is thy constant friend,
And their true sovereign, whom they must obey?
Nay, whom they shall obey, and love thee too,
Unless they seek for hatred at my hands;
Which if they do, yet will I keep thee safe,
And they shall feel the vengeance of my wrath.

Glo. [*Aside.*] I hear, yet say not much, but think the more.

Enter a Messenger.

K. Edw. Now, messenger, what letters, or what news,
From France?

Mess. My sovereign liege, no letters, and few words;

But such as I, without your special pardon,
Dare not relate.

K. Edw. Go to, we pardon thee: therefore, in brief,
Tell me their words as near as thou canst guess them.
What answer makes King Lewis unto our letters?

Mess. At my depart these were his very words:—

'Go tell false Edward, thy supposéd king,
That Lewis of France is sending over masquers,
To revel it with him and his new bride.'

K. Edw. Is Lewis so brave? belike, he thinks me Henry.
But what said Lady Bona to my marriage?

Mess. These were her words, uttered with mild disdain:

'Tell him, in hope he 'll prove a widower shortly,
I 'll wear the willow garland for his sake.'

K. Edw. I blame not her, she could say little less;
She had the wrong: but what said Henry's queen?
For I have heard that she was there in place.

Mess. 'Tell him,' quoth she, 'my mourning weeds are done,
And I am ready to put armour on.'

K. Edw. Belike, she minds to play the Amazon.
But what said Warwick to these injuries?

Mess. He, more incensed against your majesty
Than all the rest, discharged me with these words:—
'Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore I 'll uncrown him ere 't be long.'

K. Edw. Ha! durst the traitor breathe out so proud words?
Well, I will arm me, being thus forewarned:
They shall have wars, and pay for their presumption.
But say, is Warwick friends with Margaret?

Mess. Ay, gracious sovereign: they 're so linked in friendship,
That young Prince Edward marries Warwick's daughter.

Clar. Belike, the elder; Clarence will have the younger.
Now, brother king, farewell, and sit you fast,
For I will hence to Warwick's other daughter;
That, though I want a kingdom, yet in marriage
I may not prove inferior to yourself.—
You, that love me and Warwick, follow me.

[*Exit* CLARENCE, *and* SOMERSET *follows.*

Glo. [*Aside.*] Not I:
My thoughts aim at a further matter; I

Stay, not for the love of Edward, but the crown.

K. Edw. Clarence and Somerset both gone to Warwick!
Yet am I armed against the worst can happen,
And haste is needful in this desperate case.—
Pembroke, and Stafford, you in our behalf
Go levy men, and make prepare for war;
They are already, or quickly will be landed:
Myself in person will straight follow you.

[*Exeunt* PEMBROKE *and* STAFFORD.

But, ere I go, Hastings, and Montague,
Resolve my doubt. You twain, of all the rest,
Are near to Warwick by blood, and by alliance:
Tell me if you love Warwick more than me?
If it be so, then both depart to him:
I rather wish you foes than hollow friends;
But, if you mind to hold your true obedience,
Give me assurance with some friendly vow,
That I may never have you in suspect.

Mont. So God help Montague, as he proves true!

Hast. And Hastings, as he favours Edward's cause!

K. Edw. Now, brother Richard, will you stand by us?

Glo. Ay, in despite of all that shall withstand you.

K. Edw. Why so; then am I sure of victory.
Now therefore let us hence; and lose no hour,
Till we meet Warwick with his foreign power.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.—A Plain in Warwickshire.

Enter Warwick *and* Oxford *with French and other Forces.*

War. Trust me, my lord, all hitherto goes well:
The common people by numbers swarm to us.

Enter Clarence *and* Somerset.

But see, where Somerset and Clarence come!
Speak suddenly, my lords, are we all friends?

Clar. Fear not that, my lord.

War. Then, gentle Clarence, welcome unto Warwick:
And welcome, Somerset.—I hold it cowardice,
To rest mistrustful where a noble heart
Hath pawned an open hand in sign of love;
Else might I think, that Clarence, Edward's brother,
Were but a feignéd friend to our proceedings:
But welcome, sweet Clarence; my daughter shall be thine.
And now what rests, but in night's coverture,

Thy brother being carelessly encamped,
His soldiers lurking in the towns about,
And but attended by a simple guard,
We may surprise and take him at our pleasure?
Our scouts have found the adventure very easy:
That as Ulysses and stout Diomede
With sleight and manhood stole to Rhesus' tents,
And brought from thence the Thracian fatal steeds;
So we, well covered with the night's black mantle,
At unawares may beat down Edward's guard,
And seize himself; I say not, slaughter him,
For I intend but only to surprise him.—
You, that will follow me to this attempt,
Applaud the name of Henry with your leader.
[*They all cry "Henry!"*
Why, then, let 's on our way in silent sort:
For Warwick and his friends, God and Saint George! [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.—Edward's Camp near Warwick.

Enter certain Watchmen, to guard the King's *Tent.*

1 *Watch.* Come on, my masters, each man take his stand:
The king by this is set him down to sleep.

2 *Watch.* What, will he not to bed?

1 *Watch.* Why, no; for he hath made a solemn vow,
Never to lie and take his natural rest,
Till Warwick or himself be quite suppressed.

2 *Watch.* To-morrow then, belike, shall be the day,
If Warwick be so near as men report.

3 *Watch.* But say, I pray, what nobleman is that,
That with the king here resteth in his tent?

1 *Watch.* 'T is the Lord Hastings, the king's chiefest friend.

3 *Watch.* O, is it so? But why commands the king,
That his chief followers lodge in towns about him,
While he himself keeps in the cold field?

2 *Watch.* 'T is the more honour, because more dangerous.

3 *Watch.* Ay, but give me worship and quietness;
I like it better than a dangerous honour.
If Warwick knew in what estate he stands,
'T is to be doubted, he would waken him.

1 *Watch.* Unless our halberds did shut up his passage.

2 *Watch.* Ay; wherefore else guard we his royal tent,
But to defend his person from night-foes?

Enter WARWICK, CLARENCE, OXFORD, SOMERSET, *and Forces.*

War. This is his tent; and see, where stand his guard.
Courage, my masters! honour now, or never!
But follow me, and Edward shall be ours.

1 *Watch.* Who goes there?[1]

2 *Watch.* Stay, or thou diest.

[WARWICK, *and the rest, cry all—"Warwick! Warwick!" and set upon the Guard; who fly, crying—"Arm! Arm!"* WARWICK, *and the rest, following them.*

Drums beating, and trumpets sounding, re-enter WARWICK, *and the rest, bringing the* KING *out in his gown, sitting in a chair:* GLOSTER *and* HASTINGS *fly over the stage.*

Som. What are they that fly there?

War. Richard, and Hastings: let them go; here 's the duke.

[1] *Oxf.* Who goes there?
The guards do not speak in the old play.

K. Edw. The duke! why, Warwick, when we parted last,
Thou call'dst me king!

War. Ay, but the case is altered:
When you disgraced me in my embassade,
Then I degraded you from being king,
And come now to create you Duke of York.
Alas! how should you govern any kingdom,
That know not how to use ambassadors,
Nor how to be contented with one wife,
Nor how to use your brothers brotherly,
Nor how to study for the people's welfare,
Nor how to shroud yourself from enemies?

K. Edw. Yea, brother of Clarence, art thou here too?
Nay, then I see that Edward needs must down.—
Yet, Warwick, in despite of all mischance,
Of thee thyself, and all thy complices,
Edward will always bear himself as king:
Though fortune's malice overthrow my state,
My mind exceeds the compass of her wheel.[1]

War. Then, for his mind, be Edward England's king: [*Takes off his crown.*
But Henry now shall wear the English crown,

[1] —— let Fortune do her worst,
Edward in mind will bear himself a king.

And be true king indeed; thou but the shadow.—
My Lord of Somerset, at my request,
See that forthwith Duke Edward be conveyed
Unto my brother, Archbishop of York.
When I have fought with Pembroke and his fellows,
I'll follow you, and tell what answer
Lewis, and the Lady Bona, send to him:—
Now, for a while, farewell, good Duke of York.

K. Edw. What fates impose, that men must needs abide:
It boots not to resist both wind and tide.

[*Exit King* EDWARD *led out; with him.* SOMERSET

Oxf. What now remains, my lords, for us to do,
But march to London with our soldiers?

War. Ay, that's the first thing that we have to do;
To free King Henry from imprisonment,
And see him seated in the regal throne. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Queen ELIZABETH *and* RIVERS.[1]

Riv. Madam, what makes you in this sudden change?

Q. Eliz. Why, brother Rivers, are you yet to learn,
What late misfortune is befall'n King Edward?

Riv. What, loss of some pitched battle against Warwick?

Q. Eliz. No, but the loss of his own royal person.

Riv. Then is my sovereign slain?

Q. Eliz. Ay, almost slain, for he is taken prisoner;
Either betrayed by falsehood of his guard,
Or by his foe surprised at unawares:
And, as I further have to understand,
Is now committed to the Bishop of York,
Fell Warwick's brother, and by that our foe.

Riv. These news, I must confess, are full of grief;
Yet, gracious madam, bear it as you may:
Warwick may lose, that now hath won the day.

[1] This scene in the old play follows the scene in the Park near Middleham Castle.

Q. Eliz. Till then, fair hope must hinder life's decay;
And I the rather wean me from despair,
For love of Edward's offspring in my womb:
This is it that makes me bridle passion,
And bear with mildness my misfortune's cross;
Ay, ay, for this I draw in many a tear,
And stop the rising of blood-sucking sighs,
Lest with my sighs or tears I blast or drown
King Edward's fruit, true heir to the English crown.

Riv. But, madam, where is Warwick then become?

Q. Eliz. I am informed, that he comes towards London,
To set the crown once more on Henry's head.
Guess thou the rest; King Edward's friends must down:
But to prevent the tyrant's violence,
(For trust not him that hath once broken faith,)
I'll hence forthwith unto the sanctuary,
To save at least the heir of Edward's right:
There shall I rest secure from force, and fraud.
Come, therefore; let us fly while we may fly:
If Warwick take us, we are sure to die. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—A Park near Middleham Castle in Yorkshire.

Enter GLOSTER, HASTINGS, *Sir* WILLIAM STANLEY, *and others.*

Glo. Now, my Lord Hastings, and Sir William Stanley,
Leave off to wonder why I drew you hither,
Into this chiefest thicket of the park.
Thus stands the case. You know, our king, my brother,
Is prisoner to the bishop here, at whose hands
He hath good usage and great liberty,
And often, but attended with weak guard,
Comes hunting this way to disport himself.
I have advértised him by secret means,
That if about this hour he make this way,
Under the colour of his usual game,
He shall here find his friends, with horse and men,
To set him free from his captivity.[1]

Enter King EDWARD *and a Huntsman.*

Hunt. This way, my lord, for this way lies the game.

[1] 'Now I have privily sent him word
How I am come with you to rescue him.'

The whole passage is expanded in this manner, and the succeeding dialogue made more dramatic than it is in the old play.

K. Edw. Nay, this way, man: see, where the huntsmen stand.—
Now, brother of Gloster, Lord Hastings, and the rest,
Stand you thus close, to steal the bishop's deer?

Glo. Brother, the time and case requireth haste
Your horse stands ready at the park-corner.

K. Edw. But whither shall we then?

Hast. To Lynn, my lord; and ship from thence to Flanders.

Glo. Well guessed, believe me; for that was my meaning.

K. Edw. Stanley, I will requite thy forwardness.

Glo. But wherefore stay we? 't is no time to talk.

K. Edw. Huntsman, what say'st thou? wilt thou go along?

Hunt. Better do so, than tarry and be hanged.

Glo. Come then; away! let 's have no more ado

K. Edw. Bishop, farewell: shield thee from Warwick's frown,
And pray that I may repossess the crown.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene VI.—A Room in the Tower.

Enter King Henry, Clarence, Warwick, Somerset, *young* Richmond, Oxford, Montague, *Lieutenant of the Tower, and Attendants.*

K. Hen. Master lieutenant, now that God and friends
Have shaken Edward from the regal seat,
And turned my captive state to liberty,
My fear to hope, my sorrows unto joys,
At our enlargement what are thy due fees?

Lieu. Subjects may challenge nothing of their sovereigns;
But if an humble prayer may prevail,
I then crave pardon of your majesty.

K. Hen. For what, lieutenant? for well using me?
Nay, be thou sure, I 'll well requite thy kindness,
For that it made my imprisonment a pleasure:
Ay, such a pleasure as incagéd birds
Conceive, when, after many moody thoughts,
At last by notes of household harmony
They quite forget their loss of liberty.—
But, Warwick, after God, thou set'st me free,[1]

[1] This scene in the old play follows the scene before the walls of York, with Edward, Hastings, and Montgomery. There is

And chiefly therefore I thank God, and thee;
He was the author, thou the instrument.
Therefore, that I may conquer fortune's spite,
By living low, where fortune cannot hurt me,
And that the people of this blesséd land
May not be punished with my thwarting stars,
Warwick, although my head still wear the crown,
I here resign my government to thee,
For thou art fortunate in all thy deeds.

War. Your grace hath still been famed for virtuous,
And now may seem as wise as virtuous,
By spying and avoiding fortune's malice;
For few men rightly temper with the stars:
Yet in this one thing let me blame your grace,
For choosing me when Clarence is in place.

Clar. No, Warwick, thou art worthy of the sway,
To whom the heavens in thy nativity
Adjudged an olive branch, and laurel crown,
As likely to be blest in peace, and war;
And, therefore, I yield thee my free consent.

War. And I choose Clarence only for protector.

K. Hen. Warwick, and Clarence, give me both your hands.

much rearrangement and development of this part of the *True Tragedie*. The two texts should be read together.

Now join your hands, and with your hands your
hearts,
That no dissension hinder government:
I make you both protectors of this land,
While I myself will lead a private life,
And in devotion spend my latter days,
To sin's rebuke, and my Creator's praise.

War. What answers Clarence to his sovereign's will?

Clar. That he consents, if Warwick yield consent;[1]
For on thy fortune I repose myself.

War. Why then, though loth, yet must I be content.
We 'll yoke together, like a double shadow
To Henry's body, and supply his place;
I mean, in bearing weight of government,
While he enjoys the honour, and his ease.
And, Clarence, now then it is more than needful
Forthwith that Edward be pronounced a traitor,
And all his lands and goods be confiscate.

Clar. What else? and that succession be determined.

War. Ay, therein Clarence shall not want his part.

[1] Clarence agrees to what King Henry likes.

K. Hen. But, with the first of all your chief affairs,
Let me entreat (for I command no more),
That Margaret your queen, and my son Edward,
Be sent for to return from France with speed:
For, till I see them here, by doubtful fear
My joy of liberty is half eclipsed.

Clar. It shall be done, my sovereign, with all speed.

K. Hen. My Lord of Somerset, what youth is that,
Of whom you seem to have so tender care?

Som. My liege, it is young Henry, Earl of Richmond.

K. Hen. Come hither, England's hope. [*Lays his hand on his head.*] If secret powers
Suggest but truth to my divining thoughts,
This pretty lad will prove our country's bliss.
His looks are full of peaceful majesty;
His head by nature framed to wear a crown,
His hand to wield a sceptre; and himself
Likely in time to bless a regal throne.
Make much of him, my lords; for this is he
Must help you more than you are hurt by me.

Enter a Messenger.

War. What news, my friend?

Mess. That Edward is escapéd from your brother,
And fled, as he hears since, to Burgundy.

War. Unsavoury news! but how made he escape?

Mess. He was conveyed by Richard Duke of Gloster,
And the Lord Hastings, who attended him
In secret ambush on the forest side,
And from the bishop's huntsmen rescued him;
For hunting was his daily exercise.

War. My brother was too careless of his charge.—
But let us hence, my sovereign, to provide
A salve for any sore that may betide.

[*Exeunt all but* SOMERSET, RICHMOND, *and* OXFORD.

Som. My lord, I like not of this flight of Edward's;
For, doubtless, Burgundy will yield him help,
And we shall have more wars, before 't be long.
As Henry's late presaging prophecy
Did glad my heart with hope of this young Richmond,
So doth my heart misgive me, in these conflicts
What may befall him to his harm and ours:
Therefore, Lord Oxford, to prevent the worst,
Forthwith we 'll send him hence to Brittany,

Till storms be past of civil enmity.

Oxf. Ay, for if Edward repossess the crown,
'T is like that Richmond with the rest shall down.

Som. It shall be so; he shall to Brittany.
Come therefore; let 's about it speedily. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VII.—Before York.

Enter King Edward, Gloster, Hastings, *and Forces.*

K. Edw. Now, brother Richard, Lord Hastings, and the rest,
Yet thus far fortune maketh us amends,
And says that once more I shall interchange
My wanéd state for Henry's regal crown.
Well have we passed, and now repassed the seas,
And brought desiréd help from Burgundy:
What then remains, we being thus arrived
From Ravenspurg haven before the gates of York,
But that we enter, as into our dukedom?

Glo. The gates made fast!—Brother, I like not this;
For many men, that stumble at the threshold,
Are well foretold that danger lurks within.

K. Edw. Tush, man! abodements must not now affright us:
By fair or foul means we must enter in,
For hither will our friends repair to us.

Hast. My liege, I'll knock once more to summon them.

Enter, on the walls, the Mayor of York, and his Brethren.

May. My lords, we were forewarnéd of your coming,
And shut the gates for safety of ourselves;
For now we owe allegiance unto Henry.

K. Edw. But, master mayor, if Henry be your king,
Yet Edward, at the least, is Duke of York.

May. True, my good lord; I know you for no less.

K. Edw. Why, and I challenge nothing but my dukedom,
As being well content with that alone.

Glo. [*Aside.*] But when the fox hath once got in his nose,
He'll soon find means to make the body follow.

Hast. Why, master mayor, why stand you in a doubt?

Open the gates: we are King Henry's friends.

May. Ay, say you so? the gates shall then be opened. [*Exeunt from above.*

Glo. A wise stout captain, and soon persuaded!

Hast. The good old man would fain that all were well,
So 't were not 'long of him; but, being entered,
I doubt not, I, but we shall soon persuade
Both him and all his brothers unto reason.

Re-enter the Mayor, and two Aldermen, below.

K. Edw. So, master mayor: these gates must not be shut,
But in the night, or in the time of war.
What, fear not, man, but yield me up the keys,
[*Takes his keys.*
For Edward will defend the town, and thee,
And all those friends that deign to follow me.

March. Enter MONTGOMERY *and Forces.*

Glo. Brother, this is Sir John Montgomery,
Our trusty friend, unless I be deceived.

K. Edw. Welcome, Sir John; but why come you in arms?

Mont. To help King Edward in his time of storm,

As every loyal subject ought to do.

K. Edw. Thanks, good Montgomery; but we now forget
Our title to the crown, and only claim
Our dukedom, till God please to send the rest.

Mont. Then fare you well, for I will hence again:
I came to serve a king, and not a duke.—
Drummer, strike up, and let us march away.

[*A march begun.*

K. Edw. Nay, stay, Sir John, awhile; and we 'll debate,
By what safe means the crown may be recovered.

Mont. What talk you of debating? in few words,
If you 'll not here proclaim yourself our king,
I 'll leave you to your fortune, and be gone
To keep them back that come to succour you.
Why shall we fight, if you pretend no title?

Glo. Why, brother, wherefore stand you on nice points?

K. Edw. When we grow stronger, then we 'll make our claim.
Till then, 't is wisdom to conceal our meaning.

Hast. Away with scrupulous wit! now arms must rule.

Glo. And fearless minds climb soonest unto crowns.

Brother, we will proclaim you out of hand :
The bruit thereof will bring you many friends.

K. Edw. Then be it as you will; for 't is my right,
And Henry but usurps the diadem.[1]

Mont. Ay, now my sovereign speaketh like himself,
And now will I be Edward's champion.

Hast. Sound, trumpet! Edward shall be here proclaimed.—
Come, fellow-soldier, make thou proclamation.

[*Gives him a paper. Flourish.*

Sold. [*Reads.*] "Edward the Fourth, by the grace of God, King of England and France, and Lord of Ireland, &c."

Mont. And whosoe'er gainsays King Edward's right,
By this I challenge him to single fight.

[*Throws down his gauntlet.*

All. Long live Edward the Fourth!

K. Edw. Thanks, brave Montgomery, and thanks unto you all:
If fortune serve me, I 'll requite this kindness.
Now, for this night, let 's harbour here in York,

[1] I am resolved once more to claim the crown,
And win it too, or else to lose my life.

And when the morning sun shall raise his car
Above the border of this horizon,
We 'll forward towards Warwick and his mates;
For, well I wot that Henry is no soldier.—
Ah, froward Clarence! how evil it beseems thee,
To flatter Henry, and forsake thy brother!
Yet, as we may, we 'll meet both thee and Warwick.—
Come on, brave soldiers: doubt not of the day;
And, that once gotten, doubt not of large pay.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.—London. A Room in the Palace.

Flourish. Enter King HENRY, WARWICK, CLARENCE, MONTAGUE, EXETER, *and* OXFORD.

War. What counsel, lords? Edward from Belgia,
With hasty Germans, and blunt Hollanders,
Hath passed in safety through the narrow seas,
And with his troops doth march amain to London;
And many giddy people flock to him.

K. Hen. Let 's levy men, and beat him back again.

Clar. A little fire is quickly trodden out,
Which, being suffered, rivers cannot quench.

War. In Warwickshire I have true-hearted friends,
Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in war;
Those will I muster up:—and thou, son Clarence,
Shalt stir up in Suffolk, Norfolk, and in Kent,
The knights and gentlemen to come with thee:—
Thou, brother Montague, in Buckingham,
Northampton, and in Leicestershire, shalt find
Men well inclined to hear what thou command'st:—
And thou, brave Oxford, wondrous well beloved
In Oxfordshire, shalt muster up thy friends.—
My sovereign, with the loving citizens,
Like to his island girt in with the ocean,
Or modest Dian circled with her nymphs,
Shall rest in London, till we come to him.—
Fair lords, take leave, and stand not to reply.—
Farewell, my sovereign.

K. Hen. Farewell, my Hector, and my Troy's true hope.

Clar. In sign of truth, I kiss your highness' hand.

K. Hen. Well-minded Clarence, be thou fortunate.

Mont. Comfort, my lord;—and so I take my leave.

Oxf. [*Kissing* HENRY'S *hand.*] And thus I seal my truth, and bid adieu.

K. Hen. Sweet Oxford, and my loving Montague,
And all at once, once more a happy farewell.

War. Farewell, sweet lords: let's meet at Coventry.

[*Exeunt* WARWICK, CLARENCE, OXFORD, *and* MONTAGUE.

K. Hen. Here at the palace will I rest awhile.
Cousin of Exeter, what thinks your lordship?
Methinks, the power, that Edward hath in field,
Should not be able to encounter mine.

Exe. The doubt is, that he will seduce the rest.

K. Hen. That's not my fear; my meed hath got me fame,
I have not stopped mine ears to their demands,
Nor posted off their suits with slow delays;
My pity hath been balm to heal their wounds;
My mildness hath allayed their swelling griefs,
My mercy dried their water-flowing tears;
I have not been desirous of their wealth,
Nor much oppressed them with great subsidies,
Nor forward of revenge, though they much erred.
Then, why should they love Edward more than me?
No, Exeter, these graces challenge grace:
And, when the lion fawns upon the lamb,
The lamb will never cease to follow him.

[*Shout within: "A Lancaster! A Lancaster!"*

Exe. Hark, hark, my lord! what shouts are these?

Enter King EDWARD, GLOSTER, *and Soldiers.*

K. Edw. Seize on the shame-faced Henry! bear him hence,
And once again proclaim us King of England.—
You are the fount that makes small brooks to flow:
Now stops thy spring; my sea shall suck them dry,
And swell so much the higher by their ebb.
Hence with him to the Tower! let him not speak.
[*Exeunt some with King* HENRY.
And, lords, towards Coventry bend we our course,
Where peremptory Warwick now remains.
The sun shines hot, and, if we use delay,
Cold biting winter mars our hoped-for hay.

Glo. Away betimes, before his forces join,
And take the great-grown traitor unawares:
Brave warriors, march amain towards Coventry.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

Scene I.—Coventry.

Enter, upon the walls, Warwick, *the Mayor of Coventry, two Messengers, and others.*

War. Where is the post that came from valiant Oxford?
How far hence is thy lord, mine honest fellow?

1 *Mess.* By this at Dunsmore, marching hitherward.

War. How far off is our brother Montague?—
Where is the post that came from Montague?

2 *Mess.* By this at Daintry, with a puissant troop.

Enter Sir John Somerville.

War. Say, Somerville, what says my loving son?
And, by thy guess, how nigh is Clarence now?

Som. At Southam I did leave him with his forces,
And do expect him here some two hours hence.
[*Drum heard.*

War. Then Clarence[1] is at hand, I hear his drum.

Som. It is not his, my lord; here Southam lies:
The drum your honour hears marcheth from Warwick.

[1] Oxford.

War. Who should that be? belike, unlooked-for friends.

Som. They are at hand, and you shall quickly know.

March. Flourish. Enter King EDWARD, GLOSTER, *and Forces.*

K. Edw. Go, trumpet, to the walls, and sound a parle.

Glo. See, how the surly Warwick mans the wall.

War. O unbid spite! is sportful[1] Edward come?
Where slept our scouts, or how are they seduced,
That we could hear no news of his repair?

K. Edw. Now, Warwick, wilt thou ope the city gates?
Speak gentle words, and humbly bend thy knee,
Call Edward king, and at his hands beg mercy,
And he shall pardon thee these outrages.

War. Nay, rather, wilt thou draw thy forces hence,
Confess who set thee up and plucked thee down?
Call Warwick patron, and be penitent,
And thou shalt still remain the Duke of York.

Glo. I thought, at least, he would have said—the king,

[1] Misprinted in old play 'spotful.'

Or did he make the jest against his will?

War. Is not a dukedom, sir, a goodly gift?

Glo. Ay, by my faith, for a poor earl to give:
I 'll do thee service for so good a gift.

War. 'T was I, that gave the kingdom to thy brother.

K. Edw. Why then, 't is mine, if but by Warwick's gift.

War. Thou art no Atlas for so great a weight:
And, weakling, Warwick takes his gift again;
And Henry is my king, Warwick his subject.

K. Edw. But Warwick's king is Edward's prisoner;
And, gallant Warwick, do but answer this:
What is the body, when the head is off?

Glo. Alas! that Warwick had no more forecast,
But, whiles he thought to steal the single ten,
The king was slily fingered from the deck!
You left poor Henry at the bishop's palace,
And, ten to one, you 'll meet him in the Tower.

K. Edw. 'T is even so: yet you are Warwick still.

Glo. Come, Warwick, take the time; kneel down, kneel down.
Nay, when? Strike now, or else the iron cools.

War. I had rather chop this hand off at a blow,

And with the other fling it at thy face,
Than bear so low a sail to strike to thee.

K. Edw. Sail how thou canst, have wind and tide thy friend,
This hand, fast wound about thy coal-black hair,
Shall, whiles thy head is warm, and new cut off,
Write in the dust this sentence with thy blood,—
'Wind-changing Warwick now can change no more.'

Enter OXFORD, *with drum and colours.*

War. O cheerful colours! see, where Oxford comes.

Oxf. Oxford, Oxford, for Lancaster!

[OXFORD *and his forces enter the city.*

Glo. The gates are open, let us enter too.

K. Edw. So other foes may set upon our backs.
Stand we in good array; for they, no doubt,
Will issue out again, and bid us battle:
If not, the city being but of small defence,
We 'll quickly rouse the traitors in the same.

War. O, welcome, Oxford, for we want thy help.

Enter MONTAGUE *with drum and colours.*

Mont. Montague, Montague, for Lancaster!

[*He and his forces enter the city.*

Glo. Thou and thy brother both shall buy this treason,

Even with the dearest blood your bodies bear.

K. Edw. The harder matched, the greater victory:
My mind presageth happy gain, and conquest.

Enter SOMERSET, *with drum and colours.*

Som. Somerset, Somerset, for Lancaster!

[*He and his forces enter the city.*

Glo. Two of thy name, both Dukes of Somerset,
Have sold their lives unto the house of York;
And thou shalt be the third, if this sword hold.

Enter CLARENCE, *with drum and colours.*

War. And lo! where George of Clarence sweeps along,
Of force enough to bid his brother battle;
With whom an upright zeal to right prevails,
More than the nature of a brother's love.[1]—

[GLOSTER *and* CLARENCE *whisper.*

Come, Clarence, come; thou wilt, if Warwick calls.

Clar. Father of Warwick, know you what this means?

[*Taking the red rose out of his hat.*

Look here, I throw my infamy at thee:
I will not ruinate my father's house,

[1] *Clar.* Clarence, Clarence for Lancaster.
K. Edw. Et tu Brute, wilt thou stab Cæsar too?
A parley, sirrah, to George of Lancaster.

Who gave his blood to lime the stones together
And set up Lancaster. Why, trow'st thou, Warwick,
That Clarence is so harsh, so blunt-unnatural,
To bend the fatal instruments of war
Against his brother, and his lawful king?
Perhaps, thou will object my holy oath:
To keep that oath, were more impiety
Than Jephtha's, when he sacrificed his daughter.
I am so sorry for my trespass made,
That to deserve well at my brother's hands,
I here proclaim myself thy mortal foe;
With resolution, wheresoe'er I meet thee,—
As I will meet thee, if thou stir abroad,—
To plague thee for thy foul misleading me.
And so, proud-hearted Warwick, I defy thee,
And to my brother turn my blushing cheeks.—
Pardon me, Edward, I will make amends;
And, Richard, do not frown upon my faults,
For I will henceforth be no more unconstant.

K. Edw. Now welcome more, and ten times more beloved,
Than if thou never hadst deserved our hate.

Glo. Welcome, good Clarence: this is brother-like.

War. O passing traitor, perjured, and unjust!

K Edw. What, Warwick, wilt thou leave the town, and fight,

Or shall we beat the stones about thine ears?

War. Alas! I am not cooped here for defence:
I will away towards Barnet presently,
And bid thee battle, Edward, if thou dar'st.

K. Edw. Yes, Warwick, Edward dares, and leads the way.—
Lords, to the field! Saint George, and victory!

[*March. Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—A Field of Battle near Barnet.

Alarums and Excursions. Enter King EDWARD, *bringing in* WARWICK *wounded.*

K. Edw. So, lie thou there: die thou, and die our fear;
For Warwick was a bug that feared us all.—
Now Montague, sit fast: I seek for thee,
That Warwick's bones may keep thine company.

[*Exit.*

War. Ah! who is nigh? come to me, friend or foe,
And tell me, who is victor, York, or Warwick?
Why ask I that? my mangled body shows,
My blood, my want of strength, my sick heart shows,
That I must yield my body to the earth,
And, by my fall, the conquest to my foe.
Thus yields the cedar to the axe's edge,

Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle,
Under whose shade the ramping lion slept;
Whose top-branch overpeered Jove's spreading tree,
And kept low shrubs from winter's powerful wind.
These eyes, that now are dimmed with death's black veil,
Have been as piercing as the midday sun,
To search the secret treasons of the world:
The wrinkles in my brows, now filled with blood,
Were likened oft to kingly sepulchres;
For who lived king, but I could dig his grave?
And who durst smile when Warwick bent his brow?
Lo, now my glory smeared in dust and blood!
My parks, my walks, my manors that I had,
Even now forsake me; and, of all my lands
Is nothing left me but my body's length.
Why, what is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and dust?
And, live we how we can, yet die we must.[1]

Enter OXFORD *and* SOMERSET.

Som. Ah, Warwick, Warwick! wert thou as we are,

[1] These two lines are transposed from the beginning of Warwick's last speech before death.

We might recover all our loss again.
The queen from France hath brought a puissant power;
Even now we heard the news. Ah, couldst thou fly![1]

War. Why, then I would not fly. — Ah, Montague!
If thou be there, sweet brother, take my hand,
And with thy lips keep in my soul awhile.
Thou lov'st me not; for, brother, if thou didst,
Thy tears would wash this cold congealéd blood,
That glues my lips, and will not let me speak.
Come quickly, Montague, or I am dead.

Som. Ah, Warwick, Montague hath breathed his last;
And to the latest gasp cried out for Warwick,
And said—'Commend me to my valiant brother.'
And more he would have said; and more he spoke,
Which sounded like a cannon[2] in a vault,
That mought not be distinguished: but, at last,

[1] Ah, Warwick, Warwick, cheer up thyself and live,
For yet there 's hope enough to win the day.
Our warlike Queen with troops is come from France,
And at Southampton landed all her train,
And mightst thou live then would we never fly.

[2] 'Clamour' in the old play, for which 'cannon' is here, doubtless, a misprint in the Shakespeare folio.

I well might hear, delivered with a groan,—
'O, farewell, Warwick!'

War. Sweet rest his soul!—Fly, lords, and save yourselves;
For Warwick bids you all farewell, to meet in heaven. [*Dies.*

Oxf. Away, away, to meet the queen's great power!

[*Exeunt, bearing off* WARWICK'S *body.*

SCENE III.—Another Part of the Field.

Flourish. Enter King EDWARD *in triumph; with* CLARENCE, GLOSTER, *and the rest.*

K. Edw. Thus far our fortune keeps an upward course,
And we are graced with wreaths of victory.
But, in the midst of this bright-shining day,
I spy a black, suspicious, threat'ning cloud,
That will encounter with our glorious sun,
Ere he attain his easeful western bed:
I mean, my lords, those powers, that the queen
Hath raised in Gallia, have arrived our coast,
And, as we hear, march on to fight with us.

Clar. A little gale will soon disperse that cloud,

And blow it to the source from whence it came:
Thy very beams will dry those vapours up,
For every cloud engenders not a storm.

Glo. The queen is valued thirty thousand strong,
And Somerset, with Oxford, fled to her;
If she have time to breathe, be well-assured,
Her faction will be full as strong as ours.

K. Edw. We are advértised by our loving friends,
That they do hold their course toward Tewksbury.
We having now the best at Barnet field,
Will thither straight, for willingness rids way;
And, as we march, our strength will be augmented
In every county as we go along.—
Strike up the drum! cry—Courage! and away.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Plains near Tewksbury.

March. Enter Queen MARGARET, *Prince* EDWARD, SOMERSET, OXFORD, *and Soldiers.*

Q. Mar. Great lords, wise men ne'er sit and wail their loss,
But cheerly seek how to redress their harms.
What though the mast be now blown overboard,
The cable broke, the holding-anchor lost,
And half our sailors swallowed in the flood;

Yet lives our pilot still : is 't meet that he
Should leave the helm, and, like a fearful lad,
With tearful eyes add water to the sea,
And give more strength to that which hath too much,
Whiles in his moan the ship splits on the rock,
Which industry and courage might have saved ?
Ah, what a shame ! ah, what a fault were this !
Say, Warwick was our anchor ; what of that ?
And Montague our topmast ; what of him ?
Our slaughtered friends the tackles ; what of these ?
Why, is not Oxford here another anchor,
And Somerset another goodly mast ?
The friends of France our shrouds and tacklings ?
And, though unskilful, why not Ned and I
For once allowed the skilful pilot's charge ?
We will not from the helm, to sit and weep,
But keep our course, though the rough wind say no,
From shelves and rocks that threaten us with wrack.[1]

[1] Queen Margaret's speech in the old play is only this :—

Welcome to England, my loving friends of France,
And welcome Somerset and Oxford too.
Once more have we spread our sails abroad,
And though our tackling be almost consumed,
And Warwick as our mainmast overthrown,
Yet, warlike lords, raise you that sturdy post

As good to chide the waves, as speak them fair.
And what is Edward but a ruthless sea?
What Clarence but a quicksand of deceit?
And Richard but a ragged fatal rock?
All these the enemies to our poor bark.
Say, you can swim; alas! 't is but a while:
Tread on the sand; why, there you quickly sink:
Bestride the rock; the tide will wash you off,
Or else you famish; that 's a threefold death.
This speak I, lords, to let you understand,
In case some one of you would fly from us,
That there 's no hoped-for mercy with the brothers,
More than with ruthless waves, with sands, and rocks.
Why, courage, then! what cannot be avoided,
'T were childish weakness to lament, or fear.

Prince. Methinks, a woman of this valiant spirit
Should, if a coward heard her speak these words,
Infuse his breast with magnanimity,
And make him, naked, foil a man at arms.
I speak not this as doubting any here;
For, did I but suspect a fearful man,

That bears the sails to bring us unto rest.
And Ned and I, as willing pilots should,
For once with careful minds guide on the stern,
To bear us through that dangerous gulf
That heretofore hath swallowed up our friends.

He should have leave to go away betimes,
Lest, in our need, he might infect another,
And make him of like spirit to himself.
If any such be here,—as God forbid!—
Let him depart before we need his help.

Oxf. Women and children of so high a courage,
And warriors faint! why, 'twere perpetual shame.—
O brave young prince! thy famous grandfather
Doth live again in thee: long may'st thou live,
To bear his image, and renew his glories!

Som. And he that will not fight for such a hope,
Go home to bed, and, like the owl by day,
If he arise, be mocked and wondered at.

Q. Mar. Thanks, gentle Somerset: — sweet Oxford, thanks.

Prince. And take his thanks, that yet hath nothing else.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Prepare you, lords, for Edward is at hand,
Ready to fight: therefore, be resolute.

Oxf. I thought no less: it is his policy
To haste thus fast, to find us unprovided.

Som. But he's deceived: we are in readiness.

Q. Mar. This cheers my heart to see your forwardness.

Oxf. Here pitch our battle; hence we will not budge.

Flourish and March. Enter King EDWARD, CLARENCE, GLOSTER, *and Forces.*

K. Edw. Brave followers, yonder stands the thorny wood,
Which, by the heavens' assistance and your strength,
Must by the roots be hewn up yet ere night.
I need not add more fuel to your fire,
For, well I wot, ye blaze to burn them out.
Give signal to the fight, and to it, lords!

Q. Mar. Lords, knights, and gentlemen, what I should say,
My tears gainsay; for every word I speak,
Ye see, I drink the water of mine eyes.
Therefore, no more but this: — Henry, your sovereign,
Is prisoner to the foe; his state usurped,
His realm a slaughter-house, his subjects slain,
His statutes cancelled, and his treasure spent;
And yonder is the wolf that makes this spoil.
You fight in justice: then, in God's name, lords,
Be valiant, and give signal to the fight.

[*Exeunt both Armies.*

SCENE V.—Another Part of the Field.

Alarums: Excursions: and afterwards a Retreat. Then enter King EDWARD, CLARENCE, GLOSTER, *and Forces; with Queen* MARGARET, OXFORD, *and* SOMERSET, *prisoners.*

K. Edw. Now, here a period of tumultuous broils.
Away with Oxford to Ham's Castle straight:
For Somerset, off with his guilty head.
Go, bear them hence: I will not hear them speak.

Oxf. For my part, I'll not trouble thee with words.

Som. Nor I; but stoop with patience to my fortune.

[*Exeunt* OXFORD *and* SOMERSET, *guarded.*

Q. Mar. So part we sadly in this troublous world,
To meet with joy in sweet Jerusalem.

K. Edw. Is proclamation made, that who finds Edward
Shall have a high reward, and he his life?

Glo. It is: and lo, where youthful Edward comes!

Enter Soldiers, with Prince EDWARD.

K. Edw. Bring forth the gallant: let us hear him speak.
What! can so young a thorn begin to prick?
Edward, what satisfaction canst thou make,
For bearing arms, for stirring up my subjects,
And all the trouble thou hast turned me to?

Prince. Speak like a subject, proud ambitious York.
Suppose, that I am now my father's mouth:
Resign thy chair, and where I stand kneel thou,
Whilst I propose the selfsame words to thee
Which, traitor, thou wouldst have me answer to.

Q. Mar. Ah, that thy father had been so resolved!

Glo. That you might still have worn the petticoat,
And ne'er have stol'n the breech from Lancaster.

Prince. Let Æsop fable in a winter's night;
His currish riddles sort not with this place.

Glo. By Heaven, brat, I'll plague you for that word.

Q. Mar. Ay, thou wast born to be a plague to men.

Glo. For God's sake, take away this captive scold.

Prince. Nay, take away this scolding crookback, rather.

K. Edw. Peace, wilful boy, or I will charm your tongue.

Clar. Untutored lad, thou art too malapert.

Prince. I know my duty: you are all undutiful. Lascivious Edward,—and thou perjured George,— And thou misshapen Dick,—I tell ye all, I am your better, traitors as ye are; And thou usurp'st my father's right and mine.

K. Edw. Take that, the likeness of this railer here. [*Stabs him.*

Glo. Sprawl'st thou? take that, to end thy agony. [*Stabs him.*

Clar. And there 's for twitting me with perjury. [*Stabs him.*

Q. Mar. O, kill me too!

Glo. Marry, and shall. [*Offers to kill her.*

K. Edw. Hold, Richard, hold! for we have done too much.

Glo. Why should she live, to fill the world with words?

K. Edw. What! doth she swoon? use means for her recovery.

Glo. Clarence, excuse me to the king, my brother.

I 'll hence to London on a serious matter :
Ere ye come there, be sure to hear some news.

Clar. What? what?

Glo. The Tower! the Tower![1] [*Exit.*

Q. Mar. O Ned! sweet Ned! speak to thy mother, boy :
Canst thou not speak?—O traitors! murderers!
They that stabbed Cæsar shed no blood at all,
Did not offend, nor were not worthy blame,
If this foul deed were by to equal it :
He was a man ; this, in respect, a child ;
And men ne'er spend their fury on a child.
What 's worse than murderer, that I may name it?
No, no ; my heart will burst, an if I speak ;
And I will speak, that so my heart may burst.—
Butchers and villains! bloody cannibals!
How sweet a plant have you untimely cropped!
You have no children, butchers! if you had,
The thought of them would have stirred up remorse :
But, if you ever chance to have a child,
Look in his youth to have him so cut off,
As, deathsmen, you have rid this sweet young prince!

[1] *Clar.* About what, prithee tell me?
Glo. The Tower, man, the Tower. I'll root them out.

K. Edw. Away with her! go, bear her hence perforce.

Q. Mar. Nay, never bear me hence, despatch me here:

Here sheathe thy sword, I 'll pardon thee my death.
What! wilt thou not?—then, Clarence, do it thou.

Clar. By Heaven, I will not do thee so much ease.

Q. Mar. Good Clarence, do; sweet Clarence, do thou do it.

Clar. Didst thou not hear me swear I would not do it?

Q. Mar. Ay, but thou usest to forswear thyself:
'T was sin before, but now 't is charity.
What! wilt thou not? Where is that devil's butcher,
Hard-favoured Richard? Richard, where art thou?
Thou art not here: murder is thy alms-deed;
Petitioners for blood thou ne'er putt'st back.

K. Edw. Away, I say! I charge ye, bear her hence.

Q. Mar. So come to you, and yours, as to this prince! [*Exit.*

K. Edw. Where 's Richard gone?

Clar. To London, all in post; and, as I guess,
To make a bloody supper in the Tower.

K. Edw. He's sudden, if a thing comes in his head.

Now march we hence: discharge the common sort
With pay and thanks, and let's away to London,
And see our gentle queen how well she fares:
By this, I hope, she hath a son for me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—London. A Room in the Tower.

King HENRY *is discovered sitting with a book in his hand, the Lieutenant attending. Enter* GLOSTER.

Glo. Good day, my lord. What, at your book so hard?

K. Hen. Ay, my good lord: my lord, I should say rather:

'Tis sin to flatter; good was little better:
Good Gloster, and good devil, were alike,
And both preposterous; therefore, not good lord.

Glo. Sirrah, leave us to ourselves: we must confer. [*Exit Lieutenant.*

K. Hen. So flies the reckless shepherd from the wolf:

So first the harmless sheep doth yield his fleece,
And next his throat unto the butcher's knife.—

What scene of death hath Roscius now to act?

Glo. Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind:
The thief doth fear each bush an officer.

K. Hen. The bird, that hath been limèd in a bush,
With trembling wings, misdoubteth every bush;
And I, the hapless male to one sweet bird,
Have now the fatal object in my eye,
Where my poor young was limed, was caught, and killed.

Glo. Why, what a peevish fool was that of Crete,
That taught his son the office of a fowl?
And yet, for all his wings, the fool was drowned.

K. Hen. I, Dædalus; my poor boy, Icarus;
Thy father, Minos, that denied our course;
The sun, that seared the wings of my sweet boy,
Thy brother Edward; and thyself, the sea,
Whose envious gulf did swallow up his life
Ah, kill me with thy weapon, not with words.
My breast can better brook thy dagger's point,
Than can my ears that tragic history.
But wherefore dost thou come? is 't for my life?

Glo. Think'st thou I am an executioner?

K. Hen. A persecutor, I am sure, thou art:
If murdering innocents be executing,
Why, then thou art an executioner.

Glo. Thy son I killed for his presumption.

K. Hen. Hadst thou been killed, when first thou didst presume,
Thou hadst not lived to kill a son of mine.
And thus I prophesy,—that many a thousand,
Which now mistrust no parcel of my fear,
And many an old man's sigh, and many a widow's,
And many an orphan's water-standing eye,—
Men for their sons', wives for their husbands',
Orphans for their parents' timeless death,—
Shall rue the hour that ever thou wast born.
The owl shrieked at thy birth, an evil sign;
The night-crow cried, aboding luckless time;
Dogs howled, and hideous tempest shook down trees;
The raven rooked her on the chimney's top,
And chattering pies in dismal discords sung.
Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,
And yet brought forth less than a mother's hope;
To wit, an indigest and deformed lump,
Not like the fruit of such a goodly tree.
Teeth hadst thou in thy head, when thou wast born,
To signify, thou cam'st to bite the world:
And, if the rest be true which I have heard,
Thou cam'st—

Glo. I'll hear no more;—die, prophet, in thy speech: [*Stabs him.*
For this, amongst the rest, was I ordained.

K. Hen. Ay, and for much more slaughter after this.
O! God forgive my sins, and pardon thee. [*Dies.*

Glo. What! will the aspiring blood of Lancaster
Sink in the ground? I thought it would have mounted.
See, how my sword weeps for the poor king's death!
O, may such purple tears be always shed
From those that wish the downfall of our house!—
If any spark of life be yet remaining,
Down, down to hell; and say I sent thee thither:
[*Stabs him again.*
I, that have neither pity, love, nor fear.
Indeed, 't is true, that Henry told me of;
For I have often heard my mother say,
I came into the world with my legs forward.
Had I not reason, think ye, to make haste,
And seek their ruin that usurped our right?
The midwife wondered; and the women cried,
'O, Jesus bless us, he is born with teeth!'
And so I was; which plainly signified
That I should snarl, and bite, and play the dog.
Then, since the heavens have shaped my body so,

Let hell make crook'd my mind to answer it.
I have no brother, I am like no brother;
And this word Love, which greybeards call divine,
Be resident in men like one another,
And not in me:—I am myself alone.—
Clarence, beware: thou keep'st me from the light;
But I will sort a pitchy day for thee:
For I will buz abroad such prophecies,
That Edward shall be fearful of his life;
And then, to purge his fear, I 'll be thy death.
King Henry, and the prince his son, are gone:
Clarence, thy turn is next, and then the rest;
Counting myself but bad, till I be best.—
I 'll throw thy body in another room,
And triumph, Henry, in thy day of doom.

Exit, with the body.

SCENE VII.—London. A Room in the Palace.

King EDWARD *is discovered sitting on his throne; Queen* ELIZABETH *with the infant Prince,* CLARENCE, GLOSTER, HASTINGS, *and others, near him.*

K. Edw. Once more we sit in England's royal throne,
Re-purchased with the blood of enemies.
What valiant foemen, like to autumn's corn,

Have we mowed down, in tops of all their pride!
Three Dukes of Somerset, threefold renowned
For hardy and undoubted champions;
Two Cliffords, as the father and the son;
And two Northumberlands: two braver men
Ne'er spurred their coursers at the trumpet's sound;
With them, the two brave bears, Warwick and Montague,
That in their chains fettered the kingly lion,
And made the forest tremble when they roared.
Thus have we swept suspicion from our seat,
And made our footstool of security.—
Come hither, Bess, and let me kiss my boy.—
Young Ned, for thee, thine uncles and myself
Have in our armours watched the winter's night,
Went all a-foot in summer's scalding heat,
That thou might'st repossess the crown in peace;
And of our labours thou shalt reap the gain.

Glo. [*Aside.*] I 'll blast his harvest, if your head were laid;
For yet I am not looked on in the world.
This shoulder was ordained so thick, to heave;
And heave it shall some weight, or break my back.—
Work thou the way, and thou shalt execute.

K. Edw. Clarence, and Gloster, love my lovely queen,

And kiss your princely nephew, brothers both.

Clar. The duty, that I owe unto your majesty,
I seal upon the lips of this sweet babe.

Q. Eliz. Thanks, noble Clarence, worthy brother, thanks.

Glo. And, that I love the tree from whence thou sprang'st,
Witness the loving kiss I give the fruit.—
[*Aside.*] To say the truth, so Judas kissed his master,
And cried All hail! whenas he meant All harm.

K. Edw. Now am I seated as my soul delights,
Having my country's peace and brothers' loves.

Clar. What will your grace have done with Margaret?
Reignier, her father, to the King of France
Hath pawned the Sicils and Jerusalem,
And hither have they sent it for her ransom.

K. Edw. Away with her, and waft her hence to France.—
And now what rests, but that we spend the time
With stately triumphs, mirthful comic shows,
Such as befits the pleasure of the court?
Sound, drums and trumpets!—farewell, sour annoy!
For here, I hope, begins our lasting joy. [*Exeunt.*

THE TRUE TRAGEDIE OF RICHARD DUKE OF YORKE, AND THE GOOD KING HENRY THE SIXT.

THE TRUE TRAGEDIE OF RICHARD DUKE OF YORKE, AND THE GOOD KING HENRY THE SIXT.

Enter RICHARD *Duke of* YORKE, *The Earle of* WARWICKE, *The Duke of* NORFFOLKE, *Marquis* MONTAGUE, EDWARD *Earle of* MARCH, *Crookeback* RICHARD, *and the yong Earle of* RUTLAND, *with Drumme and Souldiers, with white Roses in their hats.*

Warwike. I wonder how the king escapt our hands.
Yorke. Whilst we pursude the horsemen of the North,
He slilie stole awaie and left his men:
Whereat the great Lord of Northumberland,
Whose warlike eares could neuer brooke retrait,
Chargde our maine battels front, and therewith him
Lord Stafford and Lord Clifford all abrest
Brake in and were by the hands of common Souldiers slain.
Edw. Lord Staffords father Duke of Buckhingham,
Is either slaine or wounded dangerouslie,
I cleft his Beuer with a downe right blow:
Father that this is true behold his bloud.
Mont. And brother heeres the Earle of Wiltshires
Bloud, whom I encountred as the battailes ioind.
Rich. Speake thou for me and tell them what I did.
York. What is your grace dead my L. of Summerset?
Norf. Such hope haue all the line of Iohn of Gawnt.
Rich. Thus doe I hope to shape king Henries head.
War. And so do I victorious prince of Yorke,
Before I see thee seated in that throne
Which now the house of Lancaster vsurpes,
I vow by heauens these eies shal neuer close.
This is the pallace of that fearefull king,

And that the regall chaire? Possesse it Yorke:
For this is thine and not king Henries heires.
York. Assist me then sweet Warwike, and I wil:
For hither are we broken in by force.
Norf. Weele all assist thee, and he that flies shall die.
York. Thanks gentle Norffolke. Staie by me my Lords,
And souldiers staie you heere and lodge this night:
War. And when the king comes offer him no
Violence, vnlesse he seek to put vs out by force.
Rich. Armde as we be, lets staie within this house?
War. The bloudie parlement shall this be calde,
Vnlesse Plantagenet Duke of Yorke be king
And bashfull Henrie be deposde, whose cowardise
Hath made vs by-words to our enemies.
York. Then leaue me not my Lords: for now I meane
To take possession of my right.
War. Neither the king, nor him that loues him best,
The proudest burd that holds vp Lancaster.
Dares stirre a wing if Warwike shake his bels.
Ile plant Plantagenet: and root him out who dares?
Resolue thee Richard: Claime the English crowne.

Enter king HENRIE *the sixt, with the Duke of* EXCESTER, *The Earle of* NORTHUMBERLAND, *the Earle of* WESTMERLAND *and* CLIFFORD, *the Earle of* CUMBERLAND, *with red Roses in their hats.*

King. Looke Lordings where the sturdy rebel sits,
Euen in the chaire of state: belike he meanes
Backt by the power of Warwike that false peere,
To aspire vnto the crowne, and raigne as king.
Earle of Northumberland, he slew thy father.
And thine Clifford: and you both haue vow'd reuenge,
On him, his sonnes, his fauorites, and his friends.
Northu. And if I be not, heauens be reuengd on me.
Clif. The hope thereof, makes Clifford mourn in steel,

West. What? shall we suffer this, lets pull him downe
My hart for anger breakes, I cannot speake.
King. Be patient gentle Earle of Westmerland.
Clif. Patience is for pultrouns such as he
He durst not sit there had your father liu'd?
My gratious Lord: here in the Parlement,
Let vs assaile the familie of Yorke.
North. Well hast thou spoken cosen, be it so.
King. O know you not the Cittie fauours them,
And they haue troopes of soldiers at their becke?
Exet. But when the D. is slaine, theile quicklie flie.
King. Far be it from the thoughtes of Henries hart,
To make a shambles of the parlement house.
Cosen of Exeter, words, frownes, and threats,
Shall be the warres that Henrie meanes to vse.
Thou factious duke of Yorke, descend my throne,
I am thy soueraigne.
York. Thou art deceiu'd: I am thine.
Exet. For shame come downe he made thee D. of Yorke.
York. 'Twas my inheritance as the kingdome is.
Exet. Thy father was a traytor to the crowne.
War. Exeter thou art a traitor to the crowne,
In following this vsurping Henry.
Clif. Whom should he follow but his naturall king.
War. True Clif. and that is Richard Duke of Yorke.
King. And shall I stande while thou sittest in my throne?
York. Content thy selfe it must and shall be so.
War. Be Duke of Lancaster, let him be king.
West. Why? he is both king & Duke of Lancaster,
And that the Earle of Westmerland shall mainetaine.
War. And Warwike shall disproue it. You forget
That we are those that chaste you from the field
And slew your father, and with colours spred,
Marcht through the Cittie to the pallas gates.
Nor. No Warwike I remember it to my griefe,

And by his soule thou and thy house shall rew it.
West. Plantagenet of thee and of thy sonnes,
Thy kinsmen and thy friendes, Ile haue more liues,
Then drops of bloud were in my fathers vaines.
Clif. Vrge it no more, least in reuenge thereof,
I send thee Warwike such a messenger,
As shall reueng his death before I stirre.
War. Poore Clifford, how I skorn thy worthles threats!
York. Wil ye we shew our title to the crowne,
Or else our swords shall plead it in the field?
King. What title haste thou traitor to the Crowne?
Thy father was as thou art Duke of Yorke,
Thy grandfather Roger Mortimer earle of March,
I am the sonne of Henrie the Fift who tamde the French,
And made the Dolphin stoope, and seazd vpon their
Townes and prouinces.
War. Talke not of France since thou hast lost it all.
King. The Lord protector lost it and not I,
When I was crownd I was but nine months old.
Rich. You are olde enough now and yet me thinkes you lose,
Father teare the Crowne from the Vsurpers head.
Edw. Do so sweet father, set it on your head.
Mont. Good brother as thou lou'st & honorst armes,
Lets fight it out and not stand cauilling thus.
Rich. Sound drums and trumpets & the king will fly.
York. Peace sonnes:
Northum. Peace thou and giue king Henry leaue to speake.
King. Ah Plantagenet, why seekest thou to depose me?
Are we not both Plantagenets by birth,
And from two brothers lineallie discent?
Suppose by right and equitie thou be king,
Thinkst thou that I will leaue my kinglie seate
Wherein my father and my grandsire sat?
No, first shall warre vnpeople this my realme,
I and our colours often borne in France,

And now in England to our harts great sorrow
Shall be my winding sheete, why faint you Lords?
My titles better farre than his.
War. Proue it Henrie and thou shalt be king?
King. Why Henrie the fourth by conquest got the Crowne.
York. T'was by rebellion gainst his soueraigne.
King. I know not what to saie my titles weake,
Tell me maie not a king adopt an heire?
War. What then?
King. Then am I lawfull king. For Richard
The second in the view of manie Lords
Resignde the Crowne to Henrie the fourth,
Whose heire my Father was, and I am his.
York. I tell thee he rose against him being his
Soueraigne, & made him to resigne the crown perforce.
War. Suppose my Lord he did it vnconstrainde,
Thinke you that were preiudiciall to the Crowne?
Exet. No, for he could not so resigne the Crowne,
But that the next heire must succeed and raigne.
King. Art thou against vs, Duke of Exceter?
Exet. His is the right, and therefore pardon me.
King. All will reuolt from me and turne to him.
Northum. Plantagenet for all the claime thou laist,
Thinke not king Henry shall be thus deposde?
War. Deposde he shall be in despight of thee.
North. Tush Warwike, Thou art deceiued? tis not thy
Southerne powers of Essex, Suffolke, Norffolke, and of
Kent, that makes thee thus presumptuous and proud,
Can set the Duke vp in despight of me.
Cliff. King Henrie be thy title right or wrong,
Lord Clifford vowes to fight in thy defence.
Maie that ground gape and swallow me aliue,
Where I do kneele to him that slew my father.
King. O Clifford, how thy words reuiue my soule.
York. Henry of Lancaster resigne thy crowne.

What mutter you? or what conspire you Lords?
War. Doe right vnto this princelie Duke of Yorke,
Or I will fill the house with armed men,

Enter Souldiers.

And ouer the chaire of state where now he sits,
Wright vp his title with thy vsurping bloud.
King. O Warwike, heare me speake.
Let me but raigne in quiet whilst I liue.
York. Confirme the crowne to me and to mine heires
And thou shalt raigne in quiet whilst thou liu'st.
King. Conuey the souldiers hence, and then I will.
War. Captaine conduct them into Tuthill fieldes.
Clif. What wrong is this vnto the Prince your son?
War. What good is this for England and himselfe?
Northum. Base, fearefull, and despairing Henry.
Clif. How hast thou wronged both thy selfe and vs?
West. I cannot staie to heare these Articles. [*Exit.*
Clif. Nor I, Come cosen lets go tell the Queene.
Northum. Be thou a praie vnto the house of Yorke,
And die in bands for this vnkingly deed. [*Exit.*
Clif. In dreadfull warre maist thou be ouercome,
Or liue in peace abandon'd and despisde. [*Exit.*
Exet. They seeke reuenge, and therefore will not yeeld my Lord.
King Ah Exeter?
War. Why should you sigh my Lord?
King. Not for my selfe Lord Warwike, but my sonne,
Whom I vnnaturallie shall disinherit.
But be it as it maie: I heere intaile the Crowne
To thee and to thine heires, conditionallie,
That here thou take thine oath, to cease these ciuill
Broiles, and whilst I liue to honour me as thy king and Soueraigne.
York. That oath I willinglie take and will performe.

War. Long liue king Henry. Plantagenet embrace him?
King. And long liue thou and all thy forward sonnes.
York. Now Yorke and Lancaster are reconcilde.
Exet. Accurst be he that seekes to make them foes,
[*Sound Trumpets.*
York. My Lord Ile take my leaue, for Ile to Wakefield,
To my castell. [*Exit Yorke and his sonnes.*
War. And ile keepe London with my souldiers. [*Exit.*
Norf. And Ile to Norffolke with my followers. [*Exit.*
Mont. And I to the sea from whence I came. [*Exit.*

Enter the Queene and the Prince.

Exet. My Lord here comes the Queen, Ile steale away.
King. And so will I.
Queene. Naie staie, or else I follow thee.
King. Be patient gentle Queene, and then Ile staie.
Quee. What patience can there? ah timerous man
Thou hast vndoone thy selfe, thy sonne, and me,
And giuen our rights vnto the house of Yorke.
Art thou a king and wilt be forst to yeeld?
Had I beene there, the souldiers should haue tost
Me on their launces points, before I would haue
Granted to their wils. The Duke is made
Protector of the land: Sterne Fawconbridge
Commands the narrow seas. And thinkst thou then
To sleepe secure? I heere diuorce me Henry
From thy bed, vntill that Act of Parlement
Be recalde, wherein thou yeeldest to the house of Yorke
The Northen Lords that haue forsworne thy colours,
Will follow mine if once they see them spred,
And spread they shall vnto thy deepe disgrace.
Come sonne, lets awaie and leaue him heere alone.
King. Staie gentle Margaret, and here me speake.
Queene. Thou hast spoke too much alreadie, therefore be
still.

King. Gentle sonne Edwarde, wilt thou staie with me?
Quee. I, to be murdred by his enemies. [*Exit.*
Prin. When I returne with victorie from the field,
Ile see your Grace, till then Ile follow her. [*Exit.*
King. Poore Queene, her loue to me and to the prince Her sonne,
Makes hir in furie thus forget hir selfe.
Reuenged maie shee be on that accursed Duke.
Come cosen of Exeter, staie thou here,
For Clifford and those Northern Lords be gone
I feare towards Wakefield, to disturbe the Duke.

Enter EDWARD, *and* RICHARD, *and* MONTAGUE.

Edw. Brother, and cosen Montague, giue mee leaue to speake.
Rich. Nay, I can better plaie the Orator.
Mont. But I haue reasons strong and forceable.

Enter the Duke of YORKE.

York. Howe nowe sonnes what at a iarre amongst your selues?
Rich. No father, but a sweete contention, about that which concernes your selfe and vs, The crowne of England father.
York. The crowne boy, why Henries yet aliue,
And I haue sworne that he shall raigne in quiet till His death.
Edw. But I would breake an hundred othes to raigne one yeare.
Rich. And if it please your grace to giue me leaue,
Ile shew your grace the waie to saue your oath,
And dispossesse king Henrie from the crowne.
Yorke. I prethe Dicke let me heare thy deuise.
Rich. Then thus my Lord. An oath is of no moment Being not sworne before a lawfull magistrate.
Henry is none but doth vsurpe your right,
And yet your grace stands bound to him by oath.

Then noble father resolue your selfe,
And once more claime the crowne.

Yorke. I, saist thou so boie? why then it shall be so.
I am resolude to win the crowne, or die.
Edward, thou shalt to Edmund Brooke Lord Cobham,
With whom the Kentishmen will willinglie rise:
Thou cosen Montague, shalt to Norffolke straight,
And bid the Duke to muster vppe his souldiers,
And come to me to Wakefield presentlie.
And Richard thou to London strait shalt post,
And bid Richard Neuill Earle of Warwike
To leaue the cittie, and with his men of warre,
To meete me at Saint Albons ten daies hence.
My selfe heere in Sandall castell will prouide
Both men and monie to furder our attempts.
Now, what newes?

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My Lord, the Queene with thirtie thousand men,
Accompanied with the Earles of Cumberland,
Northumberland and Westmerland, and others of the
House of Lancaster, are marching towards Wakefield,
To besiedge you in your castell heere.

Enter sir IOHN *and sir* HUGH MORTIMER.

Yorke. A Gods name, let them come. Cosen Montague post you hence: and boies staie you with me.
Sir Iohn and sir Hugh Mortemers mine vncles,
Your welcome to Sandall in an happie houre,
The armie of the Queene meanes to besiedge vs.

Sir Iohn. Shee shall not neede my Lorde, weele meete her in the field.

York. What with fiue thousand souldiers vncle?

Rich. I father, with fiue hundred for a need,
A womans generall, what should you feare?

York. Indeed, manie braue battels haue I woon

In Normandie, when as the enimie
Hath bin ten to one, and why should I now doubt
Of the like successe? I am resolu'd. Come lets goe.
Edw. Lets martch awaie, I heare their drums. [*Exit*

Alarmes, and then Enter the yong Earle of RUTLAND *and his Tutor.*

Tutor. Oh flie my Lord, lets leaue the Castell,
And flie to Wakefield straight.

Enter CLIFFORD.

Rut. O Tutor, looke where bloudie Clifford comes.
Clif. Chaplin awaie, thy Priesthood saues thy life,
As for the brat of that accursed Duke
Whose father slew my father, he shall die.
Tutor. Oh Clifford spare this tender Lord, least
Heauen reuenge it on thy head: Oh saue his life.
Clif. Soldiers awaie and drag him hence perforce:
Awaie with the villaine. [*Exit the Chaplein.*
How now, what dead alreadie? or is it feare that
Makes him close his eies? Ile open them.
Rut. So lookes the pent vp Lion on the lambe,
And so he walkes insulting ouer his praie,
And so he turnes againe to rend his limmes in sunder,
Oh Clifford, kill me with thy sword, and
Not with such a cruell threatning looke,
I am too meane a subiect for thy wrath,
Be thou reuengde on men, and let me liue.
Clif. In vaine thou speakest poore boy: my fathers
Bloud hath stopt the passage where thy wordes shoulde enter.
Rut. Then let my fathers blood ope it againe? he is a
Man, and Clifford cope with him.
Clif. Had I thy brethren here, their liues and thine
Were not reuenge sufficient for me.
Or should I dig vp thy forefathers graues,
And hang their rotten coffins vp in chaines,

It could not slake mine ire, nor ease my hart.
The sight of anie of the house of Yorke,
Is as a furie to torment my soule.
Therefore till I root out that cursed line
And leaue not one on earth, Ile liue in hell therefore.
Rut. Oh let me praie, before I take my death.
To thee I praie: Sweet Clifford pittie me.
Clif. I, such pittie as my rapiers point affords.
Rut. I neuer did thee hurt, wherefore wilt thou kill mee?
Clif. Thy father hath.
Rut. But twas ere I was borne:
Thou hast one sonne, for his sake pittie me,
Least in reuenge thereof, sith God is iust,
He be as miserablie slaine as I.
Oh, let me liue in prison all my daies,
And when I giue occasion of offence,
Then let me die, for now thou hast no cause.
Clif. No cause? Thy Father slew my father, therefore Die.
Plantagenet I come Plantagenet,
And this thy sonnes bloud cleauing to my blade,
Shall rust vpon my weapon, till thy bloud
Congeald with his, doe make me wipe off both. [*Exit.*

Alarmes, Enter the duke of YORKE *solus.*

Yorke. Ah Yorke, post to thy castell, saue thy life,
The goale is lost thou house of Lancaster,
Thrise happie chance is it for thee and thine,
That heauen abridgde my daies and cals me hence,
But God knowes what chance hath betide my sonnes
But this I know they haue demeand themselues,
Like men borne to renowne by life or death:
Three times this daie came Richard to my sight,
And cried courage Father: Victorie or death.
And twise so oft came Edward to my view,
With purple Faulchen painted to the hilts

In bloud of those whom he had slaughtered.
Oh harke, I heare the drums? No waie to flie:
No waie to saue my life? And heere I staie:
And heere my life must end.

Enter the Queene, CLIFFORD, NORTHUMBERLAND, *and souldiers.*

Come bloudie Clifford, rough Northumberland,
I dare your quenchlesse furie to more bloud:
This is the But, and this abides your shot.
Northum. Yeeld to our mercies proud Plantagenet.
Clif. I, to such mercie as his ruthfull arme
With downe right paiment lent vnto my father,
Now Phaeton hath tumbled from his carre,
And made an euening at the noone tide pricke.
York. My ashes like the Phœnix maie bring forth
A bird that will reuenge it on you all,
And in that hope I cast mine eies to heauen,
Skorning what ere you can afflict me with:
Why staie you Lords? what, multitudes and feare?
Clif. So cowards fight when they can flie no longer:
So Doues doe pecke the Rauens piersing tallents:
So desperate theeues all hopelesse of their liues,
Breath out inuectiues gainst the officers.
York. Oh Clifford, yet bethinke thee once againe,
And in thy minde orerun my former time:
And bite thy toung that slaunderst him with cowardise,
Whose verie looke hath made thee quake ere this.
Clif. I will not bandie with thee word for word,
But buckle with thee blowes twise two for one.
Queene. Hold valiant Clifford for a thousand causes,
I would prolong the traitors life a while.
Wrath makes him death, speake thou Northumberland.
Nor. Hold Clifford, doe not honour him so much,
To pricke thy finger though to wound his hart:
What valure were it when a curre doth grin,

For one to thrust his hand betweene his teeth,
When he might spurne him with his foote awaie?
Tis warres prise to take all aduantages,
And ten to one, is no impeach in warres. [*Fight and take him.*
Cliff. I, I, so striues the Woodcocke with the gin.
North. So doth the cunnie struggle with the net.
York. So triumphs theeues vpon their conquered
Bootie: So true men yeeld by robbers ouermatcht.
North. What will your grace haue done with him?
Queen. Braue warriors, Clifford & Northumberland
Come make him stand vpon this molehill here,
That aimde at mountaines with outstretched arme,
And parted but the shaddow with his hand.
Was it you that reuelde in our Parlement,
And made a prechment of your high descent?
Where are your messe of sonnes to backe you now?
The wanton Edward, and the lustie George?
Or where is that valiant Crookbackt prodegie?
Dickey your boy, that with his grumbling voice,
Was wont to cheare his Dad in mutinies?
Or amongst the rest, where is your darling Rutland?
Looke Yorke? I dipt this napkin in the bloud,
That valiant Clifford with his rapiers point,
Made issue from the bosome of thy boy.
And if thine eies can water for his death,
I giue thee this to drie thy cheeks withall.
Alas poore Yorke? But that I hate thee much,
I should lament thy miserable state?
I prethee greeue to make me merrie Yorke?
Stamp, raue and fret, that I maie sing and dance.
What? hath thy fierie hart so parcht thine entrailes,
That not a teare can fall for Rutlands death?
Thou wouldst be feede I see to make me sport.
Yorke cannot speake, vnlesse he weare a crowne.
A crowne for Yorke? and Lords bow low to him.

So: hold you his hands, whilst I doe set it on.
I, now lookes he like a king?
This is he that tooke king Henries chaire,
And this is he was his adopted aire.
But how is it that great Plantagenet,
Is crownd so soone, and broke his holie oath,
As I bethinke me you should not be king,
Till our Henry had shooke hands with death,
And will you impale your head with Henries glorie,
And rob his temples of the Diadem
Now in this life against your holie oath?
Oh, tis a fault too too vnpardonable.
Off with the crowne, and with the crowne his head,
And whilst we breath, take time to doe him dead.

Clif. Thats my office for my fathers death.

Queen. Yet stay: & lets here the Orisons he makes.

York. She wolfe of France, but worse than Wolues of France:
Whose tongue more poison'd then the Adders tooth:
How ill beseeming is it in thy sexe,
To triumph like an Amazonian trull
Vpon his woes, whom Fortune captiuates?
But that thy face is visard like, vnchanging,
Made impudent by vse of euill deeds:
I would assaie, proud Queene, to make thee blush:
To tell thee of whence thou art, from whom deriu'de,
Twere shame enough to shame thee, wert thou not shamelesse.
Thy father beares the type of king of Naples,
Of both the Cissiles and Ierusalem,
Yet not so wealthie as an English Yeoman.
Hath that poore Monarch taught thee to insult?
It needes not, or it bootes thee not proud Queene,
Vnlesse the Adage must be verifide:
That beggers mounted, run their horse to death.
Tis beautie, that oft makes women proud,

But God he wots thy share thereof is small,
Tis gouernment, that makes them most admirde,
The contrarie doth make thee wondred at.
Tis vertue that makes them seeme deuine,
The want thereof makes thee abhominable.
Thou art as opposite to euerie good,
As the Antipodes are vnto vs,
Or as the south to the Septentrion.
Oh Tygers hart wrapt in a womans hide?
How couldst thou draine the life bloud of the childe,
To bid the father wipe his eies withall,
And yet be seene to beare a womans face?
Women are milde, pittifull, and flexible,
Thou indurate, sterne, rough, remorcelesse.
Bids thou me rage? why now thou hast thy will.
Wouldst haue me weepe? why so thou hast thy wish,
For raging windes blowes vp a storme of teares,
And when the rage alaies the raine begins.
These teares are my sweet Rutlands obsequies,
And euerie drop begs vengeance as it fals,
On thee fell Clifford, and the false French woman.

North. Beshrew me but his passions moue me so,
As hardlie I can checke mine eies from teares.

York. That face of his the hungrie Cannibals
Could not haue tucht, would not haue staind with bloud
But you are more inhumaine, more inexorable,
O ten times more then Tygers of Arcadia.
See ruthlesse Queene a haplesse fathers teares.
This cloth thou dipts in bloud of my sweet boy,
And loe with teares I wash the bloud awaie.
Keepe thou the napkin and go boast of that,
And if thou tell the heauie storie well,
Vpon my soule the hearers will sheed teares,
I, euen my foes will sheed fast falling teares,
And saie, alas, it was a pitteous deed.

Here, take the crowne, and with the crowne my curse,
And in thy need such comfort come to thee,
As now I reape at thy two cruell hands.
Hard-harted Clifford, take me from the world,
My soule to heauen, my bloud vpon your heads.

North. Had he bin slaughterman of all my kin,
I could not chuse but weepe with him to see,
How inlie anger gripes his hart.

Quee. What weeping ripe, my Lorde Northumberland?
Thinke but vpon the wrong he did vs all,
And that will quicklie drie your melting tears.

Clif. Thears for my oath, thears for my fathers death.

Queene. And thears to right our gentle harted kind.

York. Open thy gates of mercie gratious God,
My soule flies foorth to meet with thee.

Queene. Off with his head and set it on Yorke Gates,
So Yorke maie ouerlooke the towne of Yorke. [*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter EDWARD *and* RICHARD, *with drum and Souldiers.*

Edw. After this dangerous fight and haplesse warre,
How doth my noble brother Richard fare?

Rich. I cannot ioy vntil I be resolu'de,
Where our right valiant father is become.
How often did I see him beare himselfe,
As doth a lion midst a heard of neat,
So fled his enemies our valiant father,
Me thinkes tis pride enough to be his sonne.

[*Three sunnes appeare in the aire.*

Edw. Loe how the morning opes her golden gates,
And takes her farewell of the glorious sun,
Dasell mine eies or doe I see three suns?

Rich. Three glorious suns, not seperated by a racking
Cloud, but seuered in a pale cleere shining skie.
See, see, they ioine, embrace, and seeme to kisse,
As if they vowde some league inuiolate:

Now are they but one lampe, one light, one sun,
In this the heauens doth figure some euent.
Edw. I thinke it cites vs brother to the field,
That we the sonnes of braue Plantagenet,
Alreadie each one shining by his meed,
May ioine in one and ouerpeere the world,
As this the earth, and therefore hence forward,
Ile beare vpon my Target, three faire shining suns.
But what art thou? that lookest so heauilie?
Mes. Oh one that was a wofull looker on,
When as the noble Duke of Yorke was slaine.
Edw. O speake no more, for I can heare no more
Rich. Tell on thy tale, for I will heare it all.
Mes. When as the noble Duke was put to flight,
And then pursu'de by Clifford and the Queene,
And manie souldiers moe, who all at once
Let driue at him and forst the Duke to yeeld:
And then they set him on a molehill there,
And crownd the gratious Duke in high despite,
Who then with teares began to waile his fall.
The ruthlesse Queene perceiuing he did weepe,
Gaue him a handkercher to wipe his eies,
Dipt in the bloud of sweet young Rutland
By rough Clifford slaine: who weeping tooke it vp.
Then through his brest they thrust their bloudy swordes,
Who like a lambe fell at the butchers feete.
Then on the gates of Yorke they set his head,
And there it doth remaine the piteous spectacle
That ere mine eies beheld.
Edw. Sweet Duke of Yorke our prop to leane vpon,
Now thou art gone there is no hope for vs:
Now my soules pallace is become a prison.
Oh would she breake from compasse of my breast,
For neuer shall I haue more ioie.
Rich. I cannot weepe, for all my breasts moisture

Scarse serues to quench my furnace burning hart:
I cannot ioie till this white rose be dide,
Euen in the hart bloud of the house of Lancaster.
Richard, I bare thy name, and Ile reuenge thy death,
Or die my selfe in seeking of reuenge.

Edw. His name that valiant Duke hath left with thee,
His chaire and Dukedome that remaines for me.

Rich. Nay, if thou be that princely Eagles bird,
Shew thy descent by gazing gainst the sunne.
For chaire, and dukedome, Throne and kingdome saie:
For either that is thine, or else thou wert not his?

Enter the Earle of WARWIKE, MONTAGUE, *with drum, ancient, and souldiers.*

War. How now faire Lords: what fare? what newes abroad?

Rich. Ah Warwike? should we report the balefull
Newes, and at each words deliuerance stab poinyardes
In our flesh till all were told, the words would adde
More anguish then the wounds.
Ah valiant Lord the Duke of Yorke is slaine.

Edw. Ah Warwike Warwike, that Plantagenet,
Which held thee deere: I, euen as his soules redemption,
Is by the sterne L. Clifford, done to death.

War. Ten daies a go I drownd those newes in teares.
And now to adde more measure to your woes,
I come to tell you things since then befalne.
After the bloudie fraie at Wakefield fought,
Where your braue father breath'd his latest gaspe,
Tidings as swiftlie as the post could runne,
Was brought me of your losse, and his departure.
I then in London keeper of the King,
Mustred my souldiers, gathered flockes of friends,
And verie well appointed as I thought,
Marcht to saint Albons to entercept the Queene,

Bearing the King in my behalfe along,
For by my scoutes I was aduertised,
That she was comming, with a full intent
To dash your late decree in parliament,
Touching king Henries heires and your succession.
Short tale to make, we at Saint Albons met,
Our battels ioinde, and both sides fiercelie fought:
But whether twas the coldnesse of the king,
He lookt full gentlie on his warlike Queene,
That robde my souldiers of their heated spleene.
Or whether twas report of his successe,
Or more then common feare of Cliffords rigor,
Who thunders to his captaines bloud and death,
I cannot tell. But to conclude with truth,
Their weapons like to lightnings went and came.
Our souldiers like the night Owles lasie flight,
Or like an idle thresher with a flaile,
Fel gentlie downe as if they smote their friends.
I cheerd them vp with iustice of the cause,
With promise of hie paie and great rewardes,
But all in vaine, they had no harts to fight,
Nor we in them no hope to win the daie,
So that We fled. The king vnto the Queene,
Lord George your brother, Norffolke, and my selfe,
In hast, poste hast, are come to ioine with you,
For in the marches here we heard you were,
Making another head to fight againe.

Edw. Thankes gentle Warwike.
How farre hence is the Duke with his power?
And when came George from Burgundie to England?

War. Some fiue miles off the Duke is with his power,
But as for your brother he was latelie sent
From your kind Aunt, Duches of Burgundie,
With aide of souldiers gainst this needfull warre.

Rich. Twas ods belike, when valiant Warwike fled.

Oft haue I heard thy praises in pursute,
But nere till now thy scandall of retire.
War. Nor now my scandall Richard dost thou heare,
For thou shalt know that this right hand of mine,
Can plucke the Diadem from faint Henries head,
And wring the awefull scepter from his fist:
Were he as famous and as bold in warre,
As he is famde for mildnesse, peace and praier.
Rich. I know it well Lord Warwike blame me not,
Twas loue I bare thy glories made me speake.
But in this troublous time, whats to be done?
Shall we go throw away our coates of steele,
And clad our bodies in blacke mourning gownes,
Numbring our *Auemaries* with our beades?
Or shall we on the helmets of our foes,
Tell our deuotion with reuengefull armes?
If for the last, saie I, and to it Lords.
War. Why therefore Warwike came to find you out,
And therefore comes my brother Montague.
Attend me Lords, the proud insulting Queene,
With Clifford, and the haught Northumberland,
And of their feather manie mo proud birdes,
Haue wrought the easie melting king like waxe.
He sware consent to your succession,
His oath inrolled in the Parliament.
But now to London all the crew are gone,
To frustrate his oath or what besides
May make against the house of Lancaster.
Their power I gesse them fifty thousand strong.
Now if the helpe of Norffolke and my selfe,
Can but amount to 48. thousand,
With all the friendes that thou braue earle of March,
Among the louing Welshmen canst procure,
Why via, To London will we march amaine,
And once againe bestride our foming steedes,

And once againe crie charge vpon the foe,
But neuer once againe turne backe and flie.

Rich. I, now me thinkes I heare great Warwike speake;
Nere maie he liue to see a sunshine daie,
That cries retire, when Warwike bids him stay.

Edw. Lord Warwike, on thy shoulder will I leane,
And when thou faints, must Edward fall:
Which perill heauen forefend.

War. No longer Earle of March, but Duke of Yorke,
The next degree, is Englands royall king:
And king of England shalt thou be proclaimde,
In euery burrough as we passe along:
And he that casts not vp his cap for ioie,
Shall for the offence make forfeit of his head.
King Edward, valiant Richard, Montague,
Stay we no longer dreaming of renowne,
But forward to effect these resolutions.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. The Duke of Norffolke sends you word by me,
The Queene is comming with a puissant power,
And craues your companie for speedie councell.

War. Why then it sorts braue Lordes. Lets march away.
[*Exeunt Omnes.*

Enter the King and Queene, Prince EDWARD, *and the Northerne Earles, with drum and Souldiers.*

Quee. Welcome my Lord to this braue town of York.
Yonders the head of that ambitious enemie,
That sought to be impaled with your crowne.
Doth not the obiect please your eie my Lord?

King. Euen as the rockes please them that feare their wracke.
Withhold reuenge deare God, tis not my fault,
Nor wittinglie haue I infringde my vow.

Clif. My gratious Lord, this too much lenitie,
And harmefull pittie must be laid aside,

To whom do Lyons cast their gentle lookes?
Not to the beast that would vsurpe their den.
Whose hand is that the sauage Beare doth licke?
Not his that spoiles his young before his face.
Who scapes the lurking serpentes mortall sting?
Not he that sets his foot vpon her backe.
The smallest worme will turne being troden on,
And Doues will pecke, in rescue of their broode.
Ambitious Yorke did leuell at thy Crowne,
Thou smiling, while he knit his angrie browes.
He but a Duke, would haue his sonne a king,
And raise his issue like a louing sire.
Thou being a king blest with a goodlie sonne,
Didst giue consent to disinherit him,
Which argude thee a most vnnaturall father.
Vnreasonable creatures feed their yong,
And though mans face be fearefull to their eies,
Yet in protection of their tender ones,
Who hath not seene them euen with those same wings
Which they haue sometime vsde in fearefull flight,
Make warre with him, that climes vnto their nest,
Offring their owne liues in their yongs defence?
For shame my Lord, make them your president,
Were it not pittie that this goodlie boy,
Should lose his birth right through his fathers fault?
And long hereafter saie vnto his child,
What my great grandfather and grandsire got,
My carelesse father fondlie gaue awaie?
Looke on the boy and let his manlie face,
Which promiseth successefull fortune to vs all,
Steele thy melting thoughtes,
To keepe thine owne, and leaue thine owne with him.

King. Full wel hath Clifford plaid the Orator,
Inferring arguments of mighty force.
But tell me, didst thou neuer yet heare tell,

That things euill got had euer bad successe,
And happie euer was it for that sonne,
Whose father for his hoording went to hell?
I leaue my sonne my vertuous deedes behind,
And would my father had left me no more,
For all the rest is held at such a rate,
As askes a thousand times more care to keepe,
Then maie the present profit counteruaile.
Ah cosen Yorke, would thy best friendes did know,
How it doth greeue me that thy head stands there.

Quee. My Lord, this harmefull pittie makes your followers faint.
You promisde knighthood to your princelie sonne.
Vnsheath your sword and straight doe dub him knight.
Kneele downe Edward.

King. Edward Plantagenet, arise a knight,
And learne this lesson boy, draw thy sword in right.

Prince. My gratious father by your kingly leaue,
Ile draw it as apparant to the crowne,
And in that quarrel vse it to the death.

Northum. Why that is spoken like a toward prince.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Royall commaunders be in readinesse,
For with a band of fiftie thousand men,
Comes Warwike backing of the Duke of Yorke
And in the townes whereas they passe along,
Proclaimes him king, and manie flies to him,
Prepare your battels, for they be at hand.

Clif. I would your highnesse would depart the field,
The Queene hath best successe when you are absent.

Quee. Do good my Lord, and leaue vs to our fortunes.

King. Why thats my fortune, therefore Ile stay still.

Clif. Be it with resolution then to fight.

Prince. Good father cheere these noble Lords,

Vnsheath your sword, sweet father crie Saint George.

Clif. Pitch we our battell heere, for hence wee will not moue.

Enter the house of Yorke.

Edward. Now periurde Henrie wilt thou yeelde thy crowne,
And kneele for mercie at thy soueraignes feete?

Queen. Go rate thy minions proud insulting boy,
Becomes it thee to be thus malepert,
Before thy king and lawfull soueraigne?

Edw. I am his king, and he should bend his knee,
I was adopted heire by his consent.

George. Since when he hath broke his oath.
For as we heare you that are king
Though he doe weare the Crowne,
Haue causde him by new act of Parlement
To blot our brother out, and put his owne son in.

Clif. And reason George. Who should succeede the father but the son?

Rich. Are you their butcher?

Clif. I Crookbacke, here I stand to answere thee, or any of your sort.

Rich. Twas you that kild yong Rutland, was it not?

Clif. Yes, and old Yorke too, and yet not satisfide.

Rich. For Gods sake Lords giue synald to the fight.

War. What saiest thou Henry? wilt thou yeelde thy crowne?

Queen. What, long tongde War. dare you speake?
When you and I met at saint Albones last,
Your legs did better seruice than your hands.

War. I, then twas my turne to flee, but now tis thine.

Clif. You said so much before, and yet you fled.

War. Twas not your valour Clifford, that droue mee thence.

Northum. No, nor your manhood Warwike, that could make you staie.

Rich. Northumberland, Northumberland, wee holde

Thee reuerentlie. Breake off the parlie, for scarse
I can refraine the execution of my big swolne
Hart, against that Clifford there, that
Cruell child-killer.
Clif. Why I kild thy father, calst thou him a child?
Rich. I like a villaine, and a trecherous coward,
As thou didst kill our tender brother Rutland.
But ere sunne set Ile make thee curse the deed.
King. Haue doone with wordes great Lordes, and
Heare me speake.
Queen. Defie them then, or else hold close thy lips.
King. I prethe giue no limits to my tongue,
I am a king and priuiledge to speake.
Clif. My Lord the wound that bred this meeting here
Cannot be cru'd with words, therefore be still.
Rich. Then executioner vnsheath thy sword,
By him that made vs all I am resolu'de,
That Cliffords manhood hangs vpon his tongue.
Edw. What saist thou Henry, shall I haue my right
or no?
A thousand men haue broke their fast to daie,
That nere shall dine, vnlesse thou yeeld the crowne.
War. If thou denie their blouds be on thy head,
For Yorke in iustice puts his armour on.
Prin. If all be right that Warwike saies is right,
There is no wrong but all things must be right.
Rich. Whosoeuer got thee, there thy mother stands,
For well I wot thou hast thy mothers tongue.
Queen. But thou art neither like thy sire nor dam,
But like a foule mishapen stygmaticke
Markt by the destinies to be auoided,
As venome Todes, or Lizards fainting lookes.
Rich. Iron of Naples, hid with English gilt,
Thy father beares the title of a king,
As if a channell should be calde the Sea;

Shames thou not, knowing from whence thou art de-
Riu'de, to parlie thus with Englands lawfull heires?

Edw. A wispe of straw were worth a thousand crowns,
To make that shamelesse callet know her selfe,
Thy husbands father reueld in the hart of France,
And tam'de the French, and made the Dolphin stoope:
And had he matcht according to his state,
He might haue kept that glorie till this daie.
But when he tooke a begger to his bed,
And gracst thy poore sire with his bridall daie,
Then that sun-shine bred a showre for him
Which washt his fathers fortunes out of France,
And heapt seditions on his crowne at home.
For what hath mou'd these tumults but thy pride?
Hadst thou beene meeke, our title yet had slept?
And we in pittie of the gentle king,
Had slipt our claime vntill an other age.

George. But when we saw our summer brought the gaine,
And that the haruest brought vs no increase,
We set the axe to thy vsurping root,
And though the edge haue something hit our selues,
Yet know thou we will neuer cease to strike,
Till we haue hewne thee downe,
Or bath'd thy growing with our heated blouds.

Edw. And in this resolution, I defie thee,
Not willing anie longer conference,
Since thou deniest the gentle king to speake.
Sound trumpets, let our bloudie colours waue
And either victorie or else a graue.

Quee. Staie Edward staie.

Edw. Hence wrangling woman, Ile no longer staie,
Thy words will cost ten thousand liues to daie.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

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KING RICHARD THE THIRD.

INTRODUCTION.

KING RICHARD THE THIRD completes the Civil War series of the Three Parts of *King Henry the Sixth*, and is probably the earliest historical play of which Shakespeare alone was the author. There was an older play of which Shakespeare made no use, entitled "*The True Tragedy of Richard the Third:* wherein is shown the death of Edward the Fourth, with the smothering of the two young Princes in the Tower: with a lamentable end of Shore's wife, an example for all wicked women. And lastly, the conjunction and joining of the two noble Houses, Lancaster and York. As it was played by the Queen's Majesty's Players." This old piece was first printed in 1594, and was then evidently of older date. It has been suggested that as it includes references to contemporary events, and does not refer to the Spanish Armada, the play must have been written before 1588. Its form certainly indicates an undeveloped state of the drama, and it has interest of its own as one of the earliest historical plays in our printed literature. For that reason, and for contrast with Shakespeare's play on the same subject, room shall be found for it after *Titus Andronicus*. The

present volume has to contain the completion of *The True Tragedy of Richard Duke of York*, the ground-work of Shakespeare's Third Part of *King Henry VI.* There was also a Latin play on *Richard III.* by Dr. Legge, acted at Cambridge before 1583, which has no likeness to Shakespeare's.

Of Shakespeare's *Richard III.* there are four quartos, each giving it "as it hath been lately acted by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlain his servants." The title in each is the same—"*The Tragedy of King Richard the Third.* Containing, His treacherous Plots against his brother Clarence: the pitiful murther of his innocent Nephewes: his tyrannicall vsurpation: with the whole course of his detested life, and most deserued death." The first quarto, dated in 1597, was printed by Valentine Sims for Andrew Wise. The second quarto, dated in 1598, was printed by Thomas Creede for Andrew Wise. So was the third quarto, dated in 1602. The fourth quarto, dated in 1605, was printed by Thomas Creede, and sold by Matthew Lowe, to whom the play had been assigned on the 27th of June, 1603. The next edition was that of the first folio of 1623. But there were afterwards at least three more reprints of the quartos, namely, in 1624, 1629, and 1634.

The first actor of the part of Richard III. was Richard, one of the two sons of James Burbage. James Burbage was head of the company of actors,

servants of the Earl of Leicester, by whom the first theatre was built. His son Richard had begun to act in or before 1588. He may have been about three years younger than Shakespeare, and the plays of Shakespeare gave him an opportunity for full use of his genius as an actor. An elegy upon Burbage's death—which was two years later than Shakespeare's—speaks of his Richard III, his Hamlet, Romeo, Macbeth, Shylock. He was small of stature, but, says the elegy :—

> "What a wide world was in that little space!
> Thyself a world—the Globe thy fittest place.
> Thy stature small, but every thought and mood
> Might thoroughly from thy face be understood;
> And his whole action he could change with ease
> From ancient Lear to youthful Pericles."

Corbet tells in his *Iter Boreale* how his host at Leicester turned Richard III. into Richard Burbage, for

> "When he would have said 'King Richard' died,
> And called, 'A horse! a horse!' he 'Burbage' cried."

The great success of the play was in part due, no doubt, to Burbage's acting; and the part of Richard gives such wide range for the illustration of an actor's power, that *Richard III.* has had unusual vitality upon the stage.

A play is to an actor welcome or unwelcome as it does or does not enable him to show the glory

of his art. Richard III., who is the nearest approach made by Shakespeare to the suggestion of an incarnate spirit of evil, is gifted in large measure with that which Spenser made the chief attribute of Archimago—the Devil, Father of Wiles—Hypocrisy. Shakespeare's Richard wears many masks, and every change makes a new call on the powers of the actor.

Although much in the general aspect of this play allies it to the earlier Elizabethan drama, the clearness with which Shakespeare shows all its parts from his own chosen point of sight, at once brings it within the range of Shakespeare's higher work. If he did not himself write some lines of the last speech of Gloster in the Third Part of *King Henry VI.*—as I believe he did, although the lines occur in the *True Tragedie of Richard Duke of York*—he fastened upon them, and drew from them the main idea of his tragedy of *Richard III.*, that was to close the sequence of these Civil War plays with the Union of the White Rose and the Red.

"I have no brother," said Richard—

> "I have no brother; I am like no brother;
> And this word 'Love,' which grey-beards call divine,
> Be resident in men like one another,
> And not in me: I AM MYSELF ALONE."

In the play of *Richard III.* Shakespeare works out the conception of a life in which no compunctious

visitings of Nature, no regard for God or a man's Neighbour, stays the course of action in a life entirely bent on the aggrandisement of Self. Richard's one object of desire is to attain the Crown. Whatever may to other men be dear or sacred is to him nothing, if it be not matter to his purpose. If it concern him, then he plays upon it with hypocrisy to gain some step towards his end, or makes his way over its ruin.

Of the First Act, Richard's murder of his brother Clarence is the theme. In asides and soliloquies we hear him thinking. In them he triumphs over those whom he betrays, and we have disclosed the hard features beneath his mask. Contrasted changes in the form of his hypocrisy show him first false to his brother, then false in his courtship to the Lady Anne, whom he wins by soft flattery, and mocks within himself, when he has won her, with a devil's scorn. Then in the scene at the palace, the mask of the smooth suitor has a contrast in a new form of hypocrisy; he takes the face and voice of the bluff, honest, ill-used man, "too childish-foolish for this world." Use is then made of Queen Margaret as a Cassandra, and her prophecies of ill for ill, in fullest retribution, are as a Fate that dominates throughout the later action of the play. Then follows in the murder of the brother the destruction of one bar between Richard and the throne.

The Second Act has for chief theme the death

of Edward IV., which brings Richard closer to his single object of desire—the Crown. False peace, with malice in its words, falsehood in other forms, cloaked with hypocrisy—to the children, to his mother, to Buckingham, his friend—show Richard full of danger, as the citizens believe who speak of Edward's death. Says one of them :—

> " By a divine instinct men's minds mistrust
> Ensuing danger; as, by proof, we see
> The water swell before a boist'rous storm.—
> But leave it all to God."

In the Third Act the throne is won by murder and hypocrisy. Rivers, Grey, and Vaughan are swept away. Hastings, triumphing in their fate, blindly meets his own. Religion is the last cloak worn to win the Crown.

In the Fourth Act, since Edward's children live, the cup of iniquity is filled full by the usurper's murder of the children. The Act is opened with the tender wail of women, and there comes with it an indication that even Richard, who has shut out of his heart regard for God and man, cannot shut out the thoughts by which his dreams are tortured. Hard cruelty, false friendship, that throws Buckingham aside when he is no more helpful to selfish ends, precede the joining in one thought the murder of the children in the Tower with the marrying of their sister Elizabeth. That marriage may make

sure the holding of the Crown; to which end, therefore, he is also preparing to destroy his wife Anne. The reader's mind is filled with the pity of the murder of the children. Then Margaret is again upon the scene, the wail of women is renewed, the day of retribution is at hand. As Richard marches to meet Richmond, the wail of the women rises to a curse, and the close of it is the curse of his mother.

When Richard, after this, uses his cloak of hypocrisy to secure his desired union with the young Princess Elizabeth, and succeeds in the temptation of her mother, he can swear to his sincerity by nothing that he had not dishonoured and profaned:—

"*K. Rich.* Now, by the world——
Q. Eliz. 'T is full of thy foul wrongs.
K. Rich. My father's death——
Q. Eliz. Thy life hath that dishonoured.
K. Rich. Then, by MYSELF.
Q. Eliz. THYSELF IS SELF MISUSED."

In the Fifth Act, which fulfils Margaret's curse, and brings home full retribution, when the two tents of Richard and Richmond are shown side by side (Richard committing himself to his earthly guards, and Richmond committing himself, before he sleeps, in prayer to God), again the motive of the play has vigorous expression. Richard, awaking in fear from his tortured sleep, exclaims:—

> "What, do I fear myself? There's none else by.
> RICHARD LOVES RICHARD, THAT IS I AM I."

Richmond, in exhorting his men before the fight says :—

> "God and our good cause fight upon our side."

Richard has no such note in exhortation. He says :—

> "Our strong arms be our conscience, swords our law."

Grant that there can be a man dead to all sympathies and sense of kin, whose only creed is "I am I;" whose actions are absolutely selfish, unrestrained by pity, love, or fear; and Shakespeare's *King Richard III.* sets forth the tragedy of such a death in life.

H. M.

KING RICHARD THE THIRD.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING EDWARD THE FOURTH.

EDWARD, *Prince of Wales, afterwards King Edward V.*, } *Sons to the King.*
RICHARD, *Duke of York*, }

GEORGE, *Duke of Clarence*, } *Brothers to the King.*
RICHARD, *Duke of Gloster, afterwards King Richard III.*, }

A young Son of Clarence.

HENRY, *Earl of Richmond, afterwards King Henry VII.*

CARDINAL BOURCHIER, *Archbishop of Canterbury.*

THOMAS ROTHERHAM, *Archbishop of York.*

JOHN MORTON, *Bishop of Ely.*

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

DUKE OF NORFOLK.

EARL OF SURREY, *his Son.*

EARL RIVERS, *Brother to Elizabeth.*

MARQUIS OF DORSET and LORD GREY, *Sons to Elizabeth.*

EARL OF OXFORD.

LORD HASTINGS.

LORD STANLEY.

LORD LOVEL.

SIR RICHARD RATCLIFF.

SIR JAMES TYRREL.

SIR THOMAS VAUGHAN.

SIR WILLIAM CATESBY.

SIR JAMES BLOUNT.

SIR WALTER HERBERT.

SIR ROBERT BRAKENBURY, *Lieutenant of the Tower.*

CHRISTOPHER URSWICK, *a Priest. Another Priest.*

TRESSEL and BERKELEY, *attending on Lady Anne.*

Lord Mayor of London.

Sheriff of Wiltshire.

ELIZABETH, *Queen to King Edward IV.*

MARGARET, *Widow of King Henry VI.*

DUCHESS OF YORK, *Mother to King Edward IV.*

LADY ANNE, *Widow of Edward, Prince of Wales, Son to King Henry VI.; afterwards married to Richard.*

A young Daughter of Clarence (MARGARET PLANTAGENET).

Ghosts of those murdered by Richard III., Lords and other Attendants; a Pursuivant, Scrivener, Citizens, Murderers, Messengers, Soldiers, &c.

SCENE—ENGLAND.

ACT I.

Scene I.—London. A Street.

Enter Richard, *Duke of* Gloster, *solus.*

Glo. Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this sun of York;
And all the clouds that loured upon our house
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.
Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths;
Our bruiséd arms hung up for monuments;
Our stern alarums changed to merry meetings,
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.
Grim-visaged War hath smoothed his wrinkled front;
And now, instead of mounting barbéd steeds
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,
He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.
But I, that am not shaped for sportive tricks,
Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass;
I, that am rudely stamped, and want love's majesty
To strut before a wanton ambling nymph;
I, that am curtailed of this fair proportion,
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
Deformed, unfinished, sent before my time
Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
And that so lamely and unfashionable
That dogs bark at me as I halt by them;—
Why, I, in this weak piping time of peace,
Have no delight to pass away the time,
Unless to spy my shadow in the sun
And descant on mine own deformity:

And therefore, since I cannot prove a lover,
To entertain these fair well-spoken days,
I am determinéd to prove a villain
And hate the idle pleasures of these days.
Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous,
By drunken prophecies, libels and dreams,
To set my brother Clarence and the king
In deadly hate the one against the other:
And if King Edward be as true and just
As I am subtle, false and treacherous,
This day should Clarence closely be mewed up,
About a prophecy, which says that G
Of Edward's heirs the murderer shall be.—
Dive, thoughts, down to my soul: here Clarence comes.

Enter CLARENCE, *guarded, and* BRAKENBURY.

Brother, good day: what means this arméd guard
That waits upon your grace?

Clar. His majesty,
Tendering my person's safety, hath appointed
This conduct to convey me to the Tower.

Glo. Upon what cause?

Clar. Because my name is George.

Glo. Alack, my lord, that fault is none of yours;
He should, for that, commit your godfathers:
O, belike his majesty hath some intent
That you shall be new-christened in the Tower.
But what's the matter, Clarence? may I know?

Clar. Yea, Richard, when I know; for I protest
As yet I do not: but, as I can learn,
He hearkens after prophecies and dreams;
And from the cross-row plucks the letter G
And says a wizard told him that by G

His issue disinherited should be;
And, for my name of George begins with G,
It follows in his thought that I am he.
These, as I learn, and such like toys as these
Have moved his highness to commit me now.

Glo. Why, this it is, when men are ruled by women.—
'Tis not the king that sends you to the Tower;
My Lady Grey his wife, Clarence, 'tis she
That tempts him to this harsh extremity.
Was it not she and that good man of worship,
Anthony Woodville, her brother there,
That made him send Lord Hastings to the Tower,
From whence this present day he is delivered?
We are not safe, Clarence; we are not safe.

Clar. By heaven, I think there's no man is secure
But the queen's kindred and night-walking heralds
That trudge betwixt the king and Mistress Shore.
Heard ye not what an humble suppliant
Lord Hastings was to her for his delivery?

Glo. Humbly complaining to her deity
Got my lord chamberlain his liberty.
I'll tell you what, I think it is our way,
If we will keep in favour with the king,
To be her men and wear her livery:
The jealous o'erworn widow and herself,
Since that our brother dubbed them gentlewomen,
Are mighty gossips in this monarchy.

Brak. Beseech your graces both to pardon me;
His majesty hath straitly given in charge
That no man shall have private conference,
Of what degree soever, with his brother.

Glo. Even so; an't please your worship, Brakenbury,

You may partake of anything we say:
We speak no treason, man;—we say the king
Is wise and virtuous, and his noble queen
Well struck in years, fair, and not jealous;—
We say that Shore's wife hath a pretty foot,
A cherry lip, a bonny eye, a passing pleasing tongue;
And the queen's kindred are made gentlefolks:
How say you, sir? can you deny all this?

Brak. With this, my lord, myself have naught to do.

Glo. Naught to do with Mistress Shore! I tell thee, fellow,
He that doth naught with her, excepting one,
Were best he do it secretly, alone.

Brak. What one, my lord?

Glo. Her husband, knave: wouldst thou betray me?

Brak. I beseech your grace to pardon me, and withal
Forbear your conference with the noble duke.

Clar. We know thy charge, Brakenbury, and will obey.

Glo. We are the queen's abjects, and must obey.
Brother, farewell: I will unto the king;
And whatsoe'er you will employ me in,
Were it to call King Edward's widow sister,
I will perform it to enfranchise you.
Meantime, this deep disgrace in brotherhood
Touches me deeper than you can imagine.

Clar. I know it pleaseth neither of us well.

Glo. Well, your imprisonment shall not be long;
I will deliver you, or else lie for you:
Meantime, have patience.

Clar. I must perforce. Farewell.

[*Exeunt Clarence, Brakenbury, and Guard.*

Glo. Go, tread the path that thou shalt ne'er return.

Simple, plain Clarence! I do love thee so,
That I will shortly send thy soul to heaven,
If heaven will take the present at our hands.
But who comes here? the new-delivered Hastings?

Enter Lord HASTINGS.

Hast. Good time of day unto my gracious lord!

Glo. As much unto my good lord chamberlain!
Well are you welcome to the open air.
How hath your lordship brooked imprisonment?

Hast. With patience, noble lord, as prisoners must:
But I shall live, my lord, to give them thanks
That were the cause of my imprisonment.

Glo. No doubt, no doubt; and so shall Clarence too;
For they that were your enemies are his,
And have prevailed as much on him as you.

Hast. More pity that the eagle should be mewed,
While kites and buzzards prey at liberty.

Glo. What news abroad?

Hast. No news so bad abroad as this at home;
The king is sickly, weak and melancholy,
And his physicians fear him mightily.

Glo. Now, by Saint Paul, this news is bad indeed.
O, he hath kept an evil diet long,
And overmuch consumed his royal person:
'Tis very grievous to be thought upon.
What, is he in his bed?

Hast. He is.

Glo. Go you before, and I will follow you.

[*Exit* HASTINGS.

He cannot live, I hope; and must not die
Till George be packed with post-horse up to heaven.
I'll in, to urge his hatred more to Clarence,
With lies well steeled with weighty arguments;
And, if I fail not in my deep intent,
Clarence hath not another day to live:
Which done, God take King Edward to his mercy,
And leave the world for me to bustle in!
For then I'll marry Warwick's youngest daughter.
What though I killed her husband and her father?
The readiest way to make the wench amends
Is to become her husband and her father:
The which will I; not all so much for love
As for another secret close intent,
By marrying her which I must reach unto.
But yet I run before my horse to market:
Clarence still breathes; Edward still lives and reigns:
When they are gone, then must I count my gains.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II. *The same. Another street.*

Enter the corpse of King HENRY *the Sixth, borne in an open coffin, Gentlemen with halberds to guard it, among them* TRESSEL *and* BERKELEY; *Lady* ANNE *being the mourner.*

Anne. Set down, set down your honourable load,—
If honour may be shrouded in a hearse,—
Whilst I awhile obsequiously lament
The untimely fall of virtuous Lancaster.
[*The bearers set down the coffin.*
Poor key-cold figure of a holy king!
Pale ashes of the house of Lancaster!
Thou bloodless remnant of that royal blood!
Be't lawful that I invocate thy ghost,
To hear the lamentations of poor Anne,
Wife to thy Edward, to thy slaughtered son,
Stabbed by the selfsame hand that made these wounds!
Lo, in these windows that let forth thy life,
I pour the helpless balm of my poor eyes.
O, curséd be the hand that made these holes!
Curséd the heart that had the heart to do it!
Curséd the blood that let this blood from hence!
More direful hap betide that hated wretch,
That makes us wretched by the death of thee,
Than I can wish to adders, spiders, toads,
Or any creeping venomed thing that lives!
If ever he have child, abortive be it,
Prodigious, and untimely brought to light,
Whose ugly and unnatural aspect

May fright the hopeful mother at the view,
And that be heir to his unhappiness!
If ever he have wife, let her be made
As miserable by the death of him
As I am made by my poor lord and thee!
Come, now towards Chertsey with your holy load,
Taken from Paul's to be interréd there;
And still, as you are weary of the weight,
Rest you, whiles I lament King Henry's corse.

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Stay, you that bear the corse, and set it down.

Anne. What black magician conjures up this fiend,
To stop devoted charitable deeds?

Glo. Villains, set down the corse; or, by Saint Paul,
I 'll make a corse of him that disobeys.

Gent. My lord, stand back, and let the coffin pass.

Glo. Unmannered dog! stand thou, when I command:
Advance thy halberd higher than my breast,
Or, by Saint Paul, I 'll strike thee to my foot,
And spurn upon thee, beggar, for thy boldness.

[*The bearers set down the coffin.*

Anne. What, do you tremble? are you all afraid?
Alas, I blame you not; for you are mortal,
And mortal eyes cannot endure the devil. —
Avaunt, thou dreadful minister of hell!
Thou hadst but power o'er his mortal body,
His soul thou canst not have; therefore, be gone.

Glo. Sweet saint, for charity, be not so curst.
Anne. Foul devil, for God's sake, hence, and trouble us not;
For thou hast made the happy earth thy hell,
Filled it with cursing cries and deep exclaims.
If thou delight to view thy heinous deeds,
Behold this pattern of thy butcheries.
O, gentlemen, see, see! dead Henry's wounds
Open their congealed mouths and bleed afresh!—
Blush, blush, thou lump of foul deformity;
For 'tis thy presence that exhales this blood
From cold and empty veins, where no blood dwells;
Thy deed, inhuman and unnatural,
Provokes this deluge most unnatural.—
O God, which this blood mad'st, revenge his death!
O earth, which this blood drink'st, revenge his death!
Either heaven with lightning strike the murderer dead,
Or earth, gape open wide, and eat him quick,
As thou dost swallow up this good king's blood,
Which his hell-governed arm hath butcherèd!
Glo. Lady, you know no rules of charity,
Which renders good for bad, blessings for curses.
Anne. Villain, thou know'st no law of God nor man:
No beast so fierce but knows some touch of pity.
Glo. But I know none, and therefore am no beast.
Anne. O wonderful, when devils tell the truth!
Glo. More wonderful, when angels are so angry.
Vouchsafe, divine perfection of a woman,
Of these supposèd evils to give me leave
By circumstance but to acquit myself.

Anne. Vouchsafe, defused infection of a man,
For these known evils, but to give me leave,
By circumstance, to curse thy curséd self.
Glo. Fairer than tongue can name thee, let me have
Some patient leisure to excuse myself.
Anne. Fouler than heart can think thee, thou canst make
No excuse current, but to hang thyself.
Glo. By such despair, I should accuse myself.
Anne. And, by despairing, shouldst thou stand excused
For doing worthy vengeance on thyself,
Which didst unworthy slaughter upon others.
Glo. Say that I slew them not?
Anne. Why, then they are not dead:
But dead they are, and, devilish slave, by thee.
Glo. I did not kill your husband.
Anne. Why, then he is alive.
Glo. Nay, he is dead; and slain by Edward's hand.
Anne. In thy foul throat thou liest: Queen Margaret saw
Thy murderous falchion smoking in his blood;
The which thou once didst bend against her breast,
But that thy brothers beat aside the point.
Glo. I was provokéd by her slanderous tongue,
Which laid their guilt upon my guiltless shoulders.
Anne. Thou wast provokéd by thy bloody mind,
Which never dreamt on aught but butcheries:
Didst thou not kill this king?
Glo. I grant ye.
Anne. Dost grant me, hedgehog? then, God grant me too

Thou mayst be damnéd for that wicked deed!—
O, he was gentle, mild, and virtuous!

Glo. The fitter for the King of heaven, that hath him.

Anne. He is in heaven, where thou shalt never come.

Glo. Let him thank me, that holp to send him thither;
For he was fitter for that place than earth.

Anne. And thou unfit for any place but hell.

Glo. Yes, one place else, if you will hear me name it.

Anne. Some dungeon.

Glo. Your bed-chamber.

Anne. Ill rest betide the chamber where thou liest!

Glo. So will it, madam, till I lie with you.

Anne. I hope so.

Glo. I know so. But, gentle Lady Anne,
To leave this keen encounter of our wits,
And fall somewhat into a slower method,—
Is not the causer of the timeless deaths
Of these Plantagenets, Henry and Edward,
As blameful as the executioner?

Anne. Thou art the cause, and most accursed effect.

Glo. Your beauty was the cause of that effect;
Your beauty, which did haunt me in my sleep
To undertake the death of all the world,
So I might live one hour in your sweet bosom.

Anne. If I thought that, I tell thee, homicide,
These nails should rend that beauty from my cheeks.

Glo. These eyes could not endure that beauty's wreck;

You should not blemish it, if I stood by:
As all the world is cheeréd by the sun,
So I by that; it is my day, my life.

Anne. Black night o'ershade thy day, and death thy life!

Glo. Curse not thyself, fair creature; thou art both.

Anne. I would I were, to be revenged on thee.

Glo. It is a quarrel most unnatural,
To be revenged on him that loveth you.

Anne. It is a quarrel just and reasonable,
To be revenged on him that slew my husband.

Glo. He that bereft thee, lady, of thy husband,
Did it to help thee to a better husband.

Anne. His better doth not breathe upon the earth.

Glo. He lives that loves thee better than he could.

Anne. Name him.

Glo. Plantagenet.

Anne. Why, that was he.

Glo. The selfsame name, but one of better nature.

Anne. Where is he?

Glo. Here. [*She spits at him.*
Why dost thou spit at me?

Anne. Would it were mortal poison, for thy sake!

Glo. Never came poison from so sweet a place.

Anne. Never hung poison on a fouler toad.
Out of my sight! thou dost infect my eyes.

Glo. Thine eyes, sweet lady, have infected mine.

Anne. Would they were basilisks, to strike thee dead!

Glo. I would they were, that I might die at once;
For now they kill me with a living death.
Those eyes of thine from mine have drawn salt tears,
Shamed their aspéct with store of childish drops:

These eyes, which never shed remorseful tear,
No, when my father York and Edward wept,
To hear the piteous moan that Rutland made
When black-faced Clifford shook his sword at him;
Nor when thy warlike father, like a child,
Told the sad story of my father's death,
And twenty times made pause to sob and weep
That all the standers-by had wet their cheeks,
Like trees bedashed with rain: in that sad time
My manly eyes did scorn an humble tear;
And what these sorrows could not thence exhale,
Thy beauty hath, and made them blind with weeping.
I never sued to friend nor enemy;
My tongue could never learn sweet smoothing words;
But, now thy beauty is proposed my fee,
My proud heart sues and prompts my tongue to speak. [*She looks scornfully at him.*
Teach not thy lips such scorn, for they were made
For kissing, lady, not for such contempt.
If thy revengeful heart cannot forgive,
Lo, here I lend thee this sharp-pointed sword;
Which if thou please to hide in this true bosom,
And let the soul forth that adoreth thee,
I lay it naked to the deadly stroke,
And humbly beg the death upon my knee.
[*He lays his breast open: she offers at it with his sword.*
Nay, do not pause; for I did kill King Henry,—
But 'twas thy beauty that provokéd me.
Nay, now dispatch; 'twas I that stabbed young Edward,—
But 'twas thy heavenly face that set me on.
[*She lets fall the sword.*

Take up the sword again, or take up me.
Anne. Arise, dissembler: though I wish thy death,
I will not be thy executioner.
Glo. Then bid me kill myself, and I will do it.
Anne. I have already.
Glo. Tush, that was in thy rage:
Speak it again, and, even with the word,
This hand, which for thy love did kill thy love,
Shall for thy love kill a far truer love;
To both their deaths thou shalt be accessary.
Anne. I would I knew thy heart.
Glo. 'Tis figured in my tongue.
Anne. I fear me both are false.
Glo. Then never man was true.
Anne. Well, well, put up your sword.
Glo. Say, then, my peace is made.
Anne. That shall you know hereafter.
Glo. But shall I live in hope?
Anne. All men, I hope, live so.
Glo. Vouchsafe to wear this ring.
Anne. To take is not to give.
Glo. Look, how this ring encompasseth thy finger,
Even so thy breast encloseth my poor heart;
Wear both of them, for both of them are thine.
And if thy poor devoted suppliant may
But beg one favour at thy gracious hand,
Thou dost confirm his happiness for ever.
Anne. What is it?
Glo. That it would please thee leave these sad designs
To him that hath more cause to be a mourner,
And presently repair to Crosby Place;
Where, after I have solemnly interred

At Chertsey monastery this noble king,
And wet his grave with my repentant tears,
I will with all expedient duty see you :
For divers unknown reasons, I beseech you,
Grant me this boon.

Anne. With all my heart ; and much it joys me too,
To see you are become so penitent.
Tressel and Berkeley, go along with me.

Glo. Bid me farewell.

Anne. 'Tis more than you deserve ;
But since you teach me how to flatter you,
Imagine I have said farewell already.

[*Exeunt Lady* ANNE, TRESSEL, *and* BERKELEY.

Glo. Sirs, take up the corse.

Gent. Towards Chertsey, noble lord ?

Glo. No, to Whitefriars ; there attend my coming.

[*Exeunt all but* GLOSTER.

Was ever woman in this humour woo'd ?
Was ever woman in this humour won ?
I 'll have her ;—but I will not keep her long.
What ! I, that killed her husband and his father,
To take her in her heart's extremest hate,
With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes.
The bleeding witness of her hatred by ;
Having God, her conscience, and these bars against me,
And I no thing to back my suit withal
But the plain devil and dissembling looks,
And yet to win her,—all the world to nothing !
Ha !
Hath she forgot already that brave prince,
Edward, her lord, whom I, some three months since,
Stabbed in my angry mood at Tewksbury ?

A sweeter and a lovelier gentleman,
Framed in the prodigality of nature,
Young, valiant, wise, and, no doubt, right royal,
The spacious world cannot again afford :
And will she yet debase her eyes on me,
That cropped the golden prime of this sweet prince,
And made her widow to a woful bed ?
On me, whose all not equals Edward's moiety !
On me, that halt and am unshapen thus ?
My dukedom to a beggarly denier,
I do mistake my person all this while :
Upon my life, she finds, although I cannot,
Myself to be a marvellous proper man.
I 'll be at charges for a looking-glass,
And entertain some score or two of tailors
To study fashions to adorn my body :
Since I am crept in favour with myself,
I will maintain it with some little cost.
But first I 'll turn yon fellow in his grave ;
And then return lamenting to my love.—
Shine out, fair sun, till I have bought a glass,
That I may see my shadow as I pass. [*Exit.*

Scene III.—The Palace.

Enter Queen Elizabeth, *Lord* Rivers, *and Lord* Grey.

Riv. Have patience, madam : there 's no doubt his majesty
Will soon recover his accustomed health.

Grey. In that you brook it ill, it makes him worse :

Therefore, for God's sake, entertain good comfort,
And cheer his grace with quick and merry words.

Q. Eliz. If he were dead, what would betide of me?

Riv. No other harm but loss of such a lord.

Q. Eliz. The loss of such a lord includes all harm.

Grey. The heavens have blessed you with a goodly son
To be your comforter when he is gone.

Q. Eliz. Oh, he is young, and his minority
Is put unto the trust of Richard Gloster,
A man that loves not me, nor none of you.

Riv. Is it concluded he shall be protector?

Q. Eliz. It is determined, not concluded yet:
But so it must be, if the king miscarry.

Enter BUCKINGHAM *and* STANLEY.

Grey. Here come the lords of Buckingham and Stanley.

Buck. Good time of day unto your royal grace!

Stan. God make your majesty joyful as you have been!

Q. Eliz. The Countess Richmond, good my lord of Stanley,
To your good prayers will scarcely say amen.
Yet, Stanley, notwithstanding she 's your wife,
And loves not me, be you, good lord, assured
I hate not you for her proud arrogance.

Stan. I do beseech you, either not believe
The envious slanders of her false accusers;
Or, if she be accused in true report,
Bear with her weakness, which, I think, proceeds
From wayward sickness, and no grounded malice.

Riv. Saw you the king to-day, my Lord of Stanley?

Stan. But now the Duke of Buckingham and I
Are come from visiting his majesty.

Q. Eliz. What likelihood of his amendment, lords?

Buck. Madam, good hope; his grace speaks cheerfully.

Q. Eliz. God grant him health! Did you confer with him?

Buck. Ay, madam: he desires to make atonement
Betwixt the Duke of Gloster and your brothers,
And betwixt them and my lord chamberlain;
And sent to warn them to his royal presence.

Q. Eliz. Would all were well!—but that will never be:
I fear our happiness is at the height.

Enter GLOSTER, HASTINGS, *and* DORSET.

Glo. They do me wrong, and I will not endure 't:
Who are they that complain unto the king
That I, forsooth, am stern and love them not?
By holy Paul, they love his grace but lightly
That fill his ears with such dissentious rumours.
Because I cannot flatter and speak fair,
Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive and cog,
Duck with French nods and apish courtesy,
I must be held a rancorous enemy.
Cannot a plain man live and think no harm,
But thus his simple truth must be abused
By silken, sly, insinuating Jacks?

Riv. To whom in all this presence speaks your grace?

Glo. To thee, that hast nor honesty nor grace.
When have I injured thee? when done thee wrong?
Or thee? or thee? or any of your faction?
A plague upon you all! His royal person,—

Whom God preserve better than you would wish!—
Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing-while,
But you must trouble him with lewd complaints.

Q. Eliz. Brother of Gloster, you mistake the matter.
The king, of his own royal disposition,
And not provoked by any suitor else,
Aiming, belike, at your interior hatred
Which in your outward actions shows itself
Against my kindred, brothers, and myself,
Makes him to send; that thereby he may gather
The ground of your ill-will, and so remove it.

Glo. I cannot tell: the world is grown so bad,
That wrens make prey where eagles dare not perch:
Since every Jack became a gentleman,
There's many a gentle person made a Jack.

Q. Eliz. Come, come, we know your meaning, brother Gloster;
You envy my advancement and my friends':
God grant we never may have need of you!

Glo. Meantime, God grants that we have need of you:
Our brother is imprisoned by your means,
Myself disgraced, and the nobility
Held in contempt; whilst many fair promotions
Are daily given to ennoble those
That scarce, some two days since, were worth a noble.

Q. Eliz. By him that raised me to this careful height
From that contented hap which I enjoyed,
I never did incense his majesty
Against the Duke of Clarence, but have been
An earnest advocate to plead for him.
My lord, you do me shameful injury,

Falsely to draw me in these vile suspects.
Glo. You may deny that you were not the cause
Of my Lord Hastings' late imprisonment.
Riv. She may, my lord, for –
Glo. She may, Lord Rivers! why, who knows not so?
She may do more, sir, than denying that:
She may help you to many fair preferments,
And then deny her aiding hand therein
And lay those honours on your high deserts.
What may she not? She may, yea, marry, may she,—
Riv. What, marry, may she?
Glo. What, marry, may she! marry with a king,
A bachelor, a handsome stripling too:
I wis your grandam had a worser match.
Q. Eliz. My Lord of Gloster, I have too long borne
Your blunt upbraidings and your bitter scoffs:
By heaven, I will acquaint his majesty
With those gross taunts I often have endured.
I had rather be a country servant-maid
Than a great queen, with this condition,
To be thus taunted, scorned, and storméd at:

Enter QUEEN MARGARET, *behind.*

Small joy have I in being England's queen.—
Q. Mar. [*Aside.*] And lessened be that small, God, I beseech thee!
Thy honour, state and seat is due to me.—
Glo. What! threat you me with telling of the king?
Tell him, and spare not: look, what I have said
I will avouch in presence of the king:
I dare adventure to be sent to the Tower.
'Tis time to speak,—my pains are quite forgot.—

Q. Mar. [*Aside.*] Out, devil! I remember them too well:
Thou slew'st my husband Henry in the Tower,
And Edward, my poor son, at Tewksbury.—
Glo. Ere you were queen, yea, or your husband king,
I was a pack-horse in his great affairs;
A weeder-out of his proud adversaries,
A liberal rewarder of his friends:
To royalise his blood I spilt mine own.—
Q. Mar. [*Aside.*] Ay, and much better blood than his or thine.
Glo. In all which time you and your husband Grey
Were factious for the house of Lancaster:
And, Rivers, so were you. Was not your husband
In Margaret's battle at Saint Alban's slain?
Let me put in your minds, if you forget,
What you have been ere now, and what you are;
Withal, what I have been, and what I am.—
Q. Mar. [*Aside.*] A murderous villain, and so still thou art.—
Glo. Poor Clarence did forsake his father, Warwick;
Yea, and forswore himself,—which Jesu pardon!—
Q. Mar. [*Aside.*] Which God revenge!—
Glo. To fight on Edward's party for the crown;
And for his meed, poor lord, he is mewed up.
I would to God my heart were flint, like Edward's;
Or Edward's soft and pitiful, like mine:
I am too childish-foolish for this world.—
Q. Mar. [*Aside.*] Hie thee to hell for shame, and leave the world,
Thou cacodemon! There thy kingdom is.

Riv. My Lord of Gloster, in those busy days
Which here you urge to prove us enemies,
We followed then our lord, our lawful king:
So should we you, if you should be our king.

Glo. If I should be! I had rather be a pedlar:
Far be it from my heart, the thought of it!

Q. Eliz. As little joy, my lord, as you suppose
You should enjoy, were you this country's king,
As little joy may you suppose in me,
That I enjoy, being the queen thereof.—

Q. Mar. [*Aside.*] As little joy enjoys the queen thereof;
For I am she, and altogether joyless.
I can no longer hold me patient. [*Advancing.*
Hear me, you wrangling pirates, that fall out
In sharing that which you have pilled from me!
Which of you trembles not that looks on me?
If not, that, I being queen, you bow like subjects,
Yet that, by you deposed, you quake like rebels?
O gentle villain, do not turn away!

Glo. Foul wrinkled witch, what mak'st thou in my sight?

Q. Mar. But repetition of what thou hast marred;
That will I make before I let thee go.

Glo. Wert thou not banishéd on pain of death?

Q. Mar. I was;
But I do find more pain in banishment
Than death can yield me here by my abode.
A husband and a son thou ow'st to me;—
And thou a kingdom;—all of you allegiance:
The sorrow that I have, by right is yours,
And all the pleasures you usurp are mine.

Glo. The curse my noble father laid on thee,
When thou didst crown his warlike brows with paper

And with thy scorns drew'st rivers from his eyes,
And then, to dry them, gav'st the duke a clout
Steeped in the faultless blood of pretty Rutland,—
His curses, then from bitterness of soul
Denounced against thee, are all fall'n upon thee ;
And God, not we, hath plagued thy bloody deed.

Q. Eliz. So just is God, to right the innocent.

Hast. O, 'twas the foulest deed to slay that babe,
And the most merciless that e'er was heard of !

Riv. Tyrants themselves wept when it was reported.

Dor. No man but prophesied revenge for it.

Buck. Northumberland, then present, wept to see it.

Q. Mar. What ! were you snarling all before I came,
Ready to catch each other by the throat,
And turn you all your hatred now on me ?
Did York's dread curse prevail so much with heaven
That Henry's death, my lovely Edward's death,
Their kingdom's loss, my woful banishment,
Could all but answer for that peevish brat ?
Can curses pierce the clouds and enter heaven ?
Why, then, give way, dull clouds, to my quick curses !
If not by war, by surfeit die your king,
As ours by murder, to make him a king !
Edward thy son, which now is Prince of Wales,
For Edward my son, which was Prince of Wales
Die in his youth by like untimely violence !
Thyself a queen, for me that was a queen,
Outlive thy glory, like my wretched self !
Long mayst thou live to wail thy children's loss ;
And see another, as I see thee now,

Decked in thy rights, as thou art stalled in mine!
Long die thy happy days before thy death;
And, after many lengthened hours of grief
Die, neither mother, wife, nor England's queen!—
Rivers and Dorset, you were standers by,—
And so wast thou, Lord Hastings,—when my son
Was stabbed with bloody daggers: God, I pray him,
That none of you may live your natural age,
But by some unlooked accident cut off!

Glo. Have done thy charm, thou hateful withered hag!

Q. Mar. And leave out thee? stay, dog, for thou shalt hear me.

If heaven have any grievous plague in store
Exceeding those that I can wish upon thee,
O, let them keep it till thy sins be ripe,
And then hurl down their indignation
On thee, the troubler of the poor world's peace!
The worm of conscience still begnaw thy soul!
Thy friends suspect for traitors while thou liv'st,
And take deep traitors for thy dearest friends!
No sleep close up that deadly eye of thine,
Unless it be whilst some tormenting dream
Affrights thee with a hell of ugly devils!
Thou elvish-marked, abortive, rooting hog!
Thou that wast sealed in thy nativity
The slave of nature and the son of hell!
Thou slander of thy mother's heavy womb!
Thou loathéd issue of thy father's loins!
Thou rag of honour! thou detested—

Glo. Margaret.

Q. Mar. Richard!

Glo. Ha!

Q. Mar. I call thee not.

Glo. I cry thee mercy then, for I had thought
That thou hadst called me all these bitter names.
Q. Mar. Why, so I did; but looked for no reply.
O, let me make the period to my curse!
Glo. 'Tis done by me, and ends in 'Margaret.'
Q. Eliz. Thus have you breathed your curse against yourself.
Q. Mar. Poor painted queen, vain flourish of my fortune!
Why strew'st thou sugar on that bottled spider
Whose deadly web ensnareth thee about?
Fool, fool! thou whet'st a knife to kill thyself.
The time will come when thou shalt wish for me
To help thee curse that poisonous bunch-backed toad.
Hast. False-boding woman, end thy frantic curse,
Lest to thy harm thou move our patience.
Q. Mar. Foul shame upon you! you have all moved mine.
Riv. Were you well served, you would be taught your duty.
Q. Mar. To serve me well, you all should do me duty,
Teach me to be your queen, and you my subjects:
O, serve me well, and teach yourselves that duty!
Dor. Dispute not with her; she is lunatic.
Q. Mar. Peace, master marquess, you are malapert:
Your fire-new stamp of honour is scarce current.
O, that your young nobility could judge
What 'twere to lose it and be miserable!
They that stand high have many blasts to shake them;
And if they fall, they dash themselves to pieces.

Glo. Good counsel, marry: learn it, learn it, marquess.

Dor. It toucheth you, my lord, as much as me.

Glo. Yea, and much more: but I was born so high,
Our aery buildeth in the cedar's top,
And dallies with the wind and scorns the sun.

Q. Mar. And turns the sun to shade; alas! alas!
Witness my son, now in the shade of death;
Whose bright out-shining beams thy cloudy wrath
Hath in eternal darkness folded up.
Your aery buildeth in our aery's nest.
O God, that seest it, do not suffer it;
As it was won with blood, lost be it so!

Buck. Peace, peace! for shame, if not for charity.

Q. Mar. Urge neither charity nor shame to me:
Uncharitably with me have you dealt,
And shamefully by you my hopes are butchered.
My charity is outrage, life my shame;
And in that shame still live my sorrow's rage!

Buck. Have done, have done.

Q. Mar. O princely Buckingham, I'll kiss thy hand,
In sign of league and amity with thee:
Now fair befall thee and thy noble house!
Thy garments are not spotted with our blood,
Nor thou within the compass of my curse.

Buck. Nor no one here; for curses never pass
The lips of those that breathe them in the air.

Q. Mar. I'll not believe but they ascend the sky,
And there awake God's gentle-sleeping peace.
O Buckingham, take heed of yonder dog!
Look, when he fawns, he bites; and when he bites,
His venom tooth will rankle to the death:
Have not to do with him, beware of him;

Sin, death, and hell have set their marks on him,
And all their ministers attend on him.

Glo. What doth she say, my Lord of Buckingham?

Buck. Nothing that I respect, my gracious lord.

Q. Mar. What, dost thou scorn me for my gentle counsel?

And soothe the devil that I warn thee from?
O, but remember this another day,
When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow.
And say poor Margaret was a prophetess!—
Live each of you the subjects to his hate,
And he to yours, and all of you to God's! [*Exit.*

Hast. My hair doth stand on end to hear her curses.

Riv. And so doth mine: I muse why she's at liberty.

Glo. I cannot blame her: by God's holy mother,
She hath had too much wrong; and I repent
My part thereof that I have done to her.

Q. Eliz. I never did her any, to my knowledge.

Glo. But you have all the vantage of her wrong.
I was too hot to do somebody good,
That is too cold in thinking of it now.
Marry, as for Clarence, he is well repaid;
He is franked up to fatting for his pains;
God pardon them that are the cause of it!

Riv. A virtuous and a Christian-like conclusion,
To pray for them that have done scathe to us.

Glo. So do I ever: [*Aside*] being well advised,
For had I cursed now, I had cursed myself.

Enter CATESBY.

Cates. Madam, his majesty doth call for you,—

And for your grace,—and you, my noble lords.

Q. Eliz. Catesby, we come. Lords, will you go with us?

Riv. We wait upon your grace.

[*Exeunt all but* GLOSTER.

Glo. I do the wrong, and first begin to brawl.
The secret mischiefs that I set abroach
I lay unto the grievous charge of others.
Clarence, whom I, indeed, have laid in darkness,
I do beweep to many simple gulls;
Namely, to Hastings, Stanley, Buckingham;
And say it is the queen and her allies
That stir the king against the duke my brother.
Now, they believe it; and withal whet me
To be revenged on Rivers, Vaughan, Grey:
But then I sigh; and, with a piece of scripture,
Tell them that God bids us do good for evil:
And thus I clothe my naked villany
With old odd ends stolen out of holy writ;
And seem a saint, when most I play the devil.
But, soft! here come my executioners.

Enter two Murderers.

How now, my hardy, stout, resolvéd mates!
Are you now going to dispatch this deed?

1 *Murd.* We are, my lord; and come to have the warrant,
That we may be admitted where he is.

Glo. Well thought upon;—I have it here about me. [*Gives the warrant.*
When you have done, repair to Crosby Place.
But, sirs, be sudden in the execution,
Withal obdurate, do not hear him plead;
For Clarence is well-spoken, and perhaps

May move your hearts to pity, if you mark him.
1 *Murd.* Tut, tut, my lord, we will not stand to prate;
Talkers are no good doers: be assured
We come to use our hands and not our tongues.
Glo. Your eyes drop millstones, when fools' eyes drop tears:
I like you, lads;—about your business straight;
Go, go, dispatch.
1 *Murd.* We will, my noble lord. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—London. A Room in the Tower.

Enter CLARENCE *and* BRAKENBURY.

Brak. Why looks your grace so heavily to-day?
Clar. O, I have passed a miserable night,
So full of ugly sights, of ghastly dreams,
That, as I am a Christian faithful man,
I would not spend another such a night,
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days,—
So full of dismal terror was the time!
Brak. What was your dream, my lord? I pray you tell me.
Clar. Methought that I had broken from the Tower,
And was embarked to cross to Burgundy;
And, in my company, my brother Gloster,
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
Upon the hatches: thence we looked toward England,
And cited up a thousand fearful times,
During the wars of York and Lancaster

That had befall'n us. As we paced along
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
Methought that Gloster stumbled; and, in falling,
Struck me, that thought to stay him, overboard
Into the tumbling billows of the main.
Lord, Lord, methought, what pain it was to drown!
What dreadful noise of waters in mine ears!
What ugly sights of death within mine eyes!
Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;
Ten thousand men that fishes gnawed upon;
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
All scattered in the bottom of the sea:
Some lay in dead men's skulls; and, in those holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept,—
As 'twere in scorn of eyes,—reflecting gems,
That wooed the slimy bottom of the deep,
And mocked the dead bones that lay scattered by.

Brak. Had you such leisure in the time of death
To gaze upon the secrets of the deep?

Clar. Methought I had; and often did I strive
To yield the ghost: but still the envious flood
Kept in my soul, and would not let it forth
To seek the empty, vast and wandering air,
But smothered it within my panting bulk,
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

Brak. Awaked you not with this sore agony?

Clar. O, no, my dream was lengthened after life;
O, then began the tempest to my soul,
Who passed, methought, the melancholy flood,
With that grim ferryman which poets write of,
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
The first that there did greet my stranger soul
Was my great father-in-law, renownéd Warwick;

Who cried aloud, 'What scourge for perjury
Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?'
And so he vanished: then came wandering by
A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
Dabbled in blood; and he shrieked out aloud,
'Clarence is come'—false, fleeting, perjured Clarence;—
That stabbed me in the field by Tewksbury;—
Seize on him, Furies, take him to your torments!'
With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends
Environed me, and howléd in mine ears
Such hideous cries, that with the very noise
I trembling waked, and for a season after
Could not believe but that I was in hell,—
Such terrible impression made the dream.

Brak. No marvel, lord, though it affrighted you;
I am afraid methinks to hear you tell it.

Clar. O Brakenbury, I have done those things
Which now bear evidence against my soul,
For Edward's sake; and see how he requites me!—
O God! if my deep prayers cannot appease thee,
But thou wilt be avenged on my misdeeds,
Yet execute thy wrath in me alone,
O, spare my guiltless wife and my poor children!—
Keeper, I prithee, sit by me awhile;
My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.

Brak. I will, my lord: God give your grace good rest!—
[*Clarence sleeps.*

Sorrow breaks seasons and reposing hours,
Makes the night morning, and the noon-tide night.
Princes have but their titles for their glories,
An outward honour for an inward toil;
And, for unfelt imaginations,

They often feel a world of restless cares:
So that, between their titles and low name
There's nothing differs but the outward fame.

Enter the two Murderers.

1 *Murd.* Ho! who's here?

Brak. What would'st thou, fellow? and how cam'st thou hither?

1 *Murd.* I would speak with Clarence and I came hither on my legs.

Brak. What, so brief?

2 *Murd.* 'Tis better, sir, than to be tedious. Let him see our commission; talk no more.

[*Brakenbury reads it.*

Brak. I am, in this, commanded to deliver
The noble Duke of Clarence to your hands:
I will not reason what is meant hereby,
Because I will be guiltless of the meaning.
Here are the keys,—there sits the duke asleep:
I'll to the king; and signify to him
That thus I have resigned my charge to you.

1 *Murd.* You may, sir, 'tis a point of wisdom: fare you well. [*Exit Brakenbury.*

2 *Murd.* What, shall we stab him as he sleeps?

1 *Murd.* No; then he will say 'twas done cowardly, when he wakes.

2 *Murd.* When he wakes! why, fool, he shall never wake till the judgment-day.

1 *Murd.* Why, then he'll say we stabbed him sleeping.

2 *Murd.* The urging of that word 'judgment' hath bred a kind of remorse in me.

1 *Murd.* What, art thou afraid?

2 *Murd.* Not to kill him, having a warrant for it;

but to be damned for killing him, from the which no warrant can defend us.

1 *Murd.* I thought thou hadst been resolute.

2 *Murd.* So I am, to let him live.

1 *Murd.* I'll back to the Duke of Gloster, and tell him so.

2 *Murd.* Nay, I prithee, stay a little; I hope my holy humour will change; 'twas wont to hold me but while one tells twenty.

1 *Murd.* How dost thou feel thyself now?

2 *Murd.* Faith, some certain dregs of conscience are yet within me.

1 *Murd.* Remember our reward when the deed's done.

2 *Murd.* Zounds, he dies: I had forgot the reward.

1 *Murd.* Where's thy conscience now?

2 *Murd.* In the Duke of Gloster's purse.

1 *Murd.* So when he opens his purse to give us our reward, thy conscience flies out.

2 *Murd.* 'Tis no matter, let it go; there's few or none will entertain it.

1 *Murd.* What if it come to thee again?

2 *Murd.* I'll not meddle with it:—it is a dangerous thing: it makes a man a coward: a man cannot steal, but it accuseth him; a man cannot swear, but it checks him; a man cannot lie with his neighbour's wife, but it detects him: 'tis a blushing shamefast spirit that mutinies in a man's bosom; it fills one full of obstacles: it made me once restore a purse of gold that by chance I found; it beggars any man that keeps it: it is turned out of all towns and cities for a dangerous thing; and every man that means to live well endeavours to trust to himself and to live without it.

1 *Murd.* Zounds, it is even now at my elbow, persuading me not to kill the duke.

2 *Murd.* Take the devil in thy mind, and believe him not: he would insinuate with thee but to make thee sigh.

1 *Murd.* I am strong-framed, he cannot prevail with me.

2 *Murd.* Spoke like a tall fellow that respects his reputation. Come, shall we fall to work?

1 *Murd.* Take him over the costard with the hilts of thy sword, and then throw him into the malmsey-butt in the next room.

2 *Murd.* O excellent device! make a sop of him.

1 *Murd.* Soft, he wakes.

2 *Murd.* Strike!

1 *Murd.* No, we'll reason with him.

Clar. [*waking*]. Where art thou, keeper? give me a cup of wine.

2 *Murd.* You shall have wine enough, my lord, anon.

Clar. In God's name, what art thou?

2 *Murd.* A man, as you are.

Clar. But not, as I am, royal.

2 *Murd.* Nor you, as we are, loyal.

Clar. Thy voice is thunder, but thy looks are humble.

2 *Murd.* My voice is now the king's, my looks mine own.

Clar. How darkly and how deadly dost thou speak!
Your eyes do menace me: why look you pale?
Who sent you hither? Wherefore do you come?

Both. To, to, to—

Clar. To murder me?

Both. Ay, ay.

Clar. You scarcely have the hearts to tell me so,
And therefore cannot have the hearts to do it.
Wherein, my friends, have I offended you?

1 *Murd.* Offended us you have not, but the king.

Clar. I shall be reconciled to him again.

2 *Murd.* Never, my lord; therefore prepare to die.

Clar. Are you called forth from out a world of men
To slay the innocent? What's my offence?
Where is the evidence that doth accuse me?
What lawful quest have given their verdict up
Unto the frowning judge? or who pronounced
The bitter sentence of poor Clarence' death?
Before I be convict by course of law,
To threaten me with death is most unlawful.
I charge you, as you hope to have redemption
By Christ's dear blood shed for our grievous sins,
That you depart, and lay no hands on me:
The deed you undertake is damnable.

1 *Murd.* What we will do, we do upon command.

2 *Murd.* And he that hath commanded is our king.

Clar. Erroneous vassals! the great King of kings
Hath in the tables of his law commanded
That thou shalt do no murder: will you, then,
Spurn at his edict and fulfil a man's?
Take heed: for he holds vengeance in his hands
To hurl upon their heads that break his law.

2 *Murd.* And that same vengeance doth he hurl on thee
For false forswearing, and for murder too:
Thou didst receive the sacrament to fight
In quarrel of the house of Lancaster.

1 *Murd.* And, like a traitor to the name of God,
Didst break that vow; and with thy treacherous blade
Unripp'dst the bowels of thy sovereign's son.
2 *Murd.* Whom thou wert sworn to cherish and defend.
1 *Murd.* How canst thou urge God's dreadful law to us,
When thou hast broke it in such dear degree?
Clar. Alas! for whose sake did I that ill deed?
For Edward, for my brother, for his sake:
He sends you not to murder me for this;
For in that sin he is as deep as I.
If God will be revengéd for this deed,
O, know you yet, he doth it publicly:
Take not the quarrel from his powerful arm;
He needs no indirect nor lawless course
To cut off those that have offended him.
1 *Murd.* Who made thee, then, a bloody minister,
When gallant-springing brave Plantagenet,
That princely novice, was struck dead by thee?
Clar. My brother's love, the devil, and my rage.
1 *Murd.* Thy brother's love, our duty, and thy fault,
Provoke us hither now to slaughter thee.
Clar. If you do love my brother, hate not me;
I am his brother, and I love him well.
If you be hired for meed, go back again,
And I will send you to my brother Gloster,
Who shall reward you better for my life
Than Edward will for tidings of my death.
2 *Murd.* You are deceived, your brother Gloster hates you.

Clar. O, no, he loves me, and he holds me dear:
Go you to him from me.
Both. Ay, so we will.
Clar. Tell him, when that our princely father York
Blessed his three sons with his victorious arm,
And charged us from his soul to love each other,
He little thought of this divided friendship:
Bid Gloster think of this, and he will weep.
1 *Murd.* Ay, millstones; as he lessoned us to weep.
Clar. O, do not slander him, for he is kind.
1 *Murd.* Right,
As snow in harvest.—Come, you deceive yourself:
Tis he that sends us to destroy you here.
Clar. It cannot be; for he bewept my fortune,
And hugged me in his arms, and swore, with sobs,
That he would labour my delivery.
2 *Murd.* Why, so he doth, when he delivers you
From this earth's thraldom to the joys of heaven.
1 *Murd.* Make peace with God, for you must die, my lord.
Clar. Hast thou that holy feeling in thy soul.
To counsel me to make my peace with God,
And art thou yet to thy own soul so blind,
That thou wilt war with God by murdering me?
Ah, sirs, consider, he that set you on
To do this deed will hate you for the deed.
2 *Murd.* What shall we do?
Clar. Relent, and save your souls.
Which of you, if you were a prince's son,
Being pent from liberty, as I am now,
If two such murderers as yourselves came to you,
Would not entreat for life.

1 *Murd.* Relent! 'tis cowardly and womanish.
Clar. Not to relent is beastly, savage, devilish,—
My friend, I spy some pity in thy looks;
O, if thine eye be not a flatterer,
Come thou on my side, and entreat for me,
As you would beg, were you in my distress:
A begging prince what beggar pities not?
2 *Murd.* Look behind you, my lord.
1 *Murd.* Take that, and that: if all this will not do, [*Stabs him.*
I'll drown you in the malmsey-butt within.
[*Exit with the body.*
2 *Murd.* A bloody deed, and desperately dispatched!
How fain, like Pilate, would I wash my hands
Of this most grievous guilty murder done!
Re-enter First Murderer.
1 *Murd.* How now! what mean'st thou, that thou help'st me not?
By heavens, the duke shall know how slack thou art!
2 *Murd.* I would he knew that I had saved his brother!
Take thou the fee, and tell him what I say;
For I repent me that the duke is slain. [*Exit.*
1 *Murd.* So do not I: go, coward as thou art!
Now must I hide his body in some hole,
Until the duke take order for his burial:
And when I have my meed, I will away;
For this will out, and here I must not stay. [*Exit.*

ACT II.

Scene I.—London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter King Edward *led in sick, Queen* Elizabeth, Dorset, Rivers, Hastings, Buckingham, Grey, *and others.*

K. Edw. Why, so; now have I done a good day's work:—
You peers, continue this united league:
I every day expect an embassage
From my Redeemer to redeem me hence;
And now in peace my soul shall part to heaven,
Since I have set my friends at peace on earth.
Rivers and Hastings, take each other's hand;
Dissemble not your hatred, swear your love.

Riv. By heaven, my heart is purged from grudging hate;
And with my hand I seal my true heart's love.

Hast. So thrive I, as I truly swear the like!

K. Edw. Take heed you dally not before your king;
Lest he that is the supreme King of kings
Confound your hidden falsehood, and award
Either of you to be the other's end.

Hast. So prosper I, as I swear perfect love!

Riv. And I, as I love Hastings with my heart!

K. Edw. Madam, yourself are not exempt in this,
Nor your son Dorset,—Buckingham, nor you;—
You have been factious one against the other.
Wife, love Lord Hastings, let him kiss your hand;
And what you do, do it unfeignedly.

Q. Eliz. There, Hastings; I will never more remember
Our former hatred, so thrive I and mine!

K. Edw. Dorset, embrace him;—Hastings, love lord marquess.

Dor. This interchange of love, I here protest,
Upon my part shall be unviolable.

Hast. And so swear I. [*They embrace.*

K. Edw. Now, princely Buckingham, seal thou this league
With thy embracements to my wife's allies,
And make me happy in your unity.

Buck. [*To the Queen.*] Whenever Buckingham doth turn his hate
Upon your grace, but with all duteous love
Doth cherish you and yours, God punish me
With hate in those where I expect most love!
When I have most need to employ a friend,
And most assuréd that he is a friend,
Deep, hollow, treacherous, and full of guile,
Be he unto me!—this do I beg of God,
When I am cold in zeal to you or yours.
[*They embrace.*

K. Edw. A pleasing cordial, princely Buckingham,
Is this thy vow unto my sickly heart.
There wanteth now our brother Gloster here,
To make the perfect period of this peace.

Buck. And, in good time, here comes the noble duke.

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Good morrow to my sovereign king and queen;

And, princely peers, a happy time of day !

K. Edw. Happy, indeed, as we have spent the day.
Brother, we have done deeds of charity ;
Made peace of enmity, fair love of hate,
Between these swelling wrong-incenséd peers.

Glo. A blesséd labour, my most sovereign liege.—
Amongst this princely heap, if any here,
By false intelligence, or wrong surmise,
Hold me a foe ;
If I unwittingly, or in my rage,
Have aught committed that is hardly borne
By any in this presence, I desire
To reconcile me to his friendly peace :
'Tis death to me to be at enmity ;
I hate it, and desire all good men's love.—
First, madam, I entreat true peace of you,
Which I will purchase with my duteous service ;—
Of you, my noble cousin Buckingham,
If ever any grudge were lodged between us ;—
Of you, Lord Rivers,—and, Lord Grey, of you,—
That all without desert have frowned on me ;—
Dukes, earls, lords, gentlemen ;—indeed, of all.
I do not know that Englishman alive
With whom my soul is any jot at odds
More than the infant that is born to-night :
I thank my God for my humility.

Q. Eliz. A holy day shall this be kept hereafter:—
I would to God all strifes were well compounded.—
My sovereign lord, I do beseech your highness
To take our brother Clarence to your grace.

Glo. Why, madam, have I offered love for this,
To be so flouted in this royal presence ?
Who knows not that the noble duke is dead ?

[*They all start.*

You do him injury to scorn his corse.

Riv. Who knows not he is dead! Who knows he is?

Q. Eliz. All-seeing heaven, what a world is this!

Buck. Look I so pale, Lord Dorset, as the rest?

Dor. Ay, my good lord; and no one in this presence
But his red colour hath forsook his cheeks.

K. Edw. Is Clarence dead? The order was reversed.

Glo. But he, poor soul, by your first order died,
And that a wingéd Mercury did bear;
Some tardy cripple bore the countermand,
That came too lag to see him buriéd.
God grant that some, less noble and less loyal,
Nearer in bloody thoughts, but not in blood,
Deserve not worse than wretched Clarence did,
And yet go current from suspicion!

Enter STANLEY.

Stan. A boon, my sovereign, for my service done!

K. Edw. I pray thee, peace: my soul is full of sorrow.

Stan. I will not rise, unless your highness grant.

K. Edw. Then speak at once what is it thou demand'st.

Stan. The forfeit, sovereign, of my servant's life;
Who slew to-day a riotous gentleman
Lately attendant on the Duke of Norfolk.

K. Edw. Have I a tongue to doom my brother's death,
And shall that tongue give pardon to a slave?
My brother killed no man, his fault was thought,
And yet his punishment was bitter death.

Who sued to me for him? who, in my rage,
Kneeled at my feet, and bade me be advised?
Who spoke of brotherhood? who spoke of love?
Who told me how the poor soul did forsake
The mighty Warwick, and did fight for me?
Who told me, in the field by Tewksbury,
When Oxford had me down, he rescued me,
And said, 'Dear brother, live, and be a king'?
Who told me, when we both lay in the field
Frozen almost to death, how he did lap me
Even in his garments, and did give himself,
All thin and naked, to the numb cold night?
All this from my remembrance brutish wrath
Sinfully plucked, and not a man of you
Had so much grace to put it in my mind.
But when your carters or your waiting-vassals
Have done a drunken slaughter, and defaced
The precious image of our dear Redeemer,
You straight are on your knees for pardon, pardon;
And I, unjustly too, must grant it you:—
But for my brother not a man would speak,—
Nor I, ungracious, speak unto myself
For him, poor soul. The proudest of you all
Have been beholding to him in his life;
Yet none of you would once plead for his life.—
O God, I fear thy justice will take hold
On me and you, and mine and yours for this!
Come, Hastings, help me to my closet. Ah!
Poor Clarence!

[*Exeunt King and Queen*, HASTINGS, RIVERS, DORSET, *and* GREY.

Glo. This is the fruit of rashness!—Marked you not
How that the guilty kindred of the queen

Looked pale when they did hear of Clarence' death?
O, they did urge it still unto the king!
God will revenge it.—But come, let us in,
To comfort Edward with our company.

Buck. We wait upon your grace. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Another Room in the Palace.

Enter the Duchess of YORK, *with a Son and Daughter of* CLARENCE.

Boy. Tell me, good grandam, is our father dead?

Duch. No, boy.

Boy. Why do you wring your hands, and beat your breast,
And cry 'O Clarence, my unhappy son!'

Girl. Why do you look on us, and shake your head,
And call us wretches, orphans, castaways,
If that our noble father be alive?

Duch. My pretty cousins, you mistake me both;
I do lament the sickness of the king,
As loth to lose him, not your father's death;
It were lost sorrow to wail one that 's lost.

Boy. Then, grandam, you conclude that he is dead.
The king my uncle is to blame for this:
God will revenge it; whom I will importune
With daily prayers all to that effect.

Girl. And so will I.

Duch. Peace, children, peace! the king doth love you well:
Incapable and shallow innocents,
You cannot guess who caused your father's death.

Boy. Grandam, we can; for my good uncle Gloster
Told me, the king, provoked to 't by the queen,
Devised impeachments to imprison him:
And when my uncle told me so, he wept,
And pitied me, and kindly kissed my cheek;
Bade me rely on him as on my father,
And he would love me dearly as his child.

Duch. Ah, that deceit should steal such gentle shapes,
And with a virtuous vizor hide foul guile!
He is my son; yea, and therein my shame:
Yet from my dugs he drew not this deceit.

Son. Think you my uncle did dissemble, grandam?

Duch. Ay, boy.

Son. I cannot think it.—Hark! what noise is this?

Enter Queen ELIZABETH, *with her hair about her ears;* RIVERS *and* DORSET *after her.*

Q. Eliz. O, who shall hinder me to wail and weep,
To chide my fortune, and torment myself?
I'll join with black despair against my soul,
And to myself become an enemy.

Duch. What means this scene of rude impatience?

Q. Eliz. To make an act of tragic violence:
Edward, my lord, your son, our king, is dead.
Why grow the branches when the root is gone?
Why wither not the leaves that want their sap?
If you will live, lament; if die, be brief,
That our swift-wingéd souls may catch the king's;
Or, like obedient subjects, follow him

To his new kingdom of perpetual rest.
Duch. Ah, so much interest have I in thy sorrow
As I had title in thy noble husband!
I have bewept a worthy husband's death,
And lived by looking on his images:
But now two mirrors of his princely semblance
Are cracked in pieces by malignant death,
And I for comfort have but one false glass,
That grieves me when I see my shame in him.
Thou art a widow; yet thou art a mother,
And hast the comfort of thy children left thee:
But death hath snatched my husband from mine arms,
And plucked two crutches from my feeble hands,—
Edward and Clarence. O, what cause have I,—
Thine being but a moiety of my grief,—
To overgo thy plaints and drown thy cries!
Son. Good aunt, you wept not for our father's death!
How can we aid you with our kindred tears?
Daughter. Our fatherless distress we left unmoaned;
Your widow-dolour likewise be unwept!
Q. Eliz. Give me no help in lamentation;
I am not barren to bring forth complaints:
All springs reduce their currents to mine eyes,
That I, being governed by the watery moon,
May send forth plenteous tears to drown the world!
Ah for my husband, for my dear lord Edward!
Chil. Ah for our father, for our dear lord Clarence!
Duch. Alas for both, both mine, Edward and Clarence!
Q. Eliz. What stay had I but Edward? and he 's gone.

Chil. What stay had we but Clarence? and he 's gone.
Duch. What stays had I but they? and they are gone.
Q. Eliz. Was never widow had so dear a loss!
Chil. Were never orphans had so dear a loss!
Duch. Was never mother had so dear a loss!
Alas, I am the mother of these moans!
Their woes are parcelled, mine are general.
She for an Edward weeps, and so do I;
I for a Clarence weep, so doth not she:
These babes for Clarence weep, and so do I;
I for an Edward weep, so do not they;
Alas, you three, on me, threefold distressed,
Pour all your tears? I am your sorrow's nurse,
And I will pamper it with lamentations.
Dor. Comfort, dear mother: God is much displeased
That you take with unthankfulness his doing:
In common worldly things, 'tis called ungrateful,
With dull unwillingness to repay a debt
Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent;
Much more to be thus opposite with heaven
For it requires the royal debt it lent you.
Riv. Madam, bethink you, like a careful mother,
Of the young prince your son: send straight for him;
Let him be crowned; in him your comfort lives:
Drown desperate sorrow in dead Edward's grave,
And plant your joys in living Edward's throne.

Enter GLOSTER, BUCKINGHAM, STANLEY, HASTINGS, RATCLIFF, *and others.*

Glo. Madam, have comfort: all of us have cause
To wail the dimming of our shining star;

But none can cure their harms by wailing them.—
Madam, my mother, I do cry you mercy;
I did not see your grace:—humbly on my knee
I crave your blessing.

Duch. God bless thee; and put meekness in thy mind,
Love, charity, obedience, and true duty!

Glo. Amen; [*Aside.*] and make me die a good old man!—
That is the butt-end of a mother's blessing:
I marvel that her grace did leave it out.

Buck. You cloudy princes and heart-sorrowing peers,
That bear this mutual heavy load of moan,
Now cheer each other in each other's love:
Though we have spent our harvest of this king,
We are to reap the harvest of his son.
The broken rancour of your high-swoln hearts,
But lately splintered, knit, and joined together,
Must gently be preserved, cherished, and kept:
Me seemeth good, that, with some little train,
Forthwith from Ludlow the young prince be fetched
Hither to London, to be crowned our king.

Riv. Why with some little train, my Lord of Buckingham?

Buck. Marry, my lord, lest, by a multitude,
The new-healed wound of malice should break out;
Which would be so much the more dangerous,
By how much the state 's green and yet ungoverned:
Where every horse bears his commanding rein,
And may direct his course as please himself,
As well the fear of harm as harm apparent,
In my opinion, ought to be prevented.

Glo. I hope the king made peace with all of us;

And the compáct is firm and true in me.

Riv. And so in me; and so, I think, in all:
Yet, since it is but green, it should be put
To no apparent likelihood of breach,
Which haply by much company might be urged:
Therefore I say with noble Buckingham,
That it is meet so few should fetch the prince.

Hast. And so say I.

Glo. Then be it so; and go we to determine
Who they shall be that straight shall post to Ludlow.
Madam,—and you, my mother,—will you go
To give your censures in this business?

[*Exeunt all but Buckingham and Gloster.*

Buck. My lord, whoever journeys to the prince,
For God's sake, let not us two stay at home;
For, by the way, I 'll sort occasion,
As index to the story we late talked of,
To part the queen's proud kindred from the prince.

Glo. My other self, my counsel's consistory,
My oracle, my prophet!—My dear cousin,
I, like a child, will go by thy direction.
Towards Ludlow then, for we 'll not stay behind.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III.—London. A Street.

Enter two Citizens, meeting.

1 *Cit.* Good morrow, neighbour, well met: whither away so fast?

2 *Cit.* I promise you, I scarcely know myself:
Hear you the news abroad?

1 *Cit.* Ay,—that the king is dead.

2 *Cit.* Ill news, by 'r lady; seldom comes the better:
I fear, I fear 'twill prove a giddy world.

Enter another Citizen.

3 *Cit.* Neighbours, God speed!
1 *Cit.* Give you good morrow, sir.
3 *Cit.* Doth the news hold of good King Edward's death?
2 *Cit.* Ay, sir, it is too true; God help, the while!
3 *Cit.* Then, masters, look to see a troublous world.
1 *Cit.* No, no; by God's good grace his son shall reign.
3 *Cit.* Woe to that land that 's governed by a child!
2 *Cit.* In him there is a hope of government,
That, in his nonage, Council under him,
And in his full and ripened years himself,
No doubt, shall then, and till then, govern well.
1 *Cit.* So stood the state when Henry the Sixth
Was crowned in Paris but at nine months old.
3 *Cit.* Stood the state so? No, no, good friends, God wot;
For then this land was famously enriched
With politic grave counsel; then the king
Had virtuous uncles to protect his grace.
1 *Cit.* Why, so hath this, both by his father and mother.
3 *Cit.* Better it were they all came by his father,
Or by his father there were none at all;
For emulation now, who shall be nearest,
Will touch us all too near, if God prevent not.
O, full of danger is the Duke of Gloster!

And the queen's sons and brothers haught and
proud :
And were they to be ruled, and not to rule,
This sickly land might solace as before.

1 *Cit.* Come, come, we fear the worst : all will
be well.

3 *Cit.* When clouds are seen, wise men put on
their cloaks ;
When great leaves fall, then winter is at hand ;
When the sun sets, who doth not look for night ?
Untimely storms make men expect a dearth.
All may be well ; but, if God sort it so,
'Tis more than we deserve, or I expect.

2 *Cit.* Truly, the hearts of men are full of fear ;
Ye cannot reason almost with a man
That looks not heavily and full of dread.

3 *Cit.* Before the days of change, still is it so :
By a divine instinct men's minds mistrust
Ensuing danger ; as, by proof, we see
The waters swell before a boisterous storm.
But leave it all to God.—Whither away ?

2 *Cit.* Marry, we were sent for to the justices.

3 *Cit.* And so was I : I'll bear you company.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.—London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter the Archbishop of York, *the young Duke of* York, *Queen* Elizabeth, *and the Duchess of* York.

Arch. Last night, I hear, they lay at North-
ampton ;
At Stony-Stratford will they be to-night :

To-morrow, or next day, they will be here.
Duch. I long with all my heart to see the prince:
I hope he is much grown since last I saw him.
Q. Eliz. But I hear, no; they say my son of York
Hath almost overta'en him in his growth.
York. Ay, mother; but I would not have it so.
Duch. Why, my young cousin, it is good to grow.
York. Grandam, one night, as we did sit at supper,
My uncle Rivers talked how I did grow
More than my brother: 'Ay,' quoth my uncle Gloster,
'Small herbs have grace, great weeds do grow apace:'
And since, methinks, I would not grow so fast,
Because sweet flowers are slow, and weeds make haste.
Duch. Good faith, good faith, the saying did not hold
In him that did object the same to thee:
He was the wretched'st thing when he was young,
So long a-growing and so leisurely,
That, if his rule were true, he should be gracious.
Arch. Why, madam, so, no doubt, he is.
Duch. I hope he is; but yet let mothers doubt.
York. Now, by my troth, if I had been remembered,
I could have given my uncle's grace a flout,
To touch his growth nearer than he touched mine.
Duch. How, my pretty York? I prithee, let me hear it

York. Marry, they say my uncle grew so fast
That he could gnaw a crust at two hours old :
'Twas full two years ere I could get a tooth.
Grandam, this would have been a biting jest.

Duch. I prithee, pretty York, who told thee this ?

York. Grandam, his nurse.

Duch. His nurse ! why, she was dead ere thou wert born.

York. If 'twere not she, I cannot tell who told me.

Q. Eliz. A parlous boy :—go to, you are too shrewd.

Arch. Good madam, be not angry with the child.

Q. Eliz. Pitchers have ears.

Arch. Here comes a messenger.

Enter a Messenger.

What news ?

Mess. Such news, my lord, as grieves me to report.

Q. Eliz. How doth the prince ?

Mess. Well, madam, and in health.

Duch. What is thy news then ?

Mess. Lord Rivers and Lord Grey are sent to Pomfret,
With them Sir Thomas Vaughan, prisoners.

Duch. Who hath committed them ?

Mess. The mighty Dukes
Gloster and Buckingham.

Q. Eliz. For what offence ?

Mess. The sum of all I can, I have disclosed ;
Why or for what these nobles were committed
Is all unknown to me, my gracious lady.

Q. Eliz. Ay me, I see the downfall of our house!
The tiger now hath seized the gentle hind;
Insulting tyranny begins to jet
Upon the innocent and aweless throne:—
Welcome, destruction, blood, and massacre!
I see, as in a map, the end of all.

Duch. Accurséd and unquiet wrangling days,
How many of you have mine eyes beheld!
My husband lost his life to get the crown;
And often up and down my sons were tossed,
For me to joy and weep their gain and loss:
And being seated, and domestic broils
Clean over-blown, themselves, the conquerors,
Make war upon themselves; brother to brother,
Blood to blood, self against self: O, preposterous
And frantic outrage, end thy damnéd spleen;
Or let me die, to look on death no more!

Q. Eliz. Come, come, my boy; we will to sanctuary.—
Madam, farewell.

Duch. Stay, I will go with you.

Q. Eliz. You have no cause.

Arch. My gracious lady, go;
And thither bear your treasure and your goods.
For my part, I 'll resign unto your grace
The seal I keep; and so betide to me
As well I tender you and all of yours!
Come, I 'll conduct you to the sanctuary. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

Scene I.—London. A Street.

The trumpets sound. Enter the young Prince, the Dukes of Gloster *and* Buckingham, *Cardinal* Bourchier, Catesby, *and others.*

Buck. Welcome, sweet prince, to London, to your chamber.

Glo. Welcome, dear cousin, my thoughts' sovereign :

The weary way hath made you melancholy.

Prince. No, uncle ; but our crosses on the way
Have made it tedious, wearisome, and heavy :
I want more uncles here to welcome me.

Glo. Sweet prince, the untainted virtue of your years
Hath not yet dived into the world's deceit ;
Nor more can you distinguish of a man
Than of his outward show, which, God he knows,
Seldom or never jumpeth with the heart.
Those uncles which you want were dangerous ,
Your grace attended to their sugared words,
But looked not on the poison of their hearts :
God keep you from them, and from such false friends !

Prince. God keep me from false friends ! but they were none.

Glo. My lord, the mayor of London comes to greet you.

Enter the Lord Mayor, and his train.

May. God bless your grace with health and happy days !

Prince. I thank you, good my lord;—and thank you all.
I thought my mother, and my brother York,
Would long ere this have met us on the way:
Fie, what a slug is Hastings, that he comes not
To tell us whether they will come or no!

Buck. And, in good time, here comes the sweating lord.

Enter Lord HASTINGS.

Prince. Welcome, my lord: what, will our mother come?

Hast. On what occasion, God he knows, not I,
The queen your mother, and your brother York,
Have taken sanctuary: the tender Prince
Would fain have come with me to meet your grace,
But by his mother was perforce withheld.

Buck. Fie, what an indirect and peevish course
Is this of hers! Lord cardinal, will your grace
Persuade the queen to send the Duke of York
Unto his princely brother presently?
If she deny,—Lord Hastings, go with him,
And from her jealous arms pluck him perforce.

Card. My Lord of Buckingham, if my weak oratory
Can from his mother win the Duke of York,
Expect him here; but if she be obdurate
To mild entreaties, God in heaven forbid
We should infringe the holy privilege
Of blessèd sanctuary! not for all this land
Would I be guilty of so deep a sin.

Buck. You are too senseless-obstinate, my lord,
Too ceremonious and traditional:
Weigh it but with the grossness of this age,

You break not sanctuary in seizing him.
The benefit thereof is always granted
To those whose dealings have deserved the place,
And those who have the wit to claim the place:
This prince hath neither claimed it nor deserved it;
Therefore, in mine opinion, cannot have it:
Then, taking him from thence that is not there,
You break no privilege nor charter there.
Oft have I heard of sanctuary men;
But sanctuary children ne'er till now.

Card. My lord, you shall o'er-rule my mind for once.

Come on, Lord Hastings, will you go with me?

Hast. I go, my lord.

Prince. Good lords, make all the speedy haste you may. [*Exeunt Cardinal and* HASTINGS.

Say, uncle Gloster, if our brother come,
Where shall we sojourn till our coronation?

Glo. Where it seems best unto your royal self.

If I may counsel you, some day or two
Your highness shall repose you at the Tower:
Then where you please and shall be thought most fit
For your best health and recreation.

Prince. I do not like the Tower, of any place.
Did Julius Cæsar build that place, my lord?

Buck. He did, my gracious lord, begin that place;
Which, since, succeeding ages have re-edified.

Prince. Is it upon record, or else reported
Successively from age to age, he built it?

Buck. Upon record, my gracious lord.

Prince. But say, my lord, it were not registered,
Methinks the truth should live from age to age,

As 'twere retailed to all posterity,
Even to the general all-ending day.

Glo. [*Aside.*] So wise so young, they say, do ne'er live long.

Prince. What say you, uncle?

Glo. I say, without characters fame lives long. [*Aside*] Thus, like the formal vice, Iniquity,
I moralise two meanings in one word.

Prince. That Julius Cæsar was a famous man;
With what his valour did enrich his wit,
His wit set down to make his valour live:
Death makes no conquest of this conqueror;
For now he lives in fame, though not in life.—
I 'll tell you what, my cousin Buckingham,—

Buck. What, my gracious lord?

Prince. An if I live until I be a man,
I 'll win our ancient right in France again,
Or die a soldier, as I lived a king.

Glo. [*Aside.*] Short summers lightly have a forward spring.

Buck. Now, in good time, here comes the Duke of York.

Enter YORK, HASTINGS, *and the Cardinal.*

Prince. Richard of York! how fares our loving brother?

York. Well, my dread lord; so must I call you now.

Prince. Ay, brother,—to our grief, as it is yours
Too late he died that might have kept that title,
Which by his death hath lost much majesty.

Glo. How fares our cousin, noble Lord of York?

York. I thank you, gentle uncle. O, my lord,
You said that idle weeds are fast in growth:

The prince my brother hath outgrown me far.
Glo. He hath, my lord.
York. And therefore is he idle?
Glo. O, my fair cousin, I must not say so.
York. Then is he more beholding to you than I.
Glo. He may command me as my sovereign;
But you have power in me as in a kinsman.
York. I pray you, uncle, give me this dagger.
Glo. My dagger, little cousin? with all my heart.
Prince. A beggar, brother?
York. Of my kind uncle, that I know will give;
Being but a toy, which is no grief to give.
Glo. A greater gift than that I 'll give my cousin.
York. A greater gift! O, that 's the sword to it.
Glo. Ay, gentle cousin, were it light enough.
York. O, then, I see, you 'll part but with light gifts;
In weightier things you 'll say a beggar nay.
Glo. It is too heavy for your grace to wear.
York. I weigh it lightly, were it heavier.
Glo. What, would you have my weapon, little lord?
York. I would, that I might thank you as you call me.
Glo. How?
York. Little.
Prince. My Lord of York will still be cross in talk:
Uncle, your grace knows how to bear with him.
York. You mean, to bear me, not to bear with me:
Uncle, my brother mocks both you and me;
Because that I am little, like an ape,

He thinks that you should bear me on your shoulders.

Buck. [*Aside to* HASTINGS.] With what a sharp-provided wit he reasons!
To mitigate the scorn he gives his uncle,
He prettily and aptly taunts himself:
So cunning and so young is wonderful.

Glo. My lord, will 't please you pass along!
Myself and my good cousin Buckingham
Will to your mother, to entreat of her
To meet you at the Tower and welcome you.

York. What, will you go unto the Tower, my lord?

Prince. My lord protector needs will have it so.

York. I shall not sleep in quiet at the Tower.

Glo. Why, what should you fear?

York. Marry, my uncle Clarence' angry ghost:
My grandam told me he was murdered there.

Prince. I fear no uncles dead.

Glo. Nor none that live, I hope.

Prince. An if they live, I hope I need not fear,
But come, my lord; and with a heavy heart,
Thinking on them, go I unto the Tower.

[*A Sennet. Exeunt all but* GLOSTER, BUCKINGHAM, *and* CATESBY.

Buck. Think you, my lord, this little prating York
Was not incenséd by his subtle mother
To taunt and scorn you thus opprobriously?

Glo. No doubt, no doubt: O, 'tis a parlous boy;
Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable:
He 's all the mother's, from the top to toe.

Buck. Well, let them rest.—Come hither, Catesby.

Thou 'rt sworn as deep to effect what we intend
As closely to conceal what we impart:
Thou know'st our reasons urged upon the way;
What think'st thou? is it not an easy matter
To make William Lord Hastings of our mind,
For the instalment of this noble duke
In the seat royal of this famous isle?

Cate. He for his father's sake so loves the prince,
That he will not be won to aught against him.

Buck. What think'st thou, then, of Stanley? will not he?

Cate. He will do all in all as Hastings doth.

Buck. Well, then, no more but this: go, gentle Catesby,
And, as it were far off, sound thou Lord Hastings,
How he doth stand affected to our purpose;
And summon him to-morrow to the Tower,
To sit about the coronation.
If thou dost find him tractable to us,
Encourage him, and show him all our reasons:
If he be leaden, icy-cold, unwilling,
Be thou so too; and so break off your talk,
And give us notice of his inclination:
For we to-morrow hold divided councils,
Wherein thyself shalt highly be employed.

Glo. Commend me to Lord William: tell him, Catesby,
His ancient knot of dangerous adversaries
To-morrow are let blood at Pomfret Castle;
And bid my friend, for joy of this good news,
Give Mistress Shore one gentle kiss the more.

Buck. Good Catesby, go, effect this business soundly.

Cate. My good lords both, with all the heed I can.

Glo. Shall we hear from you, Catesby, ere we sleep?

Cate. You shall, my lord.

Glo. At Crosby Place, there shall you find us both. [*Exit Catesby.*

Buck. Now, my lord, what shall we do, if we perceive
Lord Hastings will not yield to our complots?

Glo. Chop off his head, man — somewhat we will do:—
And, look, when I am king, claim thou of me
The earldom of Hereford, and the movables
Whereof the king my brother stood possessed.

Buck. I'll claim that promise at your grace's hands.

Glo. And look to have it yielded with all kindness.
Come, let us sup betimes, that afterwards
We may digest our complots in some form.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. Before Lord HASTINGS' House.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord! my lord!

Hast. [*Within*] Who knocks?

Mess. One from the Lord Stanley.

Hast. What is't o'clock?

Mess. Upon the stroke of four.

Enter HASTINGS.

Hast. Cannot thy master sleep these tedious nights?

Mess. So it appears by that I have to say.
First, he commends him to your noble self.
Hast. What then?
Mess. Then certifies your lordship that this night
He dreamt the boar had razéd off his helm:
Besides he says there are two councils held;
And that may be determined at the one
Which may make you and him to rue at the other.
Therefore he sends to know your lordship's pleasure,—
If presently you will take horse with him
And with all speed post with him towards the north,
To shun the danger that his soul divines.
Hast. Go, fellow, go, return unto thy lord;
Bid him not fear the separated councils:
His honour and myself are at the one,
And at the other is my good friend Catesby;
Where nothing can proceed that toucheth us
Whereof I shall not have intelligence.
Tell him his fears are shallow, wanting instance:
And for his dreams, I wonder he's so fond
To trust the mockery of unquiet slumbers:
To fly the boar before the boar pursues
Were to incense the boar to follow us
And make pursuit where he did mean no chase.
Go, bid thy master rise and come to me;
And we will both together to the Tower,
Where, he shall see, the boar will use us kindly.
Mess. I'll go, my lord, and tell him what you say. [*Exit.*

Enter CATESBY.

Cate. Many good morrows to my noble lord!

Hast. Good morrow, Catesby; you are early stirring:
What news, what news, in this our tottering state?

Cate. It is a reeling world, indeed, my lord;
And I believe 'twill never stand upright
Till Richard wear the garland of the realm.

Hast. How! wear the garland! dost thou mean the crown?

Cate. Ay, my good lord.

Hast. I'll have this crown of mine cut from my shoulders
Ere I will see the crown so foul misplaced.
But canst thou guess that he doth aim at it?

Cate. Ay, on my life; and hopes to find you forward
Upon his party for the gain thereof:
And thereupon he sends you this good news,—
That this same very day your enemies,
The kindred of the queen, must die at Pomfret.

Hast. Indeed, I am no mourner for that news,
Because they have been still my adversaries:
But, that I'll give my voice on Richard's side
To bar my master's heirs in true descent,
God knows I will not do it, to the death.

Cate. God keep your lordship in that gracious mind!

Hast. But I shall laugh at this a twelve-month hence,
That they who brought me in my master's hate
I live to look upon their tragedy.
I tell thee, Catesby,—

Cate. What, my lord?
Hast. Ere a fortnight make me older,
I'll send some packing that yet think not on it.
Cate. 'Tis a vile thing to die, my gracious lord,
When men are unprepared and look not for it.
Hast. O monstrous, monstrous! and so falls it out
With Rivers, Vaughan, Grey: and so 'twill do
With some men else, who think themselves as safe
As thou and I, who, as thou know'st, are dear
To princely Richard and to Buckingham.
Cate. The princes both make high account of you;—
[*Aside*] For they account his head upon the bridge.
Hast. I know they do; and I have well deserved it.

Enter LORD STANLEY.

Come on, come on; where is your boar-spear, man!
Fear you the boar and go so unprovided?
Stan. My lord, good morrow;—good morrow, Catesby:—
You may jest on, but, by the holy rood,
I do not like these several councils, I.
Hast. My lord,
I hold my life as dear as you do yours;
And never in my life I do protest,
Was it more precious to me than 'tis now:
Think you, but that I know our state secure,
I would be so triumphant as I am?
Stan. The lords at Pomfret, when they rode from London,
Were jocund, and supposed their state were sure,—
And they indeed had no cause to mistrust;

But yet, you see, how soon the day o'ercast.
This sudden stab of rancour I misdoubt:
Pray God, I say, I prove a needless coward:—
What, shall we toward the Tower? the day is spent.

Hast. Come, come, have with you. Wot you what, my lord?
To-day the lords you talk of are beheaded.

Stan. They, for their truth, might better wear their heads
Than some that have accused them wear their hats.
But come, my lord, let us away.

Enter a Pursuivant.

Hast. Go on before; I 'll talk with this good fellow. [*Exeunt* STANLEY *and* CATESBY.
How now, sirrah! how goes the world with thee?

Purs. The better that your lordship please to ask.

Hast. I tell thee, man, 't is better with me now
Than when I met thee last where now we meet:
Then was I going prisoner to the Tower,
By the suggestion of the queen's allies;
But now, I tell thee—keep it to thyself—
This day those enemies are put to death,
And I in better state than e'er I was.

Purs. God hold it, to your honour's good content!

Hast. Gramercy, fellow: there, drink that for me.
[*Throws him his purse.*

Purs. God save your lordship! [*Exit.*

Enter a Priest.

Priest. Well met, my lord; I am glad to see your honour.

Hast. I thank thee, good Sir John, with all my heart.

I 'm in your debt for your last exercise ;
Come the next Sabbath, and I will content you.
[*He whispers in his ear.*

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

Buck. What, talking with a priest, lord chamberlain ?
Your friends at Pomfret, they do need the priest ;
Your honour hath no shriving work in hand.
Hast. Good faith, and when I met this holy man,
Those men you talk of came into my mind. —
What, go you toward the Tower ?
Buck. I do, my lord ; but long I cannot stay there :
I shall return before your lordship thence.
Hast. 'T is like enough, for I stay dinner there.
Buck. [*Aside.*] And supper too, although thou know'st it not. —
Come, will you go ?
Hast. I' ll wait upon your lordship. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Pomfret Castle.

Enter Sir RICHARD RATCLIFF, *with halberds, carrying* RIVERS, GREY, *and* VAUGHAN *to death.*

Riv. Sir Richard Ratcliff, let me tell thee this :
To-day shalt thou behold a subject die
For truth, for duty, and for loyalty.
Grey. God keep the prince from all the pack of you !
A knot you are of damnéd blood-suckers.

Vaug. You live that shall cry woe for this hereafter.

Rat. Dispatch ; the limit of your lives is out.

Riv. O Pomfret, Pomfret ! O thou bloody prison,
Fatal and ominous to noble peers !
Within the guilty closure of thy walls
Richard the Second here was hacked to death ;
And, for more slander to thy dismal seat,
We give thee up our guiltless blood to drink.

Grey. Now Margaret's curse is fallen upon our heads,
For standing by when Richard stabbed her son.

Riv. Then cursed she Hastings, then cursed she Buckingham,
Then cursed she Richard. O, remember, God,
To hear her prayers for them, as now for us !
And for my sister and her princely sons,
Be satisfied, dear God, with our true blood,
Which, as thou know'st, unjustly must be spilt.

Rat. Make haste ; the hour of death is expiate.

Riv. Come, Grey,—come, Vaughan,—let us all embrace :
Farewell, until we meet again in heaven. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—London. A Room in the Tower.

BUCKINGHAM, STANLEY, HASTINGS, *the Bishop of* ELY, RATCLIFF, LOVEL, *with others, at a table.*

Hast. My lords, at once : the cause why we are met
Is, to determine of the coronation.
In God's name, speak :—when is the royal day ?

Buck. Are all things fitting for that royal time?
Stan. It is, and wants but nomination.
Ely. To-morrow, then, I judge a happy day.
Buck. Who knows the lord protector's mind herein?
Who is most inward with the noble duke?
Ely. Your grace, we think, should soonest know his mind.
Buck. We know each other's faces; for our hearts,
He knows no more of mine than I of yours,
Nor I of his, my lord, than you of mine.
Lord Hastings, you and he are near in love.
Hast. I thank his grace, I know he loves me well;
But, for his purpose in the coronation,
I have not sounded him, nor he delivered
His gracious pleasure any way therein:
But you, my noble lords, may name the time;
And in the duke's behalf I 'll give my voice,
Which, I presume, he 'll take in gentle part.
Ely. In happy time, here comes the duke himself.

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. My noble lords and cousins all, good morrow.
I have been long a sleeper; but, I trust,
My absence doth neglect no great design,
Which by my presence might have been concluded.
Buck. Had not you come upon your cue, my lord,
William Lord Hastings had pronounced your part,—
I mean, your voice,—for crowning of the king.
Glo. Than my Lord Hastings no man might be bolder;
His lordship knows me well, and loves me well.
My lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborn,
I saw good strawberries in your garden there:

I do beseech you send for some of them.

Ely. Marry, and will, my lord, with all my heart.
[*Exit.*

Glo. Cousin of Buckingham, a word with you.
[*Drawing him aside.*

Catesby hath sounded Hastings in our business,
And finds the testy gentleman so hot,
As he will lose his head ere give consent
His master's son, as worshipful he terms it,
Shall lose the royalty of England's throne.

Buck. Withdraw you hence, my lord, I 'll follow you.
[*Exit* GLOSTER, BUCKINGHAM *following.*

Stan. We have not yet set down this day of triumph.
To-morrow, in mine opinion, is too sudden;
For I myself am not so well provided
As else I would be were the day prolonged.

Re-enter Bishop of ELY.

Ely. Where is my lord the Duke of Gloster?
I have sent for these strawberries.

Hast. His grace looks cheerfully and smooth to-day;
There 's some conceit or other likes him well
When he doth bid good morrow with such spirit.
I think there 's ne'er a man in Christendom
That can less hide his love or hate than he;
For by his face straight shall you know his heart.

Stan. What of his heart perceive you in his face
By any likelihood he showed to-day?

Hast. Marry, that with no man here he is offended;
For, were he, he had shown it in his looks.

Re-enter GLOSTER *and* BUCKINGHAM.

Glo. I pray you all, tell me what they deserve
That do conspire my death with devilish plots
Of damnéd witchcraft, and that have prevailed
Upon my body with their hellish charms?

Hast. The tender love I bear your grace, my lord,
Makes me most forward in this noble presence
To doom the offenders, whatsoe'er they be:
I say my lord, they have deservéd death.

Glo. Then be your eyes the witness of this ill:
See how I am bewitched; behold mine arm
Is, like a blasted sapling, withered up:
And this is Edward's wife, that monstrous witch,
Consorted with that harlot strumpet Shore,
That by their witchcraft thus have markéd me.

Hast. If they have done this thing, my gracious lord,—

Glo. If! thou protector of this damnéd strumpet,
Tellest thou me of 'ifs'? Thou art a traitor:
Off with his head! Now, by Saint Paul I swear
I will not dine until I see the same.
Lovel and Ratcliff, look that it be done:
The rest, that love me, rise and follow me.

[*Exeunt all but* HASTINGS, RATCLIFF, *and* LOVEL.

Hast. Woe, woe for England! not a whit for me;
For I, too fond, might have prevented this.
Stanley did dream the boar did raze his helm;
But I disdained it, and did scorn to fly:
Three times to-day my foot-cloth horse did stumble,
And startled, when he looked upon the Tower,
As loth to bear me to the slaughter-house.
O, now I want the priest that spake to me:
I now repent I told the pursuivant,

As 'twere triúmphing at mine enemies,
How they at Pomfret bloodily were butchered,
And I myself secure in grace and favour.
O Margaret, Margaret, now thy heavy curse
Is lighted on poor Hastings' wretched head!

Rat. Dispatch, my lord; the duke would be at dinner:
Make a short shrift; he longs to see your head.

Hast. O momentary grace of mortal men,
Which we more hunt for than the grace of God!
Who builds his hopes in air of your fair looks,
Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast,
Ready, with every nod, to tumble down
Into the fatal bowels of the deep.

Lov. Come, come, dispatch; 'tis bootless to exclaim.

Hast. O bloody Richard! miserable England!
I prophesy the fearfull'st time to thee
That ever wretched age hath looked upon.
Come, lead me to the block; bear him my head:
They smile at me who shortly shall be dead.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene V.—The Tower-walls.

Enter Gloster *and* Buckingham, *in rotten armour, marvellous ill-favoured.*

Glo. Come, cousin, canst thou quake, and change thy colour,
Murder thy breath in middle of a word,
And then begin again, and stop again,
As if thou wert distraught and mad with terror?

Buck. Tut, I can counterfeit the deep tragedian;

Speak and look back, and pry on every side,
Tremble and start at wagging of a straw,
Intending deep suspicion: ghastly looks
Are at my service, like enforcéd smiles;
And both are ready in their offices,
At any time, to grace my stratagems.
But what, is Catesby gone?

Glo. He is; and, see, he brings the mayor along.

Buck. Let me alone to entertain him.

Enter the Mayor and CATESBY.

Lord Mayor,—

Glo. Look to the drawbridge there!

Buck. Hark! a drum.

Glo. Catesby, o'erlook the walls.

Buck. Lord mayor, the reason we have sent for you—

Glo. Look back, defend thee,—here are enemies.

Buck. God and our innocence defend and guard us!

Glo. Be patient, they are friends,—Ratcliff and Lovel.

Enter LOVEL *and* RATCLIFF, *with* HASTINGS' *head.*

Lov. Here is the head of that ignoble traitor,
The dangerous and unsuspected Hastings.

Glo. So dear I loved the man, that I must weep.
I took him for the plainest harmless creature
That breathed upon this earth a Christian;
Made him my book, wherein my soul recorded
The history of all her secret thoughts:
So smooth he daubed his vice with show of virtue,
That, his apparent open guilt omitted,—
I mean, his conversation with Shore's wife,—

He lived from all attainder of suspect.
Buck. Well, well, he was the covert'st sheltered traitor
That ever lived.
Would you imagine, or almost believe,—
Were 't not that, by great preservation,
We live to tell it you,—the subtle traitor
This day had plotted, in the council-house
To murder me and my good Lord of Gloster?
May. What, had he so?
Glo. What, think you we are Turks or infidels?
Or that we would, against the form of law,
Proceed thus rashly to the villain's death,
But that the extreme peril of the case,
The peace of England and our persons' safety,
Enforced us to this execution?
May. Now, fair befall you! he deserved his death;
And you, my good lords, both have well proceeded,
To warn false traitors from the like attempts.
I never looked for better at his hands,
After he once fell in with Mistress Shore.
Glo. Yet had not we determined he should die
Until your lordship came to see his end;
Which now the loving haste of these our friends,
Somewhat against our meaning, have prevented:
Because, my lord, we would have had you hear
The traitor speak, and timorously confess
The manner and the purpose of his treason;
That you might well have signified the same
Unto the citizens, who haply may
Misconstrue us in him and wail his death.
May. But, my good lord, your grace's word shall serve,

As well as I had seen and heard him speak :
And doubt you not, right noble princes both,
But I 'll acquaint our duteous citizens
With all your just proceedings in this case.

Glo. And to that end we wished your lordship here,
To avoid the censures of the carping world.

Buck. But since you come too late of our intent,
Yet witness what you hear we did intend :
And so, my good lord mayor, we bid farewell.
[*Exit Lord Mayor.*

Glo. Go, after, after, cousin Buckingham.
The mayor towards Guildhall hies him in all post :—
There, at your meetest vantage of the time,
Infer the bastardy of Edward's children :
Tell them how Edward put to death a citizen,
Only for saying he would make his son
Heir to the crown ; meaning indeed his house,
Which, by the sign thereof, was terméd so.
Moreover, urge his hateful luxury,
And bestial appetite in change of lust ;
Which stretchéd to their servants, daughters, wives,
Even where his lustful eye or savage heart,
Without control, listed to make a prey.
Nay, for a need, thus far come near my person :—
Tell them, when that my mother went with child
Of that unsatiate Edward, noble York
My princely father then had wars in France ;
And, by just computation of the time,
Found that the issue was not his begot ;
Which well appearéd in his lineaments,
Being nothing like the noble duke my father :
But touch this sparingly, as 'twere far off ;
Because you know, my lord, my mother lives.

Buck. Fear not, my lord, I 'll play the orator
As if the golden fee for which I plead
Were for myself: and so, my lord, adieu.
Glo. If you thrive well, bring them to Baynard's Castle;
Where you shall find me well accompanied
With reverend fathers and well-learnéd bishops.
Buck. I go; and towards three or four o'clock
Look for the news that the Guildhall affords.
[*Exit.*
Glo. Go, Lovel, with all speed to Doctor Shaw,—
[*To Cate.*] Go thou to Friar Penker;—bid them both
Meet me within this hour at Baynard's Castle.
[*Exeunt all but* GLOSTER.
Now will I in, to take some privy order,
To draw the brats of Clarence out of sight;
And to give notice, that no manner person
Have any time recourse unto the princes. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.—The Same. A Street.

Enter a Scrivener, with a paper in his hand.

Scriv. This is the indictment of the good Lord Hastings;
Which in a set hand fairly is engrossed,
That it may be this day read o'er in Paul's.
And mark how well the sequel hangs together:—
Eleven hours I spent to write it over,
For yesternight by Catesby was it brought me;
The precedent was full as long a-doing:
And yet within these five hours Hastings lived,

Untainted, unexamined, free, at liberty.
Here's a good world the while! Why who's so gross,
That cannot see this palpable device?
Yet who's so bold, but says he sees it not?
Bad is the world; and all will come to naught,
When such ill dealing must be seen in thought.
[*Exit.*

SCENE VII.—Court of Baynard's Castle.

Enter GLOSTER *and* BUCKINGHAM, *at several doors.*

Glo. How now, how now! what say the citizens?
Buck. Now, by the holy mother of our Lord,
The citizens are mum, say not a word.
Glo. Touched you the bastardy of Edward's children?
Buck. I did; with this contract with Lady Lucy,
And his contract by deputy in France;
The insatiate greediness of his desires,
And his enforcement of the city wives;
His tyranny for trifles; his own bastardy,—
As being got, your father then in France,
And his resemblance, being not like the duke:
Withal I did infer your lineaments,—
Being the right idea of your father,
Both in your form and nobleness of mind;
Laid open all your victories in Scotland,
Your discipline in war, wisdom in peace,
Your bounty, virtue, fair humility;
Indeed, left nothing fitting for the purpose
Untouched or slightly handled, in discourse:

And when mine oratory grew toward end,
I bid them that did love their country's good
Cry 'God save Richard, England's royal king!'
Glo. And did they so?
Buck. No, so God help me, they spake not a word;
But, like dumb statuas or breathing stones,
Stared each on other, and looked deadly pale.
Which when I saw, I reprehended them;
And asked the mayor what meant this wilful silence:
His answer was, the people were not wont
To be spoke to but by the récorder.
Then he was urged to tell my tale again,
'Thus saith the duke, thus hath the duke inferred;'
But nothing spake in warrant from himself.
When he had done, some followers of mine own,
At lower end of the hall, hurled up their caps,
And some ten voices cried 'God save King Richard!'
And thus I took the vantage of those few,
'Thanks, gentle citizens and friends,' quoth I;
'This general applause and loving shout
Argues your wisdoms and your love to Richard:'
And even here brake off, and came away.
Glo. What tongueless blocks were they! would they not speak?
Buck. No, by my troth, my lord.
Glo. Will not the mayor then and his brethren come?
Buck. The mayor is here at hand: intend some fear;
Be not you spoke with, but by mighty suit:
And look you get a prayer-book in your hand,
And stand betwixt two churchmen, good my lord;

For on that ground I 'll build a holy descant :
And be not easily won to our request :
Play the maid's part,—still answer nay, and take it.

Glo. I go ; and if you plead as well for them
As I can say nay to thee for myself,
No doubt we 'll bring it to a happy issue.

Buck. Go, go, up to the leads : the lord mayor knocks. [*Exit* GLOSTER.

Enter the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Citizens.

Welcome, my lord : I dance attendance here ;
I think the duke will not be spoke withal.

Enter from the Castle CATESBY.

Here comes his servant : how now, Catesby,
What says he ?

Cate. My lord, he doth entreat your grace
To visit him to-morrow or next day :
He is within, with two right reverend fathers,
Divinely bent to meditation ;
And in no worldly suit would he be moved
To draw him from his holy exercise.

Buck. Return, good Catesby, to the gracious duke ;
Tell him, myself, the mayor and aldermen,
In deep designs and matters of great moment,
No less importing than our general good,
Are come to have some conference with his grace.

Cate. I 'll signify so much unto him straight. [*Exit.*

Buck. Ah, ah, my lord, this prince is not an Edward !
He is not lolling on a lewd day-bed,
But on his knees at meditation ;

Not dallying with a brace of courtesans,
But meditating with two deep divines;
Not sleeping, to engross his idle body,
But praying, to enrich his watchful soul.
Happy were England, would this gracious prince
Take on himself the sovereignty thereof:
But, sure, I fear, we shall not win him to't.

May. Marry, God forbid his grace should say us nay!

Buck. I fear he will. Here Catesby comes again.

Re-enter CATESBY.

Now, Catesby, what says his grace?

Cate. He wonders to what end you have assembled
Such troops of citizens to come to him,
His grace not being warned thereof before:
He fears, my lord, you mean no good to him.

Buck. Sorry I am my noble cousin should
Suspect me, that I mean no good to him:
By heaven, we come to him in perfect love;
And so once more return and tell his grace.

[*Exit* CATESBY.

When holy and devout religious men
Are at their beads, 'tis hard to draw them thence,—
So sweet is zealous contemplation.

Enter GLOSTER *aloft, between two Bishops.* CATESBY *returns.*

May. See, where he stands between two clergymen!

Buck. Two props of virtue for a Christian prince,
To stay him from the fall of vanity:
And, see, a book of prayer in his hand,

True ornament to know a holy man.—
Famous Plantagenet, most gracious prince,
Lend favourable ears to our request;
And pardon us the interruption
Of thy devotion and right Christian zeal.
Glo. My lord, there needs no such apology:
I rather do beseech you pardon me,
Who, earnest in the service of my God,
Neglect the visitation of my friends.
But leaving this, what is your grace's pleasure?
Buck. Even that, I hope, which pleaseth God above,
And all good men of this ungoverned isle.
Glo. I do suspect I have done some offence
That seems disgracious in the city's eyes,
And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.
Buck. You have, my lord: would it might please your grace,
At our entreaties, to amend that fault!
Glo. Else wherefore breathe I in a Christian land?
Buck. Know then, it is your fault that you resign
The supreme seat, the throne majestical,
The sceptered office of your ancestors,
Your state of fortune and your due of birth,
The lineal glory of your royal house,
To the corruption of a blemished stock:
Whilst, in the mildness of your sleepy thoughts—
Which here we waken to our country's good—
This noble isle doth want her proper limbs;
Her face defaced with scars of infamy,
Her royal stock graft with ignoble plants,
And almost shouldered in the swallowing gulf
Of dark forgetfulness and deep oblivion.
Which to recure, we heartily solicit

Your gracious self to take on you the charge
And kingly government of this your land;—
Not as protector, steward, substitute,
Or lowly factor for another's gain;
But as successively, from blood to blood,
Your right of birth, your empery, your own.
For this, consorted with the citizens,
Your very worshipful and loving friends,
And by their vehement instigation,
In this just suit come I to move your grace.

Glo. I cannot tell if to depart in silence
Or bitterly to speak in your reproof
Best fitteth my degree or your condition:
If not to answer, you might haply think
Tongue-tied ambition, not replying, yielded
To bear the golden yoke of sovereignty,
Which fondly you would here impose on me;
If to reprove you for this suit of yours,
So seasoned with your faithful love to me,
Then, on the other side, I checked my friends.
Therefore, to speak, and to avoid the first,
And then, in speaking, not to incur the last,
Definitively thus I answer you.
Your love deserves my thanks; but my desert
Unmeritable shuns your high request.
First, if all obstacles were cut away,
And that my path were even to the crown,
As the ripe revenue and due by birth;
Yet so much is my poverty of spirit,
So mighty and so many my defects,
As I had rather hide me from my greatness,—
Being a bark to brook no mighty sea,—
Than in my greatness covet to be hid,
And in the vapour of my glory smothered.

But, God be thanked, there is no need of me,
And much I need to help you, if need were ;—
The royal tree hath left us royal fruit,
Which, mellowed by the stealing hours of time,
Will well become the seat of majesty,
And make, no doubt, us happy by his reign.
On him I lay what you would lay on me,—
The right and fortune of his happy stars ;
Which God defend that I should wring from him !

Buck. My lord, this argues conscience in your grace ;
But the respects thereof are nice and trivial,
All circumstances well consideréd.
You say that Edward is your brother's son :
So say we too, but not by Edward's wife ;
For first he was contract to Lady Lucy—
Your mother lives a witness to his vow,—
And afterwards by substitute betrothed
To Bona, sister to the King of France.
These both put by, a poor petitioner,
A care-crazed mother of a many children,
A beauty-waning and distresséd widow,
Even in the afternoon of her best days,
Made prize and purchase of his wanton eye,
Seduced the pitch and height of his degree
To base declension and loathed bigamy :
By her, in his unlawful bed, he got
This Edward, whom our manners call the prince.
More bitterly could I expostulate,
Save that, for reverence to some alive,
I give a sparing limit to my tongue.
Then, good my lord, take to your royal self
This proffered benefit of dignity ;
If not to bless us and the land withal,

Yet to draw forth your noble ancestry
From the corruption of abusing time,
Unto a lineal true-derivéd course.

May. Do, good, my lord; your citizens entreat you,

Buck. Refuse not, mighty lord, this proffered love.

Cate. O, make them joyful, grant their lawful suit!

Glo. Alas, why would you heap these cares on me?
I am unfit for state and majesty:—
I do beseech you, take it not amiss;
I cannot nor I will not yield to you.

Buck. If you refuse it,—as, in love and zeal,
Loth to depose the child, your brother's son;
As well we know your tenderness of heart,
And gentle, kind, effeminate remorse,
Which we have noted in you to your kin,
And egally indeed to all estates,—
Yet whether you accept our suit or no,
Your brother's son shall never reign our king;
But we will plant some other in the throne,
To the disgrace and downfall of your house:
And in this resolution here we leave you.—
Come, citizens: zounds, I 'll entreat no more.

Glo. O, do not swear, my lord of Buckingham.

[*Exit* BUCKINGHAM *with some of the Citizens.*

Cate. Call them again, sweet prince, accept their suit.
If you deny them all the land will rue it.

Glo. Would you enforce me to a world of care?
Call them again. [CATESBY *goes to the Mayor, &c., and then exit.*] I am not made of stones,

But penetrable to your kind entreats,
Albeit against my conscience and my soul.

Re-enter BUCKINGHAM *and* CATESBY, *the Mayor, &c., coming forward.*

Cousin of Buckingham, and you sage, grave men,
Since you will buckle fortune on my back,
To bear her burden, whether I will or no,
I must have patience to endure the load:
But if black scandal or foul-faced reproach
Attend the sequel of your imposition,
Your mere enforcement shall acquittance me
From all the impure blots and stains thereof;
For God He knows, and you may partly see,
How far I am from the desire of this.

May. God bless your grace! we see it, and will say it.

Glo. In saying so, you shall but say the truth.

Buck. Then I salute you with this kingly title:
Long live King Richard, England's worthy king!

May. and Cit. Amen.

Buck. To-morrow may it please you to be crowned?

Glo. Even when you please, since you will have it so.

Buck. To-morrow, then, we will attend your grace:
And so most joyfully we take our leave.

Glo. Come, let us to our holy task again.—
Farewell, good cousin;—farewell, gentle friends.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

Scene I.—London. Before the Tower.

Enter, on one side, Queen Elizabeth, *Duchess of* York, *and Marquess of* Dorset; *on the other,* Anne, *Duchess of* Gloster, *leading Lady* Margaret Plantagenet, Clarence's *young Daughter.*

Duch. Who meets us here? my niece Plantagenet.
Led in the hand of her kind aunt of Gloster?
Now, for my life, she's wandering to the Tower,
On pure heart's love, to greet the tender princes.
Daughter, well met.

Anne. God give your graces both
A happy and a joyful time of day!

Q. Eliz. As much to you, good sister! Whither away?

Anne. No farther than the Tower; and, as I guess,
Upon the like devotion as yourselves,
To gratulate the gentle princes there.

Q. Eliz. Kind sister, thanks: we'll enter all together.
And, in good time, here the lieutenant comes.

Enter Brakenbury.

Master lieutenant, pray you, by your leave,
How doth the prince, and my young son of York?

Brak. Right well, dear madam. By your patience,
I may not suffer you to visit them;

The king hath straitly charged the contrary.

Q. Eliz. The king! who 's that?

Brak. I mean the lord protector.

Q. Eliz. The Lord protect him from that kingly title!

Hath he set bounds between their love and me?
I am their mother; who shall bar me from them?

Duch. I am their father's mother; I will see them.

Anne. Their aunt I am in law, in love their mother:

Then bring me to their sights; I 'll bear thy blame
And take thy office from thee, on my peril.

Brak. No, madam, no,—I may not leave it so:
I 'm bound by oath, and therefore pardon me.

[*Exit.*

Enter STANLEY.

Stan. Let me but meet you, ladies, one hour hence,
And I 'll salute your grace of York as mother,
And reverend looker on, of two fair queens.
[*To Anne*] Come, madam, you must straight to Westminster,
There to be crownéd Richard's royal queen.

Q. Eliz. Ah, cut my lace in sunder,
That my pent heart may have some scope to beat,
Or else I swoon with this dead-killing news!

Anne. Despiteful tidings! O unpleasing news!

Dor. Be of good cheer:—mother, how fares your grace?

Q. Eliz. O Dorset, speak not to me, get thee hence!
Death and destruction dog thee at the heels;

Thy mother's name is ominous to children.
If thou wilt outstrip death, go cross the seas,
And live with Richmond, from the reach of hell:
Go, hie thee, hie thee from this slaughter-house,
Lest thou increase the number of the dead,
And make me die the thrall of Margaret's curse,—
Nor mother, wife, nor England's counted queen.
Stan. Full of wise care is this your counsel, madam.—
Take all the swift advantage of the hours;
You shall have letters from me to my son
In your behalf, to meet you on the way:
Be not ta'en tardy by unwise delay.
Duch. O ill-dispersing wind of misery!—
O my accurséd womb, the bed of death!
A cockatrice hast thou hatched to the world,
Whose unavoided eye is murderous.
Stan. Come, madam, come; I in all haste was sent.
Anne. And I in all unwillingness will go.—
I would to God that the inclusive verge
Of golden metal that must round my brow
Were red-hot steel, to sear me to the brain!
Anointed let me be with deadly venom,
And die, ere men can say, God save the queen!
Q. Eliz. Go, go, poor soul, I envy not thy glory;
To feed my humour, wish thyself no harm.
Anne. No! why?—When he that is my husband now
Came to me, as I followed Henry's corse,
When scarce the blood was well washed from his hands
Which issued from my other angel husband
And that dead saint which then I weeping followed;

O, when, I say, I looked on Richard's face,
This was my wish, — 'Be thou,' quoth I, 'accursed,
For making me, so young, so old a widow!
And, when thou wed'st, let sorrow haunt thy bed;
And be thy wife—if any be so mad—
As miserable by the life of thee
As thou hast made me by my dear lord's death!'
Lo, ere I can repeat this curse again,
Even in so short a space, my woman's heart
Grossly grew captive to his honey words.
And proved the subject of mine own soul's curse,
Which ever since hath kept mine eyes from rest;
For never yet one hour in his bed
Have I enjoyed the golden dew of sleep,
But have been wakéd by his timorous dreams.
Besides, he hates me for my father Warwick;
And will, no doubt, shortly be rid of me.

Q. Eliz. Poor heart, adieu! I pity thy complaining.

Anne. No more than from my soul I mourn for yours.

Q. Eliz. Farewell, thou woful welcomer of glory!

Anne. Adieu, poor soul, that tak'st thy leave of it!

Duch. [*To Dorset*] Go thou to Richmond, and good fortune guide thee!

[*To Anne*] Go thou to Richard, and good angels guard thee!

[*To Queen Eliz.*] Go thou to sanctuary, and good thoughts possess thee!

I to my grave, where peace and rest lie with me!
Eighty odd years of sorrow have I seen,

And each hour's joy wrecked with a week of teen.
Q. Eliz. Stay, yet look back with me unto the Tower.—
Pity, you ancient stones, those tender babes
Whom envy hath immured within your walls,
Rough cradle for such little pretty ones!
Rude ragged nurse, old sullen playfellow
For tender princes, use my babies well!
So foolish sorrow bids your stones farewell.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—London. A Room of State in the Palace.

Sennet. *Enter* RICHARD, *crowned;* BUCKINGHAM, CATESBY, *a Page, and others.*

K. Rich. Stand all apart.—Cousin of Buckingham,—
Buck. My gracious sovereign?
K. Rich. Give me thy hand. [*Ascendeth the throne.*] Thus high, by thy advice
And thy assistance, is King Richard seated:
But shall we wear these honours for a day?
Or shall they last, and we rejoice in them?
Buck. Still live they and for ever let them last!
K. Rich. O Buckingham, now do I play the touch,
To try if thou be current gold indeed:—
Young Edward lives:—think now what I would speak.
Buck. Say on, my loving lord.
K. Rich. Why, Buckingham, I say, I would be king.

Buck. Why, so you are, my thrice renownéd liege.
K. Rich. Ha! am I king? 't is so:—but Edward lives.
Buck. True, noble prince.
K. Rich. O bitter consequence,
That Edward still should live! 'True, noble prince!'—
Cousin, thou wert not wont to be so dull:
Shall I be plain?—I wish the bastards dead;
And I would have it suddenly performed.
What say'st thou now? speak suddenly; be brief.
Buck. Your grace may do your pleasure.'
K. Rich. Tut, tut, thou art all ice, thy kindness freezes:
Say, have I thy consent that they shall die?
Buck. Give me some breath, some little pause, my lord,
Before I positively speak herein:
I will resolve your grace immediately. [*Exit.*
Cate. [*Aside to a stander-by*] The king is angry: see, he bites the lip.
K. Rich. I will converse with iron-witted fools
[*Descends from his throne.*
And unrespective boys: none are for me
That look into me with considerate eyes:
High-reaching Buckingham grows circumspect.—
Boy!—
Page. My lord?
K. Rich. Know'st thou not any whom corrupting gold
Would tempt unto a close exploit of death?
Page. My lord, I know a discontented gentleman,
Whose humble means match not his haughty mind:
Gold were as good as twenty orators,

And will, no doubt, tempt him to any thing.

K. Rich. What is his name?

Page. His name, my lord, is Tyrrel.

K. Rich. I partly know the man: go, call him hither. [*Exit Page.*

The deep-revolving witty Buckingham
No more shall be the neighbour to my counsels:
Hath he so long held out with me untired,
And stops he now for breath?—Well, be it so.

Enter STANLEY.

How now! what news with you?

Stan. My lord, I hear the Marquis Dorset's fled
To Richmond, in those parts beyond the seas
Where he abides. [*Stands apart.*

K. Rich. Come hither, Catesby! Rumour it abroad
That Anne, my wife, is very grievous sick;
I will take order for her keeping close.
Inquire me out some mean-born gentleman,
Whom I will marry straight to Clarence' daughter;—
The boy is foolish, and I fear not him.—
Look, how thou dream'st!—I say again, give out
That Anne, my wife, is sick and like to die:
About it; for it stands me much upon,
To stop all hopes whose growth may damage me.
[*Exit* CATESBY.
I must be married to my brother's daughter,
Or else my kingdom stands on brittle glass.—
Murder her brothers, and then marry her!
Uncertain way of gain! But I am in
So far in blood, that sin will pluck on sin;
Tear-falling pity dwells not in this eye.

Re-enter Page, with TYRREL.

Is thy name Tyrrel?

Tyr. James Tyrrel, and your most obedient subject.

K. Rich. Art thou, indeed?

Tyr. Prove me, my gracious sovereign.

K. Rich. Dar'st thou resolve to kill a friend of mine?

Tyr. Ay, my lord;
But I had rather kill two enemies.

K. Rich. Why, there thou hast it: two deep enemies,
Foes to my rest and my sweet sleep's disturbers,
Are they that I would have thee deal upon:—
Tyrrel, I mean those bastards in the Tower.

Tyr. Let me have open means to come to them,
And soon I 'll rid you from the fear of them.

K. Rich. Thou sing'st sweet music. Hark, come hither, Tyrrel:
Go, by this token:—rise, and lend thine ear:
[*Whispers.*
There is no more but so:—say it is done,
And I will love thee, and prefer thee for it.

Tyr. 'T is done, my gracious lord.

K. Rich. Shall we hear from thee, Tyrrel, ere we sleep?

Tyr. Ye shall, my lord. [*Exit.*

Re-enter BUCKINGHAM.

Buck. My lord, I have considered in my mind
The late demand that you did sound me in.

K. Rich. Well, let that pass. Dorset is fled to Richmond.

Buck. I hear that news, my lord.
K. Rich. Stanley, he is your wife's son:—well, look to it.
Buck. My lord, I claim the gift, my due by promise,
For which your honour and your faith is pawned;
Th' earldom of Hereford and the moveables
The which you promiséd I should possess.
K. Rich. Stanley, look to your wife: if she convey
Letters to Richmond, you shall answer it.
Buck. What says your highness to my just demand?
K. Rich. As I remember, Henry the Sixth
Did prophesy that Richmond should be king,
When Richmond was a little peevish boy.
A king!—perhaps,—
Buck. My lord!—
K. Rich. How chance the prophet could not at that time
Have told me, I being by, that I should kill him?
Buck. My lord, your promise for the earldom,—
K. Rich. Richmond!—when last I was at Exeter,
The mayor in courtesy showed me the castle,
And called it Rougemont: at which name I started,
Because a bard of Ireland told me once
I should not live long after I saw Richmond.
Buck. My lord!—
K. Rich. Ay, what 's o'clock?
Buck. I am thus bold to put your grace in mind
Of what you promised me.
K. Rich. Well, but what 's o'clock?
Buck. Upon the stroke of ten.
K. Rich. Well, let it strike.

Buck. Why let it strike?

K. Rich. Because that, like a Jack, thou keep'st the stroke
Betwixt thy begging and my meditation.
I am not in the giving vein to-day.

Buck. Why, then resolve me whether you will or no.

K. Rich. Thou troublest me; I am not in the vein. [*Exeunt all but* BUCKINGHAM.

Buck. Is it even so? rewards he my true service
With such contempt? made I him king for this?
O, let me think on Hastings, and be gone
To Brecknock, while my fearful head is on! [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—Another Room in the Palace.

Enter TYRREL.

Tyr. The tyrannous and bloody deed is done,—
The most arch act of piteous massacre
That ever yet this land was guilty of.
Dighton and Forrest, whom I did suborn
To do this ruthless piece of butchery,
Although they were fleshed villains, bloody dogs,
Melting with tenderness and kind compassion,
Wept like two children in their deaths' sad story.
'Lo thus,' quoth Dighton, 'lay those tender babes:
'Thus, thus,' quoth Forrest, 'girdling one another
Within their innocent alabaster arms:
Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,
Which in their summer beauty kissed each other.
A book of prayers on their pillow lay;

Which once,' quoth Forrest, 'almost changed my mind;
But O! the devil'—there the villain stopped;
Whilst Dighton thus told on:—'We smotheréd
The most replenishéd sweet work of nature
That from the prime creation e'er she framed.'
Hence both are gone with conscience and remorse;
They could not speak; and so I left them both,
To bring this tidings to the bloody king:—
And here he comes.

Enter King RICHARD.

All health, my sovereign liege!

K. Rich. Kind Tyrrel, am I happy in thy news?

Tyr. If to have done the thing you gave in charge
Beget your happiness, be happy then,
For it is done.

K. Rich. But didst thou see them dead?

Tyr. I did, my lord.

K. Rich. And buried, gentle Tyrrel?

Tyr. The chaplain of the Tower hath buried them;
But where, to say the truth, I do not know.

K. Rich. Come to me, Tyrrel, soon at after supper,
When thou shalt tell the process of their death.
Meantime, but think how I may do thee good,
And be inheritor of thy desire.
Farewell till then. [*Exit* TYRREL.
The son of Clarence have I pent up close;
His daughter meanly have I matched in marriage;
The sons of Edward sleep in Abraham's bosom,
And Anne my wife hath bid the world good night.
Now, for I know the Breton Richmond aims
At young Elizabeth, my brother's daughter,

And, by that knot, looks proudly on the crown,
To her I go, a jolly thriving wooer.

Enter CATESBY.

Cate. My lord,—

K. Rich. Good news or bad, that thou com'st in so bluntly?

Cate. Bad news, my lord: Ely is fled to Richmond;
And Buckingham, backed with the hardy Welshmen,
Is in the field, and still his power increaseth.

K. Rich. Ely with Richmond troubles me more near
Than Buckingham and his rash-levied strength.
Come,—I have learned that fearful commenting
Is leaden servitor to dull delay;
Delay leads impotent and snail-paced beggary:
Then fiery expedition be my wing,
Jove's Mercury, and herald for a king!
Come, muster men: my counsel is my shield;
We must be brief when traitors brave the field.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Before the Palace.

Enter Queen MARGARET.

Q. Mar. So, now prosperity begins to mellow
And drop into the rotten mouth of death.
Here in these confines slily have I lurked,
To watch the waning of mine enemies.
A dire induction am I witness to,
And will to France; hoping the consequence

Will prove as bitter, black, and tragical.—
Withdraw thee, wretched Margaret: who comes here?

Enter Queen ELIZABETH *and the Duchess of* YORK.

Q. Eliz. Ah, my young princes! ah, my tender babes!
My unblown flowers, new-appearing sweets!
If yet your gentle souls fly in the air
And be not fixed in doom perpetual,
Hover about me with your airy wings
And hear your mother's lamentation!

Q. Mar. [*Aside*] Hover about her; say, that right for right
Hath dimmed your infant morn to agéd night.

Duch. So many miseries have crazed my voice,
That my woe-wearied tongue is still and mute.
Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead?

Q. Mar. [*Aside*] Plantagenet doth quit Plantagenet,
Edward for Edward pays a dying debt.

Q. Eliz. Wilt Thou, O God, fly from such gentle lambs,
And throw them in the entrails of the wolf?
When didst Thou sleep, when such a deed was done?

Q. Mar. [*Aside*] When holy Harry died, and my sweet son.

Duch. Blind sight, dead life, poor mortal living ghost,
Woe's scene, world's shame, grave's due by life usurped,
Brief abstract and record of tedious days,
Rest thy unrest on England's lawful earth,
[*Sitting down.*

Unlawfully made drunk with innocents' blood!

Q. Eliz. Ah, that thou wouldst as well afford a grave
As thou canst yield a melancholy seat!
Then would I hide my bones, not rest them here.
Ah, who hath any cause to mourn but I?
[*Sitting down by her.*

Q. Mar. [*Coming forward*] If ancient sorrow be most reverend,
Give mine the benefit of seniory,
And let my griefs frown on the upper hand.
If sorrow can admit society,
[*Sitting down with them.*
Tell o'er your woes again by viewing mine:—
I had an Edward, till a Richard killed him;
I had a Harry, till a Richard killed him:
Thou hadst an Edward, till a Richard killed him;
Thou hadst a Richard, till a Richard killed him.

Duch. I had a Richard too, and thou didst kill him;
I had a Rutland too, thou holp'st to kill him.

Q. Mar. Thou hadst a Clarence too, and Richard killed him.
From forth the kennel of thy womb hath crept
A hell-hound that doth hunt us all to death:
That dog, that had his teeth before his eyes,
To worry lambs and lap their gentle blood;
That foul defacer of God's handiwork;
That excellent grand tyrant of the earth,
That reigns in gallèd eyes of weeping souls,—
Thy womb let loose, to chase us to our graves.—
O upright, just, and true-disposing God,
How do I thank Thee, that this carnal cur
Preys on the issue of his mother's body,

And makes her pew-fellow with others' moan!
Duch. O Harry's wife, triúmph not in my woes!
God witness with me, I have wept for thine.
Q. Mar. Bear with me; I am hungry for revenge,
And now I cloy me with beholding it.
Thy Edward he is dead, that stabbed my Edward;
Thy other Edward dead, to quit my Edward;
Young York he is but boot, because both they
Match not the high perfection of my loss:
Thy Clarence he is dead that killed my Edward;
And the beholders of this tragic play,
The adulterate Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan, Grey,
Untimely smothered in their dusky graves.
Richard yet lives, hell's black intelligencer,
Only reserved their factor, to buy souls
And send them thither:—but at hand, at hand,
Ensues his piteous and unpitied end:
Earth gapes, hell burns, fiends roar, saints pray,
To have him suddenly conveyed away.
Cancel his bond of life, dear God, I pray,
That I may live to say, The dog is dead!
Q. Eliz. O, thou didst prophesy the time would come
That I should wish for thee to help me curse
That bottled spider, that foul bunch-backed toad!
Q. Mar. I called thee then, vain flourish of my fortune,
I called thee then poor shadow, painted queen;
The presentation of but what I was,
The flattering index of a direful pageant;
One heaved a-high, to be hurled down below;
A mother only mocked with two sweet babes;
A dream of what thou wert; a breath, a bubble;
A sign of dignity, a garish flag

To be the aim of every dangerous shot;
A queen in jest, only to fill the scene.
Where is thy husband now? where be thy brothers?
Where be thy two sons? wherein dost thou joy?
Who sues to thee, and cries, 'God save the queen'?
Where be the bending peers that flattered thee?
Where be the thronging troops that followed thee?
Decline all this, and see what now thou art:
For happy wife, a most distressèd widow;
For joyful mother, one that wails the name;
For queen, a very caitiff crowned with care;
For one being sued to, one that humbly sues;
For one that scorned at me, now scorned of me;
For one being feared of all, now fearing one;
For one commanding all, obeyed of none.
Thus hath the course of justice wheeled about,
And left thee but a very prey to time;
Having no more but thought of what thou wert,
To torture thee the more, being what thou art.
Thou didst usurp my place, and dost thou not
Usurp the just proportion of my sorrow?
Now thy proud neck bears half my burdened yoke;
From which even here I slip my weary neck,
And leave the burden of it all on thee.
Farewell, York's wife, and queen of sad mischance:—
These English woes will make me smile in France.

Q. Eliz. O thou well skilled in curses, stay awhile,
And teach me how to curse mine enemies!

Q. Mar. Forbear to sleep the night, and fast the day;
Compare dead happiness with living woe;
Think that thy babes were fairer than they were,

And he that slew them fouler than he is:
Bettering thy loss makes the bad causer worse:
Revolving this will teach thee how to curse.

Q. Eliz. My words are dull; O, quicken them with thine!

Q. Mar. Thy woes will make them sharp, and pierce like mine. [*Exit.*

Duch. Why should calamity be full of words?

Q. Eliz. Windy attorneys to their client woes,
Airy succeeders of intestate joys,
Poor breathing orators of miseries!
Let them have scope: though what they do impart
Help nothing else, yet do they ease the heart.

Duch. If so, then be not tongue-tied: go with me,
And in the breath of bitter words let 's smother
My damnéd son, that thy two sweet sons smothered.
I hear his drum:—be copious in exclaims.

Enter King RICHARD, *marching, with drums and trumpets.*

K. Rich. Who intercepts me in my expedition?

Duch. O, she that might have intercepted thee,
By strangling thee in her accurséd womb,
From all the slaughters, wretch, that thou hast done!

Q. Eliz. Hid'st thou that forehead with a golden crown,
Where should be branded, if that right were right,
The slaughter of the prince that owed that crown,
And the dire death of my poor sons and brothers?
Tell me, thou villain slave, where are my children?

Duch. Thou toad, thou toad, where is thy brother Clarence?

And little Ned Plantagenet, his son?

Q. Eliz. Where is the gentle Rivers, Vaughan, Grey?

Duch. Where is kind Hastings?

K. Rich. A flourish, trumpets! strike alarum, drums!

Let not the heavens hear these tell-tale women
Rail on the Lord's anointed: strike, I say!
[*Flourish. Alarums.*
Either be patient, and entreat me fair,
Or with the clamorous report of war
Thus will I drown your exclamations.

Duch. Art thou my son?

K. Rich. Ay, I thank God, my father, and yourself.

Duch. Then patiently hear my impatience.

K. Rich. Madam, I have a touch of your condition,

Which cannot brook the accent of reproof.

Duch. O, let me speak!

K. Rich. Do then; but I 'll not hear.

Duch. I will be mild and gentle in my words.

K. Rich. And brief, good mother; for I am in haste.

Duch. Art thou so hasty? I have stayed for thee,
God knows, in torment and in agony.

K. Rich. And came I not at last to comfort you?

Duch. No, by the holy rood, thou know'st it well,

Thou cam'st on earth to make the earth my hell.
A grievous burthen was thy birth to me;
Tetchy and wayward was thy infancy;
Thy school-days frightful, desperate, wild, and furious;

Thy prime of manhood daring, bold, and venturous,
Thy age confirmed, proud, subtle, bloody, treacherous,
More mild, but yet more harmful,—kind in hatred:
What comfortable hour canst thou name,
That ever graced me in thy company?

K. Rich. Faith, none, but Humphrey Hour, that called your grace
To breakfast once forth of my company.
If I be so disgracious in your eye,
Let me march on, and not offend you, madam.
Strike up the drum.

Duch. I prithee, hear me speak.

K. Rich. You speak too bitterly.

Duch. Hear me a word;
For I shall never speak to thee again.

K. Rich. So.

Duch. Either thou 'lt die, by God's just ordinance,
Ere from this war thou turn a conqueror;
Or I with grief and extreme age shall perish,
And never look upon thy face again.
Therefore take with thee my most heavy curse;
Which, in the day of battle, tire thee more
Than all the complete armour that thou wear'st!
My prayers on the adverse party fight;
And there the little souls of Edward's children
Whisper the spirits of thine enemies,
And promise them success and victory,
Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end;
Shame serves thy life, and doth thy death attend.
[*Exit.*

Q. Eliz. Though far more cause, yet much less spirit to curse
Abides in me; I say amen to all. [*Going.*

K. Rich. Stay, madam; I must speak a word with you.

Q. Eliz. I have no more sons of the royal blood
For thee to murder: for my daughters, Richard,—
They shall be praying nuns, not weeping queens;
And therefore level not to hit their lives.

K. Rich. You have a daughter called Elizabeth,
Virtuous and fair, royal and gracious.

Q. Eliz. And must she die for this? O, let her live,
And I'll corrupt her manners, stain her beauty;
Slander myself as false to Edward's bed;
Throw over her the veil of infamy:
So she may live unscarred of bleeding slaughter,
I will confess she was not Edward's daughter.

K. Rich. Wrong not her birth, she is of royal blood.

Q. Eliz. To save her life, I'll say she is not so.

K. Rich. Her life is safest only in her birth.

Q. Eliz. And only in that safety died her brothers.

K. Rich. Lo, at their births good stars were opposite.

Q. Eliz. No, to their lives bad friends were contrary.

K. Rich. All unavoided is the doom of destiny.

Q. Eliz. True, when avoided grace makes destiny:
My babes were destined to a fairer death,
If grace had blessed thee with a fairer life.

K. Rich. You speak as if that I had slain my cousins.

Q. Eliz. Cousins, indeed; and by their uncle cozened
Of comfort, kingdom, kindred, freedom, life.

Whose hand soever lanced their tender hearts,
Thy head, all indirectly, gave direction:
No doubt the murderous knife was dull and blunt
Till it was whetted on thy stone-hard heart,
To revel in the entrails of my lambs.
But that still use of grief makes wild grief tame,
My tongue should to thy ears not name my boys
Till that my nails were anchored in thine eyes;
And I, in such a desperate bay of death,
Like a poor bark of sails and tackling reft,
Rush all to pieces on thy rocky bosom.

K. Rich. Madam, so thrive I in my enterprise
And dangerous success of bloody wars,
As I intend more good to you and yours
Than ever you or yours were by me wronged!

Q. Eliz. What good is covered with the face of heaven,
To be discovered, that can do me good?

K. Rich. The advancement of your children, gentle lady.

Q. Eliz. Up to some scaffold, there to lose their heads?

K. Rich. No, to the dignity and height of honour,
The high imperial type of this earth's glory.

Q. Eliz. Flatter my sorrows with report of it;
Tell me what state, what dignity, what honour,
Canst thou demise to any child of mine?

K. Rich. Even all I have; yea, and myself and all,
Will I withal endow a child of thine;
So in the Lethe of thy angry soul
Thou drown the sad remembrance of those wrongs
Which thou supposest I have done to thee.

Q. Eliz. Be brief, lest that the process of thy kindness

Last longer telling than thy kindness' date.

K. Rich. Then know, that from my soul I love thy daughter.

Q. Eliz. My daughter's mother thinks it with her soul.

K. Rich. What do you think?

Q. Eliz. That thou dost love my daughter from thy soul:

So from thy soul's love didst thou love her brothers;
And from my heart's love I do thank thee for it.

K. Rich. Be not so hasty to confound my meaning:

I mean, that with my soul I love thy daughter,
And do intend to make her queen of England.

Q. Eliz. Say then, who dost thou mean shall be her king?

K. Rich. Even he that makes her queen: who else should be?

Q. Eliz. What, thou?

K. Rich. Even I: what think you of it, madam?

Q. Eliz. How canst thou woo her?

K. Rich. That would I learn of you,
As one being best acquainted with her humour.

Q. Eliz. And wilt thou learn of me?

K. Rich. Madam, with all my heart.

Q. Eliz. Send to her, by the man that slew her brothers,
A pair of bleeding hearts; thereon engraven
'Edward and York;' then haply will she weep:
Therefore present to her,—as sometime Margaret
Did to thy father, steeped in Rutland's blood,—
A handkerchief; which, say to her, did drain
The purple sap from her sweet brothers' bodies,
And bid her dry her weeping eyes withal.

If this inducement force her not to love,
Send her a story of thy noble deeds;
Tell her thou mad'st away her uncle Clarence,
Her uncle Rivers; yea, and, for her sake,
Mad'st quick conveyance with her good aunt Anne.

K. Rich. You mock me, madam; this is not the way
To win your daughter.

Q. Eliz. There 's no other way;
Unless thou couldst put on some other shape,
And not be Richard that hath done all this.

K. Rich. Say that I did all this for love of her.

Q. Eliz. Nay, then indeed she cannot choose but hate thee,
Having bought love with such a bloody spoil.

K. Rich. Look, what is done cannot be now amended:
Men shall deal unadvisedly sometimes,
Which after hours give leisure to repent.
If I did take the kingdom from your sons,
To make amends, I 'll give it to your daughter.
If I have killed the issue of your womb,
To quicken your increase, I will beget
Mine issue of your blood upon your daughter:
A grandam's name is little less in love
Than is the doting title of a mother;
They are as children but one step below,
Even of your mettle, of your very blood;
Of all one pain,—save for a night of groans
Endured of her, for whom you bid like sorrow.
Your children were vexation to your youth,
But mine shall be a comfort to your age.
The loss you have is but a son being king,
And by that loss your daughter is made queen.

I cannot make you what amends I would,
Therefore accept such kindness as I can.
Dorset your son, that with a fearful soul
Leads discontented steps in foreign soil,
This fair alliance quickly shall call home
To high promotions and great dignity :
The king, that calls your beauteous daughter wife,
Familiarly shall call thy Dorset brother ;
Again shall you be mother to a king,
And all the ruins of distressful times
Repaired with double riches of content.
What ! we have many goodly days to see :
The liquid drops of tears that you have shed
Shall come again, transformed to orient pearl,
Advantaging their loan with interest
Of ten times double gain of happiness.
Go, then, my mother, to thy daughter go ;
Make bold her bashful years with your experience ;
Prepare her ears to hear a wooer's tale ;
Put in her tender heart the aspiring flame
Of golden sovereignty ; acquaint the princess
With the sweet silent hours of marriage joys :
And when this arm of mine hath chastiséd
The petty rebel, dull-brained Buckingham,
Bound with triumphant garlands will I come
And lead thy daughter to a conqueror's bed ;
To whom I will retail my conquest won,
And she shall be sole victress, Cæsar's Cæsar.

Q. Eliz. What were I best to say ? her father's brother
Would be her lord ? or shall I say, her uncle ?
Or, he that slew her brothers and her uncles ?
Under what title shall I woo for thee,
That God, the law, my honour and her love,

Can make seem pleasing to her tender years?

K. Rich. Infer fair England's peace by this alliance.

Q. Eliz. Which she shall purchase with still lasting war.

K. Rich. Tell her the king, that may command, entreats.

Q. Eliz. That at her hands which the king's King forbids.

K. Rich. Say, she shall be a high and mighty queen.

Q. Eliz. To wail the title, as her mother doth.

K. Rich. Say, I will love her everlastingly.

Q. Eliz. But how long shall that title 'ever' last?

K. Rich. Sweetly in force unto her fair life's end.

Q. Eliz. But how long fairly shall her sweet life last?

K. Rich. So long as heaven and nature lengthen it.

Q. Eliz. So long as hell and Richard like of it.

K. Rich. Say I, her sovereign, am her subject love.

Q. Eliz. But she, your subject, loathes such sovereignty.

K. Rich. Be eloquent in my behalf to her.

Q. Eliz. An honest tale speeds best being plainly told.

K. Rich. Then in plain terms tell her my loving tale.

Q. Eliz. Plain and not honest is too harsh a style.

K. Rich. Your reasons are too shallow and too quick.

Q. Eliz. O no, my reasons are too deep and dead ;
Too deep and dead, poor infants, in their grave.
K. Rich. Harp not on that string, madam ; that is past.
Q. Eliz. Harp on it still shall I till heart-strings break.
K. Rich. Now, by my George, my garter, and my crown,—
Q. Eliz. Profaned, dishonoured, and the third usurped.
K. Rich. I swear—
Q. Eliz. By nothing ; for this is no oath :
The George, profaned, hath lost his holy honour ;
The garter, blemished, pawned his knightly virtue ;
The crown, usurped, disgraced his kingly glory.
If something thou wilt swear to be believed,
Swear then by something that thou hast not wronged.
K. Rich. Now, by the world—
Q. Eliz. 'T is full of thy foul wrongs.
K. Rich. My father's death—
Q. Eliz. Thy life hath that dishonoured.
K. Rich. Then, by myself—
Q. Eliz. Thyself is self misused.
K. Rich. Why then, by God—
Q. Eliz. God's wrong is most of all.
If thou hadst feared to break an oath by Him,
The unity the king thy brother made
Had not been broken, nor my brother slain :
If thou hadst feared to break an oath by Him,
The imperial metal, circling now thy brow,
Had graced the tender temples of my child,
And both the princes had been breathing here,

Which now, too tender bedfellows for dust,
Thy broken faith hath made a prey for worms.
What canst thou swear by now?
K. Rich. The time to come.
Q. Eliz. That thou hast wrongéd in the time o'erpast;
For I myself have many tears to wash
Hereafter time, for time past wronged by thee.
The children live, whose parents thou hast slaughtered,
Ungoverned youth, to wail it in their age;
The parents live, whose children thou hast butchered,
Old withered plants, to wail it with their age.
Swear not by time to come; for that thou hast
Misused ere used, by time misused o'erpast.
K. Rich. As I intend to prosper and repent,
So thrive I in my dangerous attempt
Of hostile arms! myself myself confound!
Heaven and fortune bar me happy hours!
Day, yield me not thy light; nor, night, thy rest!
Be opposite all planets of good luck
To my proceeding, if, with pure heart's love,
Immaculate devotion, holy thoughts,
I tender not thy beauteous princely daughter!
In her consists my happiness and thine;
Without her, follows to this land and me,
To thee, herself, and many a Christian soul,
Death, desolation, ruin and decay:
It cannot be avoided but by this;
It will not be avoided but by this.
Therefore, dear mother,—I must call you so—
Be the attorney of my love to her:
Plead what I will be, not what I have been;

Not my deserts, but what I will deserve:
Urge the necessity and state of times,
And be not peevish-fond in great designs.

Q. Eliz. Shall I be tempted of the devil thus?

K. Rich. Ay, if the devil tempt thee to do good.

Q. Eliz. Shall I forget myself to be myself?

K. Rich. Ay, if your self's remembrance wrong yourself.

Q. Eliz. But thou didst kill my children.

K. Rich. But in your daughter's womb I 'll bury them:
Where in that nest of spicery they shall breed
Selves of themselves, to your recomforture.

Q. Eliz. Shall I go win my daughter to thy will?

K. Rich. And be a happy mother by the deed.

Q. Eliz. I go.—Write to me very shortly,
And you shall understand from me her mind.

K. Rich. Bear her my true love's kiss, and so farewell. [*Exit Queen* ELIZABETH.
Relenting fool, and shallow, changing woman!

Enter RATCLIFF; CATESBY *following*.

How now! what news?

Rat. My gracious sovereign, on the western coast
Rideth a puissant navy; to the shore
Throng many doubtful hollow-hearted friends,
Unarmed, and unresolved to beat them back:
'T is thought that Richmond is their admiral;
And there they hull, expecting but the aid
Of Buckingham to welcome them ashore.

K. Rich. Some light-foot friend post to the Duke of Norfolk:—
Ratcliff, thyself, —or Catesby; where is he?

Cate. Here, my good lord.

K. Rich. Fly to the duke:—[*To Ratcliff*] Post thou to Salisbury:

When thou com'st thither,—[*To Catesby*] Dull, unmindful villain,

Why stand'st thou still, and go'st not to the duke?

Cate. First, mighty liege, tell me your highness' pleasure,

What from your grace I shall deliver to him.

K. Rich. O true, good Catesby: bid him levy straight

The greatest strength and power he can make,

And meet me suddenly at Salisbury.

Cate. I go. [*Exit.*

Rat. What may it please you I shall do at Salisbury?

K. Rich. Why, what wouldst thou do there before I go?

Rat. Your highness told me I should post before.

K. Rich. My mind is changed.

Enter STANLEY.

Stanley, what news with you?

Stan. None good, my lord, to please you with the hearing;

Nor none so bad, but it may well be told.

K. Rich. Hoyday, a riddle! neither good nor bad!

What need'st thou run so many miles about,

When thou mayst tell thy tale the nearest way?

Once more, what news?

Stan. Richmond is on the seas.

K. Rich. There let him sink, and be the seas on him!

White-livered runagate, what doth he there?

Stan. I know not, mighty sovereign, but by guess.

K. Rich. Well, as you guess?

Stan. Stirred up by Dorset, Buckingham, and Ely,
He makes for England, here to claim the crown.

K. Rich. Is the chair empty? is the sword unswayed?
Is the king dead? the empire unpossessed?
What heir of York is there alive but we?
And who is England's king but great York's heir?
Then, tell me, what makes he upon the seas?

Stan. Unless for that, my liege, I cannot guess.

K. Rich. Unless for that he comes to be your liege,
You cannot guess wherefore the Welshman comes.
Thou wilt revolt, and fly to him, I fear.

Stan. No, mighty liege; therefore mistrust me not.

K. Rich. Where is thy power, then, to beat him back?
Where are thy tenants and thy followers?
Are they not now upon the western shore,
Safe-cónducting the rebels from their ships?

Stan. No, my good lord, my friends are in the north.

K. Rich. Cold friends to Richard, what do they in the north,
When they should serve their sovereign in the west?

Stan. They have not been commanded, mighty king:
Please it your majesty to give me leave,

I'll muster up my friends, and meet your grace
Where and what time your majesty shall please.
K. Rich. Ay, ay, thou wouldst be gone to join with Richmond:
I will not trust you, sir.
Stan. Most mighty sovereign,
You have no cause to hold my friendship doubtful:
I never was nor never will be false.
K. Rich. Well,
Go muster men. But, hear you, leave behind
Your son, George Stanley: look your faith be firm,
Or else his head's assurance is but frail.
Stan. So deal with him as I prove true to you.
[*Exit.*

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My gracious sovereign, now in Devonshire,
As I by friends am well advértiséd,
Sir Edward Courtney, and the haughty prelate
Bishop of Exeter, his elder brother,
With many more confederates, are in arms.

Enter a second Messenger.

Sec. Mess. My liege, in Kent the Guildfords are in arms;
And every hour more competitors
Flock to the rebels, and their power grows strong.

Enter a third Messenger.

Third Mess. My lord, the army of great Buckingham—
K. Rich. Out on you, owls! nothing but songs of death? [*He striketh him.*
Take that until thou bring me better news.
Third Mess. The news I have to tell your majesty

Is, that by sudden floods and fall of waters,
Buckingham's army is dispersed and scattered;
And he himself wandered away alone,
No man knows whither.

K. Rich. O, I cry thee mercy:
There is my purse to cure that blow of thine.
Hath any well-adviséd friend proclaimed
Reward to him that brings the traitor in?

Third Mess. Such proclamation hath been made, my liege.

Enter a fourth Messenger.

Fourth Mess. Sir Thomas Lovel and Lord Marquis Dorset,
'Tis said, my liege, in Yorkshire are in arms.
Yet this good comfort bring I to your grace,
The Breton navy is dispersed by tempest:
Richmond, in Dorsetshire, sent out a boat
Unto the shore, to ask those on the banks
If they were his assistants, yea or no;
Who answered him they came from Buckingham
Upon his party: he, mistrusting them,
Hoist sail and made away for Brittany.

K. Rich. March on, march on, since we are up in arms;
If not to fight with foreign enemies,
Yet to beat down these rebels here at home.

Re-enter CATESBY.

Cate. My liege, the Duke of Buckingham is taken,—
That is the best news: that the Earl of Richmond
Is with a mighty power landed at Milford,
Is colder tidings yet they must be told.

K. Rich. Away towards Salisbury! while we reason here,
A royal battle might be won and lost:—
Some one take order Buckingham be brought
To Salisbury; the rest march on with me.
[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

Scene V.—Lord Derby's House.

Enter Stanley *and Sir* Christopher Urswick.

Stan. Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from me:—
That in the sty of this most bloody boar
My son George Stanley is franked up in hold:
If I revolt, off goes young George's head;
The fear of that withholds my present aid.
But, tell me, where is princely Richmond now?

Chris. At Pembroke, or at Ha'rford-west in Wales.

Stan. What men of name resort to him?

Chris. Sir Walter Herbert, a renownéd soldier;
Sir Gilbert Talbot and Sir William Stanley;
Oxford, redoubted Pembroke, Sir James Blunt,
And Rice ap Thomas, with a valiant crew;
And many more of noble fame and worth:
And towards London they do bend their course,
If by the way they be not fought withal.

Stan. Return unto thy lord; commend me to him:
Tell him the queen hath heartily consented
He shall espouse Elizabeth her daughter.
These letters will resolve him of my mind.
[*Giving letters.*
Farewell. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

Scene I.—Salisbury. An open place.

Enter the Sheriff, and Buckingham, *with halberds, led to execution.*

Buck. Will not King Richard let me speak with him?

Sher. No, my good lord; therefore be patient.

Buck. Hastings, and Edward's children, Rivers, Grey,
Holy King Henry, and thy fair son Edward,
Vaughan, and all that have miscarriéd
By underhand corrupted foul injustice,—
If that your moody discontented souls
Do through the clouds behold this present hour,
Even for revenge mock my destruction!—
This is All-Souls' day, fellows, is it not?

Sher. It is, my lord.

Buck. Why, then All-Souls' day is my body's doomsday.
This is the day that, in King Edward's time,
I wished might fall on me, when I was found
False to his children or his wife's allies;
This is the day wherein I wished to fall
By the false faith of him I trusted most;
This, this All-Souls' day to my fearful soul
Is the determined respite of my wrongs:
That high All-Seer that I dallied with
Hath turned my feignéd prayer on my head
And given in earnest what I begged in jest.
Thus doth he force the swords of wicked men
To turn their own points on their masters' bosoms:

Now Margaret's curse falls heavy on my neck,—
'When he,' quoth she, 'shall split thy heart with sorrow,
Remember Margaret was a prophetess.'—
Come, sirs, convey me to the block of shame;
Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—The Camp near Tamworth.

Enter RICHMOND, OXFORD, *Sir* JAMES BLUNT, *Sir* WALTER HERBERT, *and others, with Forces, marching.*

Richm. Fellows in arms, and my most loving friends,
Bruised underneath the yoke of tyranny,
Thus far into the bowels of the land
Have we marched on without impediment;
And here receive we from our father Stanley
Lines of fair comfort and encouragement.
The wretched, bloody, and usurping boar,
That spoiled your summer fields and fruitful vines,
Swills your warm blood like wash, and makes his trough
In your embowelled bosoms, this foul swine
Lies now even in the centre of this isle,
Near to the town of Leicester, as we learn:
From Tamworth thither is but one day's march.
In God's name, cheerly on, courageous friends.
To reap the harvest of perpetual peace
By this one bloody trial of sharp war.

Oxf. Every man's conscience is a thousand swords,
To fight against this guilty homicide.

Herb. I doubt not but his friends will turn to us.
Blunt. He hath no friends but what are friends for fear,
Which in his dearest need will shrink from him.
Richm. All for our vantage. Then, in God's name, march:
True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings,
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene III.—Bosworth Field.

Enter King Richard, *and Forces, the Duke of* Norfolk, *Earl of* Surrey, *and others.*

K. Rich. Here pitch our tents, even here in Bosworth field.—
My Lord of Surrey, why look you so sad?
Sur. My heart is ten times lighter than my looks.
K. Rich. My Lord of Norfolk,—
Nor. Here, most gracious liege.
K. Rich. Norfolk, we must have knocks; ha! must we not?
Nor. We must both give and take, my loving lord.
K. Rich. Up with my tent! [*Soldiers begin to set up the King's tent.*] Here will I lie to-night;
But where to-morrow? Well, all 's one for that.
Who hath descried the number of the traitors?
Nor. Six or seven thousand is their utmost power.
K. Rich. Why, our battalia trebles that account:
Besides, the king's name is a tower of strength,
Which they upon the adverse party want.—

Up with the tent !—Come, noble gentlemen,
Let us survey the vantage of the ground ;—
Call for some men of sound direction :—
Let 's want no discipline, make no delay ;
For, lords, to-morrow is a busy day. [*Exeunt.*

Enter, on the other side of the field, RICHMOND, *Sir* WILLIAM BRANDON, OXFORD, *and others. Some of the Soldiers pitch Richmond's tent.*

Richm. The weary sun hath made a golden set,
And, by the bright track of his fiery car,
Gives token of a goodly day to-morrow.—
Sir William Brandon, you shall bear my standard.—
Give me some ink and paper in my tent :
I 'll draw the form and model of our battle,
Limit each leader to his several charge,
And part in just proportion our small power.—
My Lord of Oxford,—you, Sir William Brandon,—
And you, Sir Walter Herbert,—stay with me.—
The Earl of Pembroke keeps his regiment :—
Good Captain Blunt, bear my good-night to him,
And by the second hour in the morning
Desire the earl to see me in my tent :
Yet one thing more, good captain, do for me,—
Where is Lord Stanley quartered, do you know ?

Blunt. Unless I have mista'en his colours much,—
Which well I am assured I have not done,—
His regiment lies half a mile at least
South from the mighty power of the king.

Richm. If without peril it be possible,
Sweet Blunt, make some good means to speak with him,
And give him from me this most needful scroll.

Blunt. Upon my life, my lord I 'll undertake it ;

And so, God give you quiet rest to-night!
Richm. Good night, good Captain Blunt. [*Exit. Blunt.*] Come, gentlemen,
Let us consult upon to-morrow's business:
In to my tent; the air is raw and cold.
[*They withdraw into the tent.*

Re-enter, to his tent, King RICHARD, NORFOLK, RATCLIFF, CATESBY, *and others.*

K. Rich. What is 't o'clock?
Cate. It 's supper-time, my lord;
It 's nine o'clock.
K. Rich. I will not sup to-night.
Give me some ink and paper.
What, is my beaver easier than it was?
And all my armour laid into my tent?
Cate. It is, my liege; and all things are in readiness.
K. Rich. Good Norfolk, hie thee to thy charge;
Use careful watch, choose trusty sentinels.
Nor. I go, my lord.
K. Rich. Stir with the lark to-morrow, gentle Norfolk.
Nor. I warrant you, my lord. [*Exit.*
K. Rich. Catesby!
Cate. My lord?
K. Rich. Send out a pursuivant at arms
To Stanley's regiment; bid him bring his power
Before sunrising, lest his son George fall
Into the blind cave of eternal night.
[*Exit* CATESBY.
Fill me a bowl of wine.—Give me a watch.—
Saddle white Surrey for the field to-morrow.—
Look that my staves be sound, and not too heavy.—

Ratcliff,—

Rat. My lord?

K. Rich. Saw'st thou the melancholy Lord Northumberland?

Rat. Thomas the Earl of Surrey, and himself,
Much about cock-shut time, from troop to troop
Went through the army, cheering up the soldiers.

K. Rich. So, I am satisfied.—Give me a bowl of wine:
I have not that alacrity of spirit,
Nor cheer of mind, that I was wont to have.
[*Wine brought.*
Set it down. Is ink and paper ready?

Rat. It is, my lord.

K. Rich. Bid my guard watch; leave me Ratcliff,
About the mid of night come to my tent
And help to arm me.—Leave me, I say.
[*Exeunt* RATCLIFF *and the other Attendants.*

Enter STANLEY *to* RICHMOND *in his tent, Lords and others attending.*

Stan. Fortune and victory sit on thy helm!

Richm. All comfort that the dark night can afford
Be to thy person, noble father-in-law!
Tell me, how fares our loving mother?

Stan. I, by attorney, bless thee from thy mother,
Who prays continually for Richmond's good:
So much for that.—The silent hours steal on,
And flaky darkness breaks within the east.
In brief,—for so the season bids us be,—
Prepare thy battle early in the morning,
And put thy fortune to the arbitrement
Of bloody strokes and mortal-staring war.
I, as I may—that which I would I cannot,—

With best advantage will deceive the time,
And aid thee in this doubtful shock of arms:
But on thy side I may not be too forward,
Lest, being seen, thy brother, tender George,
Be executed in his father's sight.
Farewell: the leisure and the fearful time
Cuts off the ceremonious vows of love
And ample interchange of sweet discourse,
Which so long sundered friends should dwell upon:
God give us leisure for these rites of love!
Once more, adieu: be valiant, and speed well!

Richm. Good lords, conduct him to his regiment:
I'll strive, with troubled thoughts, to take a nap,
Lest leaden slumber peise me down to-morrow
When I should mount with wings of victory:
Once more, good night, kind lords and gentlemen.
[*Exeunt all but* RICHMOND.
O Thou, whose captain I account myself,
Look on my forces with a gracious eye;
Put in their hands thy bruising irons of wrath,
That they may crush down with a heavy fall
The usurping helmets of our adversaries!
Make us thy ministers of chastisement,
That we may praise Thee in the victory!
To Thee I do commend my watchful soul,
Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes:
Sleeping and waking, O, defend me still! [*Sleeps.*

The Ghost of Prince EDWARD, *son to* HENRY VI., *rises between the two Tents.*

Ghost of P. E. [*To Richard*] Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow!
Think, how thou stabb'dst me in my prime of youth
At Tewksbury:—despair, therefore, and die!—

[*To Richmond*] Be cheerful, Richmond; for the
wrongéd souls
Of butchered princes fight in thy behalf:
King Henry's issue, Richmond, comforts thee.

The Ghost of HENRY VI. *rises.*

Ghost of K. H. [*To Richard*] When I was mortal,
my anointed body
By thee was punchéd full of deadly holes:
Think on the Tower and me:—despair, and die!
Harry the Sixth bids thee despair and die!—
[*To Richmond*] Virtuous and holy, be thou con-
queror!
Harry, that prophesied thou shouldst be king,
Doth comfort thee in sleep: live thou, and flourish!

The Ghost of CLARENCE *rises.*

Ghost of C. [*To Richard*] Let me sit heavy on
thy soul to-morrow,
I, that was washed to death with fulsome wine,
Poor Clarence, by thy guile betrayed to death!
To-morrow in the battle think on me,
And fall thy edgeless sword:—despair, and die!—
[*To Richmond*] Thou offspring of the house of
Lancaster,
The wrongéd heirs of York do pray for thee:
Good angels guard thy battle! live, and flourish!

The Ghosts of RIVERS, GREY, *and* VAUGHAN *rise.*

Ghost of R. [*To Richard*] Let me sit heavy on
thy soul to-morrow,
Rivers, that died at Pomfret!—despair, and die!
Ghost of G. [*To Richard*] Think upon Grey, and
let thy soul despair!

Ghost of V. [*To Richard*] Think upon Vaughan, and, with guilty fear,
Let fall thy lance :—despair, and die !
All. [*To Richmond*] Awake, and think our wrongs in Richard's bosom
Will conquer him ! awake, and win the day !

The Ghost of HASTINGS *rises.*

Ghost of H. [*To Richard*] Bloody and guilty, guiltily awake,
And in a bloody battle end thy days !
Think on Lord Hastings : so—despair, and die !—
[*To Richmond*] Quiet untroubled soul, awake, awake !
Arm, fight, and conquer, for fair England's sake !

The Ghosts of the two young Princes rise.

Ghosts of the two P. [*To Richard*] Dream on thy cousins smothered in the Tower :
Let us be lead within thy bosom, Richard,
And weigh thee down to ruin, shame, and death !
Thy nephews' souls bid thee despair and die :—
[*To Richmond*] Sleep, Richmond, sleep in peace, and wake in joy ;
Good angels guard thee from the boar's annoy !
Live, and beget a happy race of kings !
Edward's unhappy sons do bid thee flourish.

The Ghost of Queen ANNE *rises.*

Ghost of Q. A. [*To Richard*] Richard, thy wife, that wretched Anne thy wife,
That never slept a quiet hour with thee,
Now fills thy sleep with perturbations :
To-morrow in the battle think on me,

And fall thy edgeless sword :—despair, and die !
[*To Richmond*] Thou quiet soul, sleep thou a quiet sleep ;
Dream of success and happy victory !
Thy adversary's wife doth pray for thee.

The Ghost of BUCKINGHAM *rises.*

Ghost of B. [*To Richard*] The first was I that helped thee to the crown ;
The last was I that felt thy tyranny :
O, in the battle think on Buckingham,
And die in terror of thy guiltiness !
Dream on, dream on, of bloody deeds and death :
Fainting, despair ; despairing, yield thy breath !—
[*To Richmond*] I died for hope ere I could lend thee aid :
But cheer thy heart, and be thou not dismayed :
God and good angels fight on Richmond's side ;
And Richard falls in height of all his pride.

The Ghosts vanish. King RICHARD *starts out of his dream.*

K. Rich. Give me another horse,—bind up my wounds,—
Have mercy, Jesu !—Soft ! I did but dream.—
O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me !-
The lights burn blue.—It is now dead midnight.
Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.
What do I fear ? Myself ? There 's none else by :
Richard loves Richard ; that is, I am I.
Is there a murderer here ? No ;—Yes, I am :
Then fly. What, from myself ? Great reason why,—
Lest I revenge myself upon myself.

Alack, I love myself. Wherefore? for any good
That I myself have done unto myself?
O, no! alas, I rather hate myself
For hateful deeds committed by myself!
I am a villain: yet I lie, I am not.
Fool, of thyself speak well:—fool, do not flatter.
My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
And every tongue brings in a several tale,
And every tale condemns me for a villain.
Perjury, perjury, in the high'st degree;
Murder, stern murder, in the dir'st degree;
All several sins, all used in each degree,
Throng to the bar, crying all, 'Guilty! guilty!'—
I shall despair. There is no creature loves me;
And if I die, no soul shall pity me:
Nay, wherefore should they, since that I myself
Find in myself no pity to myself?

Re-enter RATCLIFF.

Rat. My lord,—

K. Rich. Who's there?

Rat. My lord, 'tis I. The early village-cock
Hath twice done salutation to the morn;
Your friends are up, and buckle on their armour.

K. Rich. O Ratcliff, I have dreamed a fearful dream!
What thinkest thou,—will our friends prove all true?

Rat. No doubt, my lord.

K. Rich. O Ratcliff, I fear, I fear,—
Methought the souls of all that I had murdered
Came to my tent, and every one did threat
To-morrow's vengeance on the head of Richard.

Rat. Nay, good my lord, be not afraid of shadows.

K. Rich. By the apostle Paul, shadows to-night
Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard
Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers
Armèd in proof, and led by shallow Richmond.
It is not yet near day. Come, go with me;
Under our tents I'll play the eaves-dropper,
To see if any mean to shrink from me. [*Exeunt.*

Enter the Lords to RICHMOND, *sitting in his tent.*

Lords. Good morrow, Richmond!

Richm. Cry mercy, lords and watchful gentlemen,
That you have ta'en a tardy sluggard here.

Lords. How have you slept, my lord?

Richm. The sweetest sleep, and fairest-boding dreams
That ever entered in a drowsy head,
Have I since your departure had, my lords.
Methought their souls, whose bodies Richard murdered,
Came to my tent, and cried on victory:
I promise you, my soul is very jocund
In the remembrance of so fair a dream.
How far into the morning is it, lords?

Lords. Upon the stroke of four.

Richm. Why, then 'tis time to arm and give direction. [*He advances to the troops.*
More than I have said, loving countrymen,
The leisure and enforcement of the time
Forbids to dwell on: yet remember this,—
God and our good cause fight upon our side;
The prayers of holy saints and wrongéd souls,
Like high-reared bulwarks, stand before our faces;
Richard except, those whom we fight against

Had rather have us win than him they follow.
For what is he they follow? truly, gentlemen,
A bloody tyrant and a homicide;
One raised in blood, and one in blood established;
One that made means to come by what he hath,
And slaughtered those that were the means to help him;
A base foul stone, made precious by the foil
Of England's chair, where he is falsely set;
One that hath ever been God's enemy:
Then, if you fight against God's enemy,
God will in justice ward you as His soldiers;
If you do sweat to put a tyrant down,
You sleep in peace, the tyrant being slain;
If you do fight against your country's foes,
Your country's fat shall pay your pains the hire;
If you do fight in safeguard of your wives,
Your wives shall welcome home the conquerors;
If you do free your children from the sword,
Your children's children quit it in your age.
Then, in the name of God and all these rights,
Advance your standards, draw your willing swords.
For me, the ransom of my bold attempt
Shall be this cold corpse on the earth's cold face;
But if I thrive, the gain of my attempt
The least of you shall share his part thereof.
Sound drums and trumpets, boldly, cheerfully;
God and Saint George! Richmond and victory!

[*Exeunt.*

Re-enter KING RICHARD, RATCLIFF, *Attendants and Forces.*

K. Rich. What said Northumberland as touching Richmond?

Rat. That he was never trainéd up in arms,
K. Rich. He said the truth: and what said Surrey then?
Rat. He smiled and said 'The better for our purpose.'
K. Rich. He was in the right; and so indeed it is. [*Clock striketh.*
Tell the clock there.—Give me a calendar.—
Who saw the sun to-day?
Rat. Not I, my lord.
K. Rich. Then he disdains to shine; for by the book
He should have braved the east an hour ago:
A black day will it be to somebody.—
Ratcliff,—
Rat. My lord?
K. Rich. The sun will not be seen to-day;
The sky doth frown and lour upon our army.
I would these dewy tears were from the ground.
Not shine to-day! Why, what is that to me
More than to Richmond? for the selfsame heaven
That frowns on me looks sadly upon him.

Enter NORFOLK.

Nor. Arm, arm, my lord; the foe vaunts in the field.
K. Rich. Come, bustle, bustle;—caparison my horse.—
Call up Lord Stanley, bid him bring his power:
I will lead forth my soldiers to the plain,
And thus my battle shall be orderéd:
My foreward shall be drawn out all in length,
Consisting equally of horse and foot;
Our archers shall be placéd in the midst:

John Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Earl of Surrey,
Shall have the leading of this foot and horse.
They thus directed, we ourself will follow
In the main battle, that on either side
Shall be well wingéd with our chiefest horse.
This, and Saint George to boot!—What think'st thou, Norfolk?

Nor. A good direction, warlike sovereign.—
This found I on my tent this morning.
[*Giving a scroll.*

K. Rich. [*Reads*] 'Jockey of Norfolk, be not too bold,
For Dickon thy master is bought and sold.'
A thing deviséd by the enemy.
Go, gentlemen, every man unto his charge:
Let not our babbling dreams affright our souls:
Conscience is but a word that cowards use,
Devised at first to keep the strong in awe:
Our strong arms be our conscience, swords our law.
March on, join bravely, let us to 't pell-mell:
If not to heaven, then hand in hand to hell.—
[*To his soldiers*] What shall I say more than I have inferred?
Remember whom you are to cope withal;—
A sort of vagabonds, rascals, runaways,
A scum of Bretons and base lackey peasants
Whom their o'ercloyéd country vomits forth
To desperate ventures and assured destruction.
You sleeping safe, they bring to you unrest;
You having lands, and blest with beauteous wives,
They would distrain the one, distain the other.
And who doth lead them but a paltry fellow,
Long kept in Bretagne at our mother's cost?

A milk-sop, one that never in his life
Felt so much cold as over shoes in snow?
Let 's whip these stragglers o'er the seas again;
Lash hence these overweening rags of France,
These famished beggars, weary of their lives,
Who, but for dreaming on this fond exploit,
For want of means, poor rats, had hanged themselves.
If we be conquered, let men conquer us,
And not these bastard Bretons; whom our fathers
Have in their own land beaten, bobbed, and thumped,
And on record, left them the heirs of shame.
Shall these enjoy our lands? lie with our wives?
Ravish our daughters?—[*Drum afar off.*] Hark! I hear their drum.—
Fight, gentlemen of England! fight, bold yeomen!
Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head!
Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood;
Amaze the welkin with your broken staves!

Enter a Messenger.

What says Lord Stanley? will he bring his power?

Mess. My lord, he doth deny to come.

K. Rich. Off with his son George's head!

Nor. My lord, the enemy is past the marsh:
After the battle let George Stanley die.

K. Rich. A thousand hearts are great within my bosom:
Advance our standards, set upon our foes;
Our ancient word of courage, fair St. George,
Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons!
Upon them! Victory sits on our helms. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Another Part of the Field.

Alarum: excursions. Enter NORFOLK *and Forces fighting; to him* CATESBY.

Cate. Rescue, my Lord of Norfolk, rescue, rescue!
The king enacts more wonders than a man,
Daring an opposite to every danger:
His horse is slain, and all on foot he fights,
Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death.
Rescue, fair lord, or else the day is lost!

Alarums. Enter King RICHARD.

K. Rich. A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!

Cate. Withdraw, my lord; I 'll help you to a horse.

K. Rich. Slave, I have set my life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the die:
I think there be six Richmonds in the field;
Five have I slain to-day instead of him.
A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—Another Part of the Field.

Alarum. Enter RICHARD *and* RICHMOND; *they fight.* RICHARD *is slain. Retreat and flourish. Re-enter* RICHMOND, STANLEY *bearing the crown, with divers other Lords, and Forces.*

Richm. God and your arms be praised, victorious friends;

The day is ours, the bloody dog is dead.
Stan. Courageous Richmond, well hast thou acquit thee.
Lo, here, this long-usurpéd royalty
From the dead temples of this bloody wretch
Have I plucked off, to grace thy brows withal:
Wear it, enjoy it, and make much of it.
Richm. Great God of heaven, say Amen to all!
But, tell me now, is young George Stanley living?
Stan. He is, my lord, and safe in Leicester town;
Whither, if it please you, we may now withdraw us.
Richm. What men of name are slain on either side?
Stan. John Duke of Norfolk, Walter Lord Ferrers,
Sir Robert Brakenbury, and Sir William Brandon.
Richm. Inter their bodies as becomes their births:
Proclaim a pardon to the soldiers fled
That in submission will return to us:
And then, as we have ta'en the sacrament,
We will unite the White Rose and the Red:
Smile heaven upon this fair conjunction,
That long hath frowned upon their enmity!
What traitor hears me, and says not Amen?
England hath long been mad, and scarred herself;
The brother blindly shed the brother's blood,
The father rashly slaughtered his own son,
The son, compelled, been butcher to the sire:
All this divided York and Lancaster,
Divided in their dire division,
O, now, let Richmond and Elizabeth,
The true succeeders of each royal house,
By God's fair ordinance conjoin together:
And let their heirs,—God, if Thy will be so,—

Enrich the time to come with smooth-faced peace,
With smiling plenty and fair prosperous days!
Abate the edge of traitors, gracious Lord,
That would reduce these bloody days again,
And make poor England weep in streams of blood!
Let them not live to taste this land's increase
That would with treason wound this fair land's peace!
Now civil wounds are stopped, peace lives again:
That she may long live here, God say Amen!

[*Exeunt.*

THE TRUE TRAGEDIE OF RICHARD DUKE OF YORKE, AND THE GOOD KING HENRY THE SIXT.

[*Continued from Vol. No.* 192.]

Alarmes. Enter WARWIKE.

War. Sore spent with toile as runners with the race,
I laie me downe a little while to breath,
For strokes receiude, and manie blowes repaide,
Hath robd my strong knit sinnews of their strength,
And force perforce needes must I rest my selfe.

Enter EDWARD.

Edw. Smile gentle heauens or strike vngentle death,
That we maie die vnlesse we gaine the daie:
What fatall starre malignant frownes from heauen
Vpon the harmelesse line of Yorkes true house?

Enter GEORGE.

George. Come brother, come lets to the field againe,
For yet theres hope inough to win the daie:
Then let vs backe to cheere our fainting Troupes,
Lest they retire now we haue left the field.

War. How now my lords: what hap, what hope of good?

Enter RICHARD *running.*

Rich. Ah Warwike, why hast thou withdrawne thy selfe?
Thy noble father in the thickest thronges,
Cride still for Warwike his thrise valiant son,
Vntill with thousand swords he was beset,
And manie wounds made in his aged brest,
And as he tottring sate vpon his steede,

He waft his hand to me and cride aloud :
Richard, commend me to my valiant sonne,
And still he cride Warwike reuenge my death,
And with those words he tumbled off his horse,
And so the noble Salsbury gaue vp the ghost.

War. Then let the earth be drunken with his bloud,
Ile kill my horse because I will not flie :
And here to God of heauen I make a vow,
Neuer to passe from forth this bloudy field
Till I am full reuenged for his death.

Edw. Lord Warwike, I doe bend my knees with thine,
And in that vow now ioine my soule to thee,
Thou setter vp and puller downe of kings,
Vouchsafe a gentle victorie to vs,
Or let vs die before we loose the daie :

George. Then let vs haste to cheere the souldiers harts,
And call them pillers that will stand to vs,
And hiely promise to remunerate
Their trustie seruice, in these dangerous warres.

Rich. Come, come awaie, and stand not to debate,
For yet is hope of fortune good enough.
Brothers, giue me your hands, and let vs part
And take our leaues vntill we meet againe,
Where ere it be in heauen or in earth.
Now I that neuer wept, now melt in wo,
To see these dire mishaps continue so.
Warwike farewel.

War. Awaie awaie, once more sweet Lords farewell.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

Alarmes, and then enter RICHARD *at one dore and* CLIFFORD *at the other.*

Rich. A Clifford a Clifford.

Clif. A Richard a Richard.

Rich. Now Clifford, for Yorke & young Rutlands death,

This thirsty sword that longs to drinke thy bloud,
Shall lop thy limmes, and slise thy cursed hart,
For to reuenge the murders thou hast made.
Clif. Now Richard, I am with thee here alone,
This is the hand that stabd thy father Yorke,
And this the hand that slew thy brother Rutland,
And heres the heart that triumphs in their deathes,
And cheeres these hands that slew thy sire and brother,
To execute the like vpon thy selfe,
And so haue at thee.

Alarmes. They fight, and then enters WARWIKE *and rescues* RICHARD, *& then exeunt omnes.*

Alarmes still, and then enter HENRY *solus.*

Hen. Oh gratious God of heauen looke downe on vs,
And set some endes to these incessant griefes,
How like a mastlesse ship vpon the seas,
This woful battaile doth continue still,
Now leaning this way, now to that side driue,
And none doth know to whom the daie will fall.
O would my death might staie these ciuill iars!
Would I had neuer raind, nor nere bin king,
Margret and Clifford, chide me from the fielde,
Swearing they had best successe when I was thence.
Would God that I were dead so all were well,
Or would my crowne suffice, I were content
To yeeld it them and liue a priuate life.

Enter a souldier with a dead man in his armes

Sould. Il blowes the wind that profits no bodie,
This man that I haue slaine in fight to daie,
Maie be possessed of some store of crownes,
And I will search to find them if I can,
But stay. Me thinkes it is my fathers face,
Oh I tis he whom I haue slaine in fight,

From London was I prest out by the king,
My father he came on the part of Yorke,
And in this conflict I haue slaine my father:
Oh pardon God, I knew not what I did,
And pardon father, for I knew thee not.

Enter an other souldier with a dead man.

2 *Soul.* Lie there thou that foughtst with me so stoutly,
Now let me see what store of gold thou haste,
But staie, me thinkes this is no famous face:
Oh no it is my sonne that I haue slaine in fight,
O monstrous times begetting such euents,
How cruel bloudy, and ironious,
This deadlie quarrell dailie doth beget,
Poore boy thy father gaue thee lif too late,
And hath bereau'de thee of thy life too sone.

King. Wo aboue wo, griefe more then common griefe,
Whilst Lyons warre and battaile for their dens,
Poore lambs do feele the rigor of their wraths·
The red rose and the white are on his face,
The fatall colours of our striuing houses,
Wither one rose, and let the other flourish,
For if you striue, ten thousand liues must perish.

1 *Sould.* How will my mother for my fathers death,
Take on with me and nere be satisfide?

2 *Sol.* How will my wife for slaughter of my son,
Take on with me and nere be satisfide?

King. How will the people now misdeeme their king,
Oh would my death their mindes could satisfie,

1 *Sould.* Was euer son so rude his fathers bloud to spil?

2 *Soul.* Was euer father so vnnaturall his son to kill?

King. Was euer king thus greeud and vexed still?

1 *Sould.* Ile beare thee hence from this accursed place,
For wo is me to see my fathers face.

[*Exit with his father.*

2 *Soul.* Ile beare thee hence & let them fight that wil,
For I haue murdered where I should not kill.

[*Exit with his sonne.*

K Hen. Weepe wretched man, Ile lay thee teare for tear,
Here sits a king as woe begone as thee.

Alarmes and enter the Queene.

Queen. Awaie my Lord to Barwicke presentlie,
The daie is lost, our friends are murdered,
No hope is left for vs, therefore awaie.

Enter prince EDWARD.

Prince. Oh father flie, our men haue left the field,
Take horse sweet father, let vs saue our selues.

Enter EXETER.

Exet. Awaie my Lord for vengance comes along with him:
Nay stand not to expostulate make hast,
Or else come after, Ile awaie before.

K Hen. Naie staie good Exeter, for Ile along with thee.

Enter CLIFFORD *wounded, with an arrow in his necke.*

Clif. Heere burnes my candell out,
That whilst it lasted gaue king Henry light.
Ah Lancaster, I feare thine ouerthrow,
More then my bodies parting from my soule.
My loue and feare glude manie friends to thee,
And now I die, that tough commixture melts.
Impairing Henry strengthened misproud Yorke,
The common people swarme like summer flies,
And whither flies the Gnats but to the sun?
And who shines now but Henries enemie?
Oh Phœbus hadst thou neuer giuen consent,
That Phaeton should checke thy fierie steedes,
Thy burning carre had neuer scorcht the earth.
And Henry hadst thou liu'd as kings should doe,

And as thy father and his father did,
Giuing no foot vnto the house of Yorke,
I and ten thousand in this wofull land,
Had left no mourning Widdowes for our deathes,
And thou this daie hadst kept thy throne in peace.
For what doth cherish weedes but gentle aire?
And what makes robbers bold but lenitie?
Bootlesse are plaintes, and curelesse are my woundes,
No waie to flie, no strength to hold our flight,
The foe is mercilesse and will not pittie me,
And at their hands I haue deserude no pittie.
The aire is got into my bleeding wounds,
And much effuse of bloud doth make me faint,
Come Yorke and Richard, Warwike and the rest,
I stabde your fathers, now come split my brest.

Enter EDWARD, RICHARD, *and* WARWIKE, *and Souldiers.*

Edw. Thus farre our fortunes keepes an vpward
Course, and we are grast with wreathes of victorie.
Some troopes pursue the bloudie minded Queene,
That now towards Barwike doth poste amaine,
But thinke you that Clifford is fled awaie with them?

War. No, tis impossible he should escape,
For though before his face I speake the words,
Your brother Richard markt him for the graue.
And where so ere he be I warrant him dead.

[CLIFFORD *grones and then dies.*

Edw. Harke, what soule is this that takes his heauy leaue?

Rich. A deadlie grone, like life and deaths departure.

Edw. See who it is, and now the battailes ended,
Friend or foe, let him be friendlie vsed.

Rich. Reuerse that doome of mercie, for tis Clifford,
Who kild our tender brother Rutland,
And stabd our princelie father Duke of Yorke.

War. From off the gates of Yorke fetch downe the
Head, Your fathers head which Clifford placed there.
Insteed of that, let his supplie the roome.
Measure for measure must be answered.
Edw. Bring forth that fatall scrichowle to our house,
That nothing sung to vs but bloud and death,
Now his euill boding tongue no more shall speake.
War. I thinke his vnderstanding is bereft.
Say Clifford, doost thou know who speakes to thee?
Dark cloudie death oreshades his beames of life,
And he nor sees nor heares vs what we saie.
Rich. Oh would he did, and so perhaps he doth,
And tis his policie that in the time of death,
He might auoid such bitter stormes as he
In his houre of death did giue vnto our father.
George. Richard if thou thinkest so, vex him with eager words.
Rich. Clifford, aske mercie and obtaine no grace.
Edw. Clifford, repent in bootlesse penitence.
War. Clifford deuise excuses for thy fault.
George. Whilst we deuise fell tortures for thy fault.
Rich. Thou pittiedst Yorke, and I am sonne to Yorke.
Edw. Thou pittiedst Rutland, and I will pittie thee.
George. Wheres captaine Margaret to fence you now?
War. They mocke thee Clifford, sweare as thou wast wont.
Rich. What not an oth? Nay, then I know hees dead.
Tis hard, when Clifford cannot foord his friend an oath.
By this I know hees dead, and by my soule,
Would this right hand buy but an howres life,
That I in all contempt might raile at him.
Ide cut it off and with the issuing bloud,
Stifle the villaine whose instanched thirst,
Yorke and young Rutland could not satisfie.
War. I, but he is dead off with the traitors head,

And reare it in the place your fathers stands.
And now to London with triumphant march.
There to be crowned Englands lawfull king.
From thence shall Warwike crosse the seas to France,
And aske the ladie Bona for thy Queene,
So shalt thou sinew both these landes togither,
And hauing France thy friend thou needst not dread,
The scattered foe that hopes to rise againe.
And though they cannot greatly sting to hurt,
Yet looke to haue them busie to offend thine eares.
First Ile see the coronation done,
And afterward Ile cross the seas to France,
To effect this marriage if it please my Lord.

Edw. Euen as thou wilt good Warwike let it be.
But first before we go, George kneele downe.
We here create thee Duke of Clarence, and girt thee with the sword.
Our younger brother Richard Duke of Glocester.
Warwike as my selfe shal do & vndo as him pleaseth best.

Rich. Let me be Duke of Clarence, George of Gloster,
For Glosters Dukedome is too ominous.

War. Tush thats a childish obseruation,
Richard be Duke of Gloster. Now to London.
To see these honors in possession. [*Exeunt Omnes.*

Enter two keepers with bow and arrows.

Keeper. Come, lets take our stands vpon this hill,
And by and by the deere will come this waie.
But staie, heere comes a man, lets listen him a while.

Enter king Henrie *disguisde.*

Hen. From Scotland am I stolne euen of pure loue,
And thus disguisde to greet my natiue land.
No, Henrie no, It is no land of thine,
No bending knee will call thee Cæsar now,
No humble suters sues to thee for right,

For how canst thou helpe them and not thy selfe?
Keeper. I marrie sir, heere is a deere, his skinne is a
Keepers fee. Sirra stand close, for as I thinke,
This is the king, king Edward hath deposde.
Hen. My Queene and sonne poore soules are gone to
France, and as I heare the great commanding Warwike,
To intreat a marriage with the ladie Bona,
If this be true, poor Queene and sonne,
Your labour is but spent in vaine,
For Lewis is a prince soone wun with words,
And Warwike is a subtill Orator.
He laughes and saies, his Edward is instalde,
She weepes, and saies her Henry is deposde,
He on his right hand asking a wife for Edward,
She on his left side craving aide for Henry.
Keeper. What art thou that talkes of kings and queens?
Hen. More then I seeme, for lesse I should not be.
A man at least, and more I cannot be,
And men maie talke of kings, and why not I?
Keeper. I but thou talkest as if thou wert a king thy
selfe.
Hen. Why so I am in mind though not in shew.
Keeper. And if thou be a king where is thy crowne?
Hen. My crowne is in my hart, not on my head.
My crowne is calde content, a crowne that
Kings doe seldome times enjoy.
Keeper. And if thou be a king crownd with content,
Your crowne content and you, must be content
To go with vs vnto the officer, for as we thinke
You are our quondam king, K. Edward hath deposde,
And therefore we charge you in Gods name & the kings
To go along with vs vnto the officers.
Hen. Gods name be fulfild, your kings name be
Obaide, and be you kings, command and Ile obay
[*Exeunt Omnes.*

Enter king EDWARD, CLARENCE, *and* GLOSTER, MONTAGUE, HASTINGS, *and the Lady* GRAY.

K Edw. Brothers of Clarence, and of Glocester,
This ladies husband heere Sir Richard Gray.
At the battaile of saint Albones did lose his life,
His lands then were seazed on by the conqueror.
Her sute is now to repossesse those lands,
And sith in quarrel of the house of Yorke,
The noble gentleman did lose his life,
In honor we cannot denie her sute.

Glo. Your highnesse shall doe well to grant it then.

K Edw. I, so I will, but yet Ile make a pause.

Glo. I, is the winde in that doore?

Clarence, I see the Lady hath some thing to grant,
Before the king will grant her humble sute.

Cla. He knows the game, how well he keepes the wind.

K Edw. Widow come some other time to know our mind.

La. May it please your grace I cannot brooke delaies,
I beseech your highnesse to dispatch me now.

K Ed. Lords giue vs leaue, wee meane to trie this widowes wit.

Cla. I, good leaue haue you.

Glo. For you will haue leaue till youth take leaue,
And leaue you to your crouch.

K Ed. Come hither widdow, howe many children haste thou?

Cla. I thinke he means to begge a child on her

Glo. Nay whip me then, heele rather giue hir two.

La. Three my most gratious Lord.

Glo. You shall haue foure and you wil be rulde by him.

K Ed. Wer not pittie they shoulde loose their fathers lands?

La. Be pittifull then dread L. and grant it them.

K Ed. Ile tell thee how these lands are to be got.

La. So shall you bind me to your highnesse seruice.

K Ed. What seruice wilt thou doe me if I grant it them?

La. Euen what your highnesse shall command.

Glo. Naie then widow Ile warrant you all your
Husbands lands, if you grant to do what he
Commands. Fight close or in good faith
You catch a clap.

Cla. Naie I feare her not vnlesse she fall.

Glo. Marie godsforbot man, for heele take vantage then.

La. Why stops my Lord, shall I not know my taske?

K Ed. An easie taske, tis but to loue a king.

La. Thats soone performde, because I am a subiect.

K Ed. Why then thy husbandes landes I freelie giue thee.

La. I take my leaue with manie thousand thankes.

Cla. The match is made, shee seales it with a cursie.

K Ed. Staie widdow staie, what loue dost thou thinke I sue so much to get?

La. My humble seruice, such as subiects owes and the lawes commands.

K Ed. No by my troth, I meant no such loue,
But to tell thee the troth, I aime to lie with thee.

La. To tell you plaine my Lord, I had rather lie in prison.

K Edw. Why then thou canst not get thy husbandes lands.

La. Then mine honestie shall be my dower,
For by that losse I will not purchase them.

K Ed. Herein thou wrongst thy children mightilie.

La. Herein your highnesse wrongs both them and
Me, but mightie Lord this merrie inclination
Agrees not with the sadnesse of my sute.
Please it your highnes to dismisse me either with I or no.

K Ed. I, if thou saie I to my request,

No, if thou saie no to my demand.
La. Then no my Lord, my sute is at an end.
Glo. The widdow likes him not, shee bends the brow.
Cla. Why he is the bluntest woer in christendome.
K Ed. Her lookes are all repleat with maiestie,
One waie or other she is for a king,
And she shall be my loue or else my Queene.
Saie that king Edward tooke thee for his Queene.
La. Tis better said then done, my gratious Lord,
I am a subiect fit to iest withall,
But far vnfit to be a Soueraigne.
K Edw. Sweete widdow, by my state I sweare, I speake
No more then what my hart intends,
And that is to enioie thee for my loue.
La. And that is more then I will yeeld vnto,
I know I am too bad to be your Queene,
And yet too good to be your Concubine.
K Edw. You cauill widdow, I did meane my Queene.
La. Your grace would be loath my sonnes should call you father.
K Edw. No more then when my daughters call thee
Mother. Thou art a widow and thou hast some children,
And by Gods mother I being but a bacheler
Haue other some. Why tis a happy thing
To be the father of manie children.
Argue no more, for thou shalt be my Queene.
Glo. The ghostlie father now hath done his shrift.
Cla. When he was made a shriuer twas for shift.
K Edw. Brothers, you muse what talke the widdow
And I haue had, you would thinke it strange
If I should marrie her.
Cla. Marrie her my Lord, to whom?
K Edw. Why Clarence to my selfe.
Glo. That would be ten daies wonder at the least.
Cla. Why thats a daie longer then a wonder lastes.

Glo. And so much more are the wonders in extreames.
K Edw. Well, ieast on brothers, I can tell you, hir Sute is granted for her husbands lands.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. And it please your grace, Henry your foe is Taken, and brought as prisoner to your pallace gates.
K Edw. Awaie with him, and send him to the Tower, And let vs go question with the man about His apprehension. Lords along, and vse this Ladie honorablie. [*Exeunt Omnes.*

Manet Gloster and speakes.

Glo. I, Edward will vse women honourablie,
Would he were wasted marrow, bones and all,
That from his loines no issue might succeed
To hinder me from the golden time I looke for,
For I am not yet lookt on in the world.
First is there Edward, Clarence, and Henry
And his sonne, and all they lookt for issue
Of their loines ere I can plant my selfe,
A cold premeditation for my purpose,
What other pleasure is there in the world beside?
I will go clad my bodie in gaie ornaments,
And lull my selfe within a ladies lap,
And witch sweet Ladies with my words and lookes.
Oh monstrous man, to harbour such a thought!
Why loue did scorne me in my mothers wombe.
And for I should not deale in hir affaires,
Shee did corrupt fraile nature in the flesh,
And plaste an enuious mountaine on-my backe,
Where sits deformity to mocke my bodie,
To drie mine arme vp like a withered shrimpe.
To make my legges of an vnequall size,
And am I then a man to be belou'd?
Easier for me to compasse twentie crownes.

Tut I can smile, and murder when I smile,
I crie content, to that that greeues me most.
I can adde colours to the Camelion,
And for a need change shapes with Protheus,
And set the aspiring Catalin to schoole.
Can I doe this, and cannot get the crowne?
Tush were it ten times higher, Ile put it downe. [*Exit.*

Enter king LEWIS *and the ladie* BONA, *and Queene* MARGARET, *Prince* EDWARD, *and* OXFORD *and others.*

Lewes. Welcome Queene Margaret to the Court of France,
It fits not Lewis to sit while thou dost stand,
Sit by my side, and here I vow to thee,
Thou shalt haue aide to repossesse thy right,
And beat proud Edward from his vsurped seat.
And place king Henry in his former rule.

Queene. I humblie thanke your royall maiestie.
And pray the God of heauen to blesse thy state,
Great king of France, that thus regards our wrongs.

Enter Warwike.

Lew. How now, who is this?

Queen. Our Earle of Warwike Edwardes chiefest friend.

Lew. Welcome braue Warwike, what brings thee to France?

War. From worthy Edward king of England,
My Lord and Soueraigne and thy vowed friend,
I come in kindnes and vnfained loue,
First to do greetings to thy royall person,
And then to craue a league of amitie,
And lastlie to confirme that amitie
With nuptiall knot if thou vouchsafe to grant
That vertuous ladie Bona thy faire sister,
To Englands king in lawfull marriage.

Queen. And if this go forward all our hope is done.

War. And gratious Madam, in our kings behalfe,
I am commanded with your loue and fauour,
Humblie to kisse your hand and with my tongue,
To tell the passions of my soueraines hart,
Where fame late entring at his heedfull eares,
Hath plast thy glorious image and thy vertues.
Queen. King Lewes and Lady Bona heare me speake,
Before you answer Warwike or his words,
For hee it is hath done vs all these wrongs.
War. Iniurious Margaret.
Prince Ed. And why not Queene?
War. Because thy father Henry did vsurpe,
And thou no more art Prince than shee is Queene.
Ox. Then Warwike disanuls great Iohn of Gaunt,
That did subdue the greatest part of Spaine,
And after Iohn of Gaunt wise Henry the fourth,
Whose wisedome was a mirrour to the world.
And after this wise prince Henry the fift,
Who with his prowesse conquered all France,
From these our Henries lineallie discent.
War. Oxford, how haps that in this smooth discourse
You told not how Henry the sixt had lost
All that Henry the fift had gotten.
Me thinkes these peeres of France should smile at that,
But for the rest you tell a pettigree
Of threescore and two yeares a sillie time,
To make prescription for a kingdomes worth.
Oxf. Why Warwike, canst thou denie thy king,
Whom thou obeyedst thirtie and eight yeeres,
And bewray thy treasons with a blush?
War. Can Oxford that did euer fence the right,
Now buckler falshood with a pettigree?
For shame leaue Henry and call Edward king.
Oxf. Call him my king by whom mine elder
Brother the Lord Awbray Vere was done to death,

And more than so, my father euen in the
Downefall of his mellowed yeares,
When age did call him to the dore of death?
No Warwike no, whilst life vpholds this arme
This arme vpholds the house of Lancaster.
War. And I the house of Yorke.
K Lewes. Queene Margaret, prince Edward and
Oxford, vouchsafe to forbeare a while,
Till I doe talke a word with Warwike.
Now Warwike euen vpon thy honor tell me true;
Is Edward lawfull king or no?
For I were loath to linke with him, that is not lawful heir.
War. Thereon I pawne mine honour and my credit.
Lew. What is he gratious in the peoples eies?
War. The more, that Henry is vnfortunate.
Lew. What is his loue to our sister Bona?
War. Such it seemes
As maie beseeme a monarke like himselfe.
My selfe haue often heard him saie and sweare,
That this his loue was an eternall plant,
The root whereof was fixt in vertues ground,
The leaues and fruite maintainde with beauties sun,
Exempt from enuie, but not from disdaine,
Vnlesse the ladie Bona quite his paine.
Lew. Then sister let vs heare your firme resolue.
Bona. Your grant or your denial shall be mine,
But ere this daie I must confesse, when I
Haue heard your kings deserts recounted,
Mine eares haue tempted iudgement to desire.
Lew. Then draw neere Queene Margaret and be a
Witnesse, that Bona shall be wife to the English king.
Prince Edw. To Edward, but not the English king.
War. Henry now liues in Scotland at his ease,
Where hauing nothing, nothing can he lose,
And as for you your selfe our *quondam* Queene,

You haue a father able to maintaine your state,
And better twere to trouble him then France.

Sound for a post within.

Lew. Here comes some post Warwike to thee or vs.

Post. My Lord ambassador this letter is for you,
Sent from your brother Marquis Montague.
This from our king vnto your Maiestie.
And these to you Madam, from whom I know not.

Oxf. I like it well that our faire Queene and mistresse,
Smiles at her newes when Warwike frets as his.

P. Ed. And marke howe Lewes stamps as he were nettled.

Lew. Now Margaret & Warwike, what are your news?

Queen. Mine such as fils my hart full of ioie.

War. Mine full of sorrow and harts discontent.

Lew. What hath your king married the Ladie Gray,
And now to excuse himselfe sends vs a post of papers?
How dares he presume to vse vs thus?

Quee. This proueth Edwards loue, & Warwiks honesty.

War. King Lewis, I here protest in sight of heauen,
And by the hope I haue of heauenlie blisse,
That I am cleare from this misdeed of Edwards.
No more my king, for he dishonours me,
And most himselfe, if he could see his shame.
Did I forget that by the house of Yorke,
My father came vntimelie to his death?
Did I let passe the abuse done to thy neece?
Did I impale him with the regall Crowne,
And thrust king Henry from his natiue home,
And most vngratefull doth he vse me thus?
My gratious Queene pardon what is past,
And henceforth I am thy true seruitour,
I will reuenge the wrongs done to ladie Bona,
And replant Henry in his former state.

Queen. Yes Warwike I doe quite forget thy former

Faults, if now thou wilt become king Henries friend.
War. So much his friend, I his vnfained friend,
That if king Lewes vouchsafe to furnish vs
With some few bands of chosen souldiers,
Ile vndertake to land them on our coast,
And force the Tyrant from his seat by warre,
Tis not his new made bride shall succour him.
Lew. Then at the last I firmelie am resolu'd,
You shall haue aide: and English messenger returne
In post, and tell false Edward thy supposed king,
That Lewis of France is sending ouer Maskers
To reuell it with him and his new bride.
Bona. Tell him in hope heele be a Widower shortlie,
Ile weare the willow garland for his sake.
Queen. Tell him my mourning weedes be laide aside,
And I am readie to put armour on.
War. Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore Ile vncrowne him er't be long.
Thears thy reward, begone.
Lew. But now tell me Warwike, what assurance
I shall haue of thy true loyaltie?
War. This shall assure my constant loyaltie,
If that our Queene and this young prince agree,
Ile ioine mine eldest daughter and my ioie
To him forthwith in holie wedlockes bandes.
Queen. Withall my hart, that match I like ful wel,
Loue her sonne Edward, shee is faire and yong,
And giue thy hand to Warwike for thy loue.
Lew. It is enough, and now we will prepare,
To leuie souldiers for to go with you.
And you Lord Bourbon our high Admirall,
Shall waft them safelie to the English coast,
And chase proud Edward from his slumbring trance,
For mocking marriage with the name of France.
War. I came from Edward as Imbassadour

But I returne his sworne and mortall foe:
Matter of marriage was the charge he gaue me,
But dreadful warre shall answere his demand.
Had he none else to make a stale but me?
Then none but I shall turn his iest to sorrow.
I was the chiefe that raisde him to the crowne,
And Ile be chiefe to bring him down againe,
Not that I pittie Henries miserie,
But seeke reuenge on Edwards mockerie. [*Exit.*

Enter king EDWARD, *the Queene and* CLARENCE, *and* GLOSTER, *and* MONTAGUE, *and* HASTINGS, *and* PENBROOKE, *with souldiers.*

Edw. Brothers of Clarence, and of Glocester,
What thinke you of our marriage with the ladie Gray?
Cla. My Lord, we thinke as Warwike and Lewes
That are so slacke in iudgement, that theile take
No offence at this suddaine marriage.
Edw. Suppose they doe, they are but Lewes and
Warwike, and I am your king and Warwikes,
And will be obaied.
Glo. And shall, because our king, but yet such
Sudden marriages seldome proueth well.
Edw. Yea brother Richard are you against vs too?
Glo. Not I my Lord, no, God forefend that I should
Once gaine saie your highnesse pleasure,
I, & twere a pittie to sunder them that yoake so wel togither.
Edw. Setting your skornes and your dislikes aside,
Shew me some reasons why the Ladie Gray,
Maie not be my loue and Englands Queene?
Speake freelie Clarence, Gloster,
Montague and Hastings.
Cla. My Lord then this is my opinion,
That Warwike beeing dishonored in his embassage,
Doth seeke reuenge to quite his iniuries.

Glo. And Levves in regard of his sisters wrongs,
Doth ioine with Warwike to supplant your state.
Edw. Suppose that Lewis and Warwike be appeasd,
By such meanes as I can best deuise.
Mont. But yet to have ioind with France in this
Alliance, would more haue strengthened this our
Common wealth, gainst forraine stormes,
Then anie home bred marriage.
Hast. Let England be true within it selfe,
We need not France nor any alliance with them.
Cla. For this one speech the Lord Hastings wel deserues,
To haue the daughter and heire of the Lord Hungerford.
Edw. And what then? It was our will it should be so?
Cla. I, and for such a thing too the Lord Scales
Did well deserue at your hands, to haue the
Daughter of the Lord Bonfield, and left your
Brothers to go seeke elsewhere, but in
Your madnes, you burie brotherhood.
Edw. Alasse poore Clarence, is it for a wife,
That thou art mal-content,
Why man be of good cheere, Ile prouide thee one.
Cla. Naie you plaide the broker so ill for your selfe,
That you shall giue me leaue to make my
Choise as I thinke good, and to that intent,
I shortlie meane to leaue you.
Edw. Leaue me or tarrie I am full resolu'd
Edward will not be tied to his brothers wils.
Queen. My Lords doe me but right, and you must
Confesse, before it pleasd his highnesse to aduance
My state to title of a Queene,
That I was not ignoble in my birth.
Edw. Forbeare my loue to fawne vpon their frownes,
For thee they must obay, naie shall obaie,
And if they looke for fauour at my hands.

Mont. My Lord, heere is the messenger returnd from France.

Enter a Messenger.

Ed. Now sirra, What letters or what newes?

Mes. No letters my Lord, and such newes, as without your highnesse speciall pardon I dare not relate.

Edw. We pardon thee, and as neere as thou canst Tell me, What said Lewis to our letters?

Mes. At my departure these were his verie words.
Go tell false Edward thy supposed king,
That Lewis of France is sending ouer Maskers,
To reuill it with him and his new bride.

Edw. Is Lewis so braue, belike he thinkes me Henry.
But what said Lady Bona to these wrongs?

Mes. Tel him quoth she, in hope heele proue a widower shortly, Ile weare the willow garland for his sake.

Edw. She had the wrong, indeed she could saie
Little lesse. But what saide Henries Queene, for as I heare, she was then in place?

Mes. Tell him quoth shee my mourning weeds be
Doone, and I am readie to put armour on.

Edw. Then belike she meanes to plaie the Amazon.
But what said Warwike to these iniuries?

Mes. He more incensed then the rest my Lord,
Tell him quoth he, that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore Ile vncrowne him er't be long.

Ed. Ha, Durst the traytor breath out such proude words?
But I will arme me to preuent the worst.
But what is Warwike friendes with Margaret?

Mes. I my good Lord, theare so linkt in friendship,
That young Prince Edward marries Warwikes daughter.

Cla. The elder, belike Clarence shall haue the Yonger. All you that loue me and Warwike
Follow me [*Exit* CLARENCE *and* SUMMERSET.

Edw. Clarence and Summerset fled to Warwike.
What saie you brother Richard, will you stand to vs?

Glo. I my Lord, in despight of all that shall
Withstand you. For why hath Nature
Made me halt downe right, but that I
Should be valiant and stand to it, for if
I would, I cannot runne awaie.

Edw. Penbrooke, go raise an armie presentlie,
Pitch vp my tent, for in the field this night
I meane to rest, and on the morrow morne,
Ile march to meet proud Warwike ere he land
Those stragling troopes which he hath got in France.
But ere I goe Montague and Hastings,
You of all the rest are neerest allied
In bloud to Warwike, therefore tell me, if
You fauour him more then me or not:
Speake truelie, for I had rather haue you open
Enemies, then hollow friends.

Monta. So God helpe Montague as he proues true.

Hast. And Hastings as hee fauours Edwards cause.

Edw. It shall suffice, come then lets march awaie.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

Enter WARWIKE *and* OXFORD, *with souldiers.*

War. Trust me my Lords all hitherto goes well,
The common people by numbers swarme to vs,
But see where Sommerset and Clarence comes,
Speake suddenlie my Lords, are we all friends?

Cla. Feare not that my Lord.

War. Then gentle Clarence welcome vnto Warwike.
And welcome Sommerset, I hold it cowardise,
To rest mistrustfull where a noble hart,
Hath pawnde an open hand in signe of loue,
Else might I thinke that Clarence, Edwards brother,
Were but a fained friend to our proceedings,

But welcome sweet Clarence my daughter shal be thine
And now what rests but in nights couerture,
Thy brother being carelesslie encampt,
His souldiers lurking in the towne about,
And but attended by a simple guarde,
We maie surprise and take him at our pleasure,
Our skouts haue found the aduenture verie easie,
Then crie king Henry with resolued mindes,
And breake we presentlie into his tent.

Cla. Why then lets on our waie in silent sort,
For Warwike and his friends God and saint George.

War. This is his tent, and see where his guard doth
Stand, Courage my souldiers, now or neuer,
But follow me now, and Edward shall be ours.

All. A Warwike, a Warwike.

Alarmes, and GLOSTER *and* HASTINGS *flies.*

Oxf. Who goes there?

War. Richard and Hastings let them go, heere is the Duke.

Edw. The Duke, why Warwike when we parted
Last, thou caldst me king?

War. I, but the case is altred now.
When you disgraste me in my embassage,
Then I disgraste you from being king,
And now am come to create you Duke of Yorke,
Alasse how should you gouerne anie kingdome,
That knowes not how to vse embassadors,
Nor how to vse your brothers brotherlie,
Nor how to shrowd your selfe from enimies.

Edw. Well Warwike, let fortune doe her worst,
Edward in minde will beare himselfe a king.

War. Then for his minde be Edward England's king,
But Henry now shall weare the English crowne.
Go conuaie him to our brother archbishop of Yorke,

And when I haue fought with Penbrooke & his followers,
Ile come and tell thee what the ladie Bona saies,
And so for a while farewell good Duke of Yorke,

[*Exeunt some with* EDWARD.

Cla. What followes now, all hithertoo goes well,
But we must dispatch some letters to France,
To tell the Queene of our happy fortune,
And bid hir come with speed to ioine with vs.

War. I thats the first thing that we haue to doe,
And free king Henry from imprisonment,
And see him seated in his regall throne,
Come let vs haste awaie, and hauing past these cares,
Ile post to Yorke, and see how Edward fares.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

Enter GLOSTER, HASTINGS, *and sir* WILLIAM STANLY.

Glo. Lord Hastings, and sir William Stanly,
Know that the cause I sent for you is this.
I looke my brother with a slender traine,
Should come a hunting in this forrest heere.
The Bishop of Yorke befriends him much,
And lets him vse his pleasure in the chase,
Now I haue priuilie sent him word,
How I am come with you to rescue him,
And see where the huntsman and he doth come.

Enter EDWARD *and a Huntsman.*

Hunts. This waie my Lord the deere is gone,

Edw. No this waie huntsman, see where the
Keepers stand. Now brother and the rest,
What, are you prouided to depart?

Glo. I, I, the horse stands at the parke corner,
Come, to Linne, and so take shipping into Flanders.

Edw. Come then: Hastings, and Stanlie, I will
Requite your loues. Bishop farewell,

Sheeld thee from Warwikes frowne,
And praie that I maie repossesse the crowne.
Now huntsman what will you doe?
Hunts. Marrie my Lord, I thinke I had as good
Goe with you, as tarrie heere to be hangde.
Edw. Come then lets awaie with speed.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

Enter the Queene and the Lord RIUERS.

Riuers. Tel me good maddam, why is your grace
So passionate of late?
Queen. Why brother Riuers, heare you not the newes,
Of that successe king Edward had of late?
Riu. What? losse of some pitcht battaile against Warwike,
Tush, feare not faire Queen, but cast those cares aside.
King Edwards noble mind his honours doth display:
And Warwike maie loose, though then he got the day.
Queen. If that were all, my griefes were at an end:
But greater troubles will I feare befall.
Riu. What, is he taken prisoner by the foe,
To the danger of his royall person then?
Queen. I, thears my griefe, king Edward is surprisde,
And led awaie, as prisoner vnto Yorke.
Riu. The newes is passing strange, I must confesse:
Yet comfort your selfe, for Edward hath more friends,
Then Lancaster at this time must perceiue,
That some will set him in his throne againe.
Queen. God grant they maie, but gentle brother come,
And let me leane vpon thine arme a while,
Vntill I come vnto the sanctuarie,
There to preserue the fruit within my wombe,
K. Edwards seed true heire to Englands crowne. [*Exit.*

Enter EDWARD *and* RICHARD, *and* HASTINGS *with a troope of Hollanders.*

Edw. Thus far from Belgia haue we past the seas,
And marcht from Raunspur hauen vnto Yorke:
But soft the gates are shut, I like not this.
Rich. Sound vp the drum and call them to the wals.

Enter the Lord Maire of Yorke vpon the wals.

Mair. My Lords we had notice of your comming,
And thats the cause we stand vpon our garde,
And shut the gates for to preserue the towne.
Henry now is king, and we are sworne to him.
Edw. Why my Lord Maire, if Henry be your king,
Edward I am sure at least, is Duke of Yorke.
Mair. Truth my Lord, we know you for no lesse.
Edw. I craue nothing but my Dukedome.
Rich. But when the Fox hath gotten in his head,
Heele quicklie make the bodie follow after.
Hast. Why my Lord Maire, what stand you vpon points?
Open the gates, we are king Henries friends.
Mair. Saie you so, then Ile open them presentlie.
[*Exit Maire.*
Ri. By my faith, a wise stout captain & soone perswaded.

The Maire opens the dore, and brings the keies in his hand.

Edw. So my Lord Maire, these gates must not be shut,
But in the time of warre, giue me the keies:
What, feare not man for Edward will defend
the towne and you, despight of all your foes.

Enter sir IOHN MOUNTGOMMERY *with drumme and souldiers.*

How now Richard, who is this?
Rich. Brother, this is sir Iohn Mountgommery,
A trustie friend vnlesse I be deceiude.
Edw. Welcome sir Iohn. Wherfore come you in armes?

Sir Iohn. To helpe king Edward in this time of stormes,
As euerie loyall subiect ought to doe.
Edw. Thankes braue Mountgommery,
But I onlie claime my Dukedom.
Vntil it please God to send the rest.
Sir Iohn. Then fare you wel? Drum strike vp and let vs
March away, I came to serue a king and not a Duke.
Edw. Nay staie sir Iohn, and let vs first debate,
With what security we maie doe this thing.
Sir Iohn. What stand you on debating, to be briefe,
Except you presently proclaime your selfe our king,
Ile hence againe, and keepe them backe that come to
Succour you, why should we fight when
You pretend no title?
Rich. Fie brother, fie, stand you vpon tearmes?
Resolue your selfe, and let vs claime the crowne.
Edw. I am resolude once more to claime the crowne,
And win it too, or else to loose my life.
Sir Iohn. I now my soueraigne speaketh like himselfe,
And now will I be Edwards Champion,
Sound Trumpets, for Edward shall be proclaimd.
Edward the fourth by the grace of God, king of England
and France, and Lord of Ireland, and whosoeuer gainsaies
king Edwards right: by this I challenge him to single fight,
long liue Edward the fourth.
All. Long liue Edward the fourth.
Edw. We thanke you all. Lord Maire leade on the
waie.
For this night weele harbour here in Yorke,
And then as earlie as the morning sunne,
Liftes vp his beames aboue this horison
Weele march to London, to meete with Warwike:
And pull false Henry from the Regall throne.
[*Exeunt Omnes.*

Enter WARWIKE *and* CLARENCE, *with the Crowne, and then king* HENRY, *and* OXFORD, *and* SUMMERSET, *and the yong Earle of Richmond.*

King. Thus from the prison to this princelie seat,
By Gods great mercies am I brought
Againe, Clarence and Warwike doe you
Keepe the crowne, and gouerne and protect
My realme in peace, and I will spend the
Remnant of my daies, to sinnes rebuke
And my Creators praise.

War. What answeres Clarence to his soueraignes will?

Cla. Clarence agrees to what king Henry likes.

King. My Lord of Summerset, what prettie
Boie is that you seeme to be so carefull of?

Sum. And it please your grace, it is yong Henry,
Earle of Richmond.

King. Henry of Richmond, Come hither pretie Ladde.
If heauenlie powers doe aime aright
To my diuining thoughts, thou pretie boy,
Shal proue this Countries blisse,
Thy head is made to weare a princelie crowne,
Thy lookes are all repleat with Maiestie,
Make much of him my Lords,
For this is he shall helpe you more,
Then you are hurt by me.

Enter one with a letter to WARWIKE.

War. What Counsell Lords, Edward from Belgia,
With hastie Germaines and blunt Hollanders,
Is past in safetie through the narrow seas,
And with his troopes doe march amaine towardes London,
And manie giddie people follow him.

Oxf. Tis best to looke to this betimes,
For if this fire doe kindle any further,

It will be hard for vs to quench it out.
War. In Warwikeshire I haue true-harted friends,
Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in warre,
Them will I muster vp, and thou sonne Clarence shalt
In Essex, Suffolke, Norfolke, and in Kent,
Stir vp the knights and gentlemen to come with thee.
And thou brother Montague, in Leistershire,
Buckingham and Northamptonshire shalt finde,
Men well inclinde to doe what thou commands,
And thou braue Oxford wondrous well belou'd,
Shalt in thy countries muster vp thy friends.
My soueraigne with his louing Citizens,
Shall rest in London till we come to him.
Faire Lords take leaue and stand not to replie,
Farewell my soueraigne.
King. Farewel my Hector, my Troyes true hope.
War. Farewell sweet Lords, lets meet at Couentrie.
All. Agreed. [*Exeunt Omnes.*

Enter Edward and his traine.

Edw. Sease on the shamefast Henry,
And once againe conuaie him to the Tower,
Awaie with him, I will not heare him speake
And now towards Couentrie let vs bend our course
To meet with Warwike and his confederates.
[*Exeunt Omnes.*

Enter WARWIKE *on the walles.*

War. Where is the post that came from valiant Oxford?
How farre hence is thy Lord my honest fellow?
Oxf. post. By this at Daintrie marching hitherward.
War. Where is our brother Montague?
Where is the post that came from Montague?
Post. I left him at Donsmore with his troopes.
War. Say Summerfield where is my louing son?

And by thy gesse, how farre is Clarence hence?
Sommer. At Southam my Lord I left him with
His force, and doe expect him two houres hence.
War. Then Oxford is at hand, I heare his drum.

Enter EDWARD *and his power.*

Glo. See brother, where the surly Warwike mans the wal.
War. O vnbid spight, is spotfull Edward come!
Where slept our scouts, or how are they seduste,
That we could haue no newes of their repaire?
Edw. Now Warwike wilt thou be sorrie for thy faults,
And call Edward king and he will pardon thee.
War. Naie rather wilt thou draw thy forces backe?
Confesse who set thee vp and puld thee downe?
Call Warwike patron and be penitent,
And thou shalt still remaine the Duke of Yorke.
Glo. I had thought at least he would haue said the king.
Or did he make the iest against his will.
War. Twas Warwike gaue the kingdome to thy brother.
Edw. Why then tis mine, if but by Warwikes gift.
War. I but thou art no Atlas for so great a waight,
And weakling, Warwike takes his gift againe,
Henry is my king, Warwike his subiect.
Edw. I prethe gallant Warwike tell me this,
What is the bodie when the head is off?
Glo. Alasse that Warwike had no more foresight,
But whilst he sought to steale the single ten,
The king was finelie fingerd from the decke?
You left poore Henry in the Bishops pallace,
And ten to one you'le meet him in the Tower.
Edw. Tis euen so, and yet you are olde Warwike still.
War. O cheerefull colours, see where Oxford comes.

Enter OXFORD *with drum and souldiers & al crie,*

Oxf. Oxford, Oxford, for Lancaster. [*Exit.*

Edw. The Gates are open, see they enter in,
Lets follow them and bid them battaile in the streetes.
Glo. No, so some other might set vpon our backes,
Weele staie till all be entered, and then follow them.

Enter SUMMERSET *with drum and souldiers.*

Sum. Summerset, Summerset, for Lancaster. [*Exit.*
Glo. Two of thy name both Dukes of Summerset,
Haue solde their liues vnto the house of Yorke,
And thou shalt be the third and my sword hold.

Enter MONTAGUE *with drum and souldiers.*

Mont. Montague, Montague, for Lancaster. [*Exit.*
Edw. Traitorous Montague, thou and thy brother
Shall decrelie abie this rebellious act.

Enter CLARENCE *with drum and souldiers.*

War. And loe where George of Clarence sweepes
Along, of power enough to bid his brother battell.
Cla. Clarence, Clarence, for Lancaster.
Edw. Et tu Brute, wilt thou stab Cæsar too?
A parlie sirra to George of Clarence.

Sound a Parlie, and RICHARD *and* CLARENCE *whispers togither, and then* CLARENCE *takes his red Rose out of his hat, and throwes it at* WARWIKE.

War. Com Clarence come, thou wilt if Warwike call.
Cla. Father of Warwike, know you what this meanes?
I throw mine infamie at thee,
I will not ruinate my fathers house,
Who gaue his bloud to lime the stones togither,
And set vp Lancaster. Thinkest thou
That Clarence is so harsh vnnaturall,
To lift his sword against his brothers life,
And so proud harted Warwike I defie thee,
And to my brothers turne my blushing cheekes?

Pardon me Edward, for I haue done amisse,
And Richard doe not frowne vpon me,
For henceforth I will proue no more vnconstant.
Edw. Welcome Clarence, and ten times more welcome,
Then if thou neuer hadst deserud our hate.
Glo. Welcome good Clarence, this is brotherlie.
War. Oh passing traytor, periurd and vniust.
Edw. Now Warwike, wilt thou leaue
The towne and fight? or shall we beate the
Stones about thine eares?
War. Why I am not coopt vppe heere for defence,
I will awaie to Barnet presently,
And bid thee battaile Edward if thou darest.
Edw. Yes Warwike he dares, and leades the waie,
Lords to the field, saint George and victorie.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

Alarmes, and then enter WARWIKE *wounded.*

War. Ah, who is nie? Come to me friend or foe,
And tell me who is victor Yorke or Warwike?
Why aske I that? my mangled bodie shewes,
That I must yeeld my bodie to the earth.
And by my fall the conquest to my foes,
Thus yeelds the Cedar to the axes edge,
Whose armes gaue shelter to the princelie Eagle,
Vnder whose shade the ramping Lion slept,
Whose top branch ouerpeerd Ioues spreading tree.
The wrinkles in my browes now fild with bloud,
Were likened oft to kinglie sepulchers.
For who liu'd king, but I could dig his graue?
And who durst smile, when Warwike bent his brow?
Lo now my glorie smeerd in dust and bloud,
My parkes, my walkes, my mannors that I had,
Euen now forsake me, and of all my lands,
Is nothing left me but my bodies length.

Enter OXFORD *and* SUMMERSET.

Oxf. Ah Warwike, Warwike, cheere vp thy selfe and liue,
For yet thears hope enough to win the daie.
Our warlike Queene with troopes is come from France,
And at South-hampton landed all hir traine,
And mightst thou liue, then would we neuer flie.

War. Whie then I would not flie, nor haue I now,
But Hercules himselfe must yeeld to ods,
For manie wounds receiu'd, and manie moe repaid,
Hath robd my strong knit sinews of their strength,
And spite of spites needes must I yeeld to death.

Som. Thy brother Montague hath breathd his last,
And at the pangs of death I heard him crie
And saie, commend me to my valiant brother,
And more he would haue spoke and more he said,
Which sounded like a clamor in a vault,
That could not be distinguisht for the sound,
And so the valiant Montague gaue vp the ghost.

War. What is pompe, rule, raigne, but earth and dust?
And liue we how we can, yet die we must.
Sweet rest his soule, flie Lords and saue your selues,
For Warwike bids you all farewell to meet in Heauen.
[*He dies.*

Oxf. Come noble Summerset, lets take our horse,
And cause retrait be sounded through the campe,
That all our friends that yet remaine aliue,
Maie be awarn'd and saue themselues by flight.
That done, with them weele post vnto the Queene,
And once more trie our fortune in the field. [*Ex. ambo.*

Enter EDWARD, CLARENCE, GLOSTER, *with souldiers.*

Edw. Thus still our fortune giues vs victorie,

And girts our temples with triumphant ioies,
The bigboond traytor Warwike hath breathde his last,
And heauen this daie hath smilde vpon vs all,
But in this cleere and brightsome daie,
I see a blacke suspitious cloud appeare
That will encounter with our glorious sunne
Before he gaine his casefull westerne beames,
I mean those powers which the Queen hath got in Frãce
Are landed, and meane once more to menace vs.

Glo. Oxford and Summerset are fled to hir
And tis likelie if she haue time to breath,
Her faction will be full as strong as ours.

Edw. We are aduertisde by our louing friends,
That they doe hold their course towards Tewxburie.
Thither will we, for willingnes rids waie,
And in euerie countie as we passe along,
Our strengthes shall be augmented.
Come lets goe, for if we slacke this faire
Bright Summers daie, sharpe winters
Showers will marre our hope for haie. [*Ex. Omnes.*

Enter the Queene, Prince EDWARD, OXFORD *and* SUMMERSET, *with drum and souldiers.*

Quee. Welcome to England, my louing friends of Frãce.
And welcome Summerset, and Oxford too.
Once more haue we spread our sailes abroad,
And though our tackling be almost consumde,
And Warwike as our maine mast ouerthrowne,
Yet warlike Lords raise you that sturdie post,
That beares the sailes to bring vs vnto rest,
And Ned and I as willing Pilots should
For once with carefull mindes guide on the sterne,
To beare vs through that dangerous gulfe
That heretofore hath swallowed vp our friends.

Prince. And if there be, as God forbid there should,

Amongst vs a timorous or fearefull man,
Let him depart before the battels ioine,
Least he in time of need intise another,
And so withdraw the souldiers harts from vs.
I will not stand aloofe and bid you fight,
But with my sword presse in the thickest thronges,
And single Edward from his strongest guard,
And hand to hand enforce him for to yeeld,
Or leaue my bodie as witnesse of my thoughts.

Oxf. Women and children of so high resolue,
And Warriors faint, why twere perpetuall
Shame? Oh braue yong Prince, thy
Noble grandfather doth liue againe in thee,
Long maiest thou liue to beare his image,
And to renew his glories.

Sum. And he that turnes and flies when such do fight,
Let him to bed, and like the Owle by daie
Be hist, and wondered at if he arise.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My Lords, Duke Edward with a mighty power,
Is marching hitherwards to fight with you.

Oxf. I thought it was his pollicie, to take vs vnprouided,
But here will we stand and fight it to the death.

Enter king EDWARD, CLA. GLO. HAST. *and Souldiers.*

Edw. See brothers, yonder stands the thornie wood,
Which by God's assistance and your prowesse,
Shall with our swords yer night be cleane cut downe.

Queen. Lords, Knights, & gentlemen, what I should say,
My teares gainesaie, for as you see, I drinke
The water of mine eies. Then no more
But this. Henry your king is prisoner
In the tower, his land and all our friends
Are quite distrest, and yonder standes

The Wolfe that makes all this,
Then on Gods name Lords togither cry saint George.
All. Saint George for Lancaster.

Alarmes to the battell, YORKE *flies, then the chambers be discharged. Then enter the king,* CLA. *&* GLO. *& the rest, & make a great shout, and crie, for Yorke, for Yorke, and then the Queene is taken, & the prince, &* OXF. *&* SUM. *and then sound and enter all againe.*

Edw. Lo here a period of tumultuous broiles,
Awaie with Oxford to Hames castell straight,
For Summerset off with his guiltie head.
Awaie I will not heare them speake.
Oxf. For my part Ile not trouble thee with words.
[*Exit* OXFORD.
Sum. Nor I, but stoope with patience to my death.
[*Exit* SUM.
Edw. Now Edward what satisfaction canst thou make,
For stirring vp my subiects to rebellion?
Prin. Speake like a subiect proud ambitious Yorke,
Suppose that I am now my fathers mouth,
Resigne thy chaire, and where I stand kneele thou,
Whilst I propose the selfesame words to thee,
Which traytor thou woudst haue me answere to.
Queen. Oh that thy father had been so resolu'd:
Glo. That you might still haue kept your
Peticote, and nere haue stolne the
Breech from Lancaster.
Prince. Let Aesop fable in a winters night,
His currish Riddles sorts not with this place.
Glo. By heauen brat Ile plague you for that word.
Queen. I, thou wast borne to be a plague to men.
Glo. For Gods sake take awaie this captiue scold.
Prin. Nay take away this skolding Crooktbacke rather.
Edw. Peace wilfull boy, or I will tame your tongue.

Cla. Vntuterd lad thou art too malepert.
Prin. I know my dutie, you are all vndutifull.
Lasciuious Edward, and thou periurd George,
And thou mishapen Dicke, I tell you all,
I am your better traytors as you be.
Edw. Take that, the litnes of this railer heere.
Queen. Oh kill me too.
Glo. Marrie and shall.
Edw. Hold Richard hold, for we haue doone too much alreadie.
Glo. Why should she liue to fill the world with words?
Ed. What doth she swound? make meanes for
Her recouerie?
Glo. Clarence, excuse me to the king my brother,
I must to London on a serious matter,
Ere you come there, you shall heare more newes.
Cla. About what, prethe tell me?
Glo. The Tower man, the Tower, Ile root them out.
[*Exit* GLOSTER.
Queen. Ah Ned, speake to thy mother boy? ah
Thou canst not speake.
Traytors, Tyrants, bloudie Homicides,
They that stabd Cæsar shed no bloud at all,
For he was a man, this in respect a childe,
And men nere spend their furie on a child,
What's worse then tyrant that I maie name,
You haue no children Deuils, if you had,
The thought of them would then haue stopt your rage,
But if you euer hope to haue a sonne,
Looke in his youth to haue him so cut off,
As Traitors you haue doone this sweet young prince.
Edw. Awaie, and beare her hence.
Queen. Naie nere beare me hence, dispatch
Me heere, heere sheath thy sword,
Ile pardon thee my death. Wilt thou not?

Then Clarence, doe thou doe it?
Cla. By Heauen I would not doe thee so much ease.
Queen. Good Clarence doe, sweet Clarence kill me too.
Cla. Didst thou not heare me sweare I would not do it?
Queen. I, but thou vsest to forsweare thy selfe,
Twas sinne before, but now tis charitie.
Whears the Diuels butcher, hardfauored Richard,
Richard where art thou? He is not heere,
Murder is his almes deed, petitioners
For bloud he nere put backe.
Edw. Awaie I saie, and take her hence perforce.
Queen. So come to you and yours, as to this prince. [*Ex.*
Edw. Clarence, whithers Gloster gone?
Cla. Marrie my Lord to London, and as I gesse, to
Make a bloudie supper in the Tower.
Edw. He is sudden if a thing come in his head.
Well, discharge the common souldiers with paie
And thankes, and now let vs towards London,
To see our gentle Queene how shee doth fare,
For by this I hope shee hath a sonne for vs.
[*Exeunt Omnes.*

Enter GLOSTER *to king* HENRY *in the Tower.*

Glo. Good day my Lord. What at your booke so hard?
Hen. I my good Lord. Lord I should saie rather,
Tis sinne to flatter, good was little better,
Good Gloster, and good Diuell, were all alike,
What scene of Death hath Rosius now to act?
Glo. Suspition alwaies haunts a guiltie mind.
Hen. The birde once limde doth feare the fatall bush,
And I the haplesse maile to one poore birde,
Haue now the fatall obiect in mine eie,
Where my poor young was limde, was caught & kild.
Glo. Why, what a foole was that of Creete?
That taught his sonne the office

Of a birde, and yet for all that the poore
Fowle was drownde.
Hen. I Dedalus, my poor sonne Icarus,
Thy father Minos that denide our course,
Thy brother Edward, the sunne that scarde his wings,
And thou the enuious gulfe that swallowed him.
Oh better can my brest abide thy daggers point,
Then can mine eares that tragike historie.
Glo. Why dost thou thinke I am an executioner?
Hen. A persecutor I am sure thou art,
And if murdering innocents be executions,
Then I know thou art an executioner.
Glo. Thy sonne I kild for his presumption.
Hen. Hadst thou bin kild when first thou didst presume,
Thou hadst not liude to kill a sonne of mine,
And thus I prophesie of thee.
That manie a Widdow for her husbands death,
And many an infants water standing eie,
Widowes for their husbands, children for their fathers,
Shall curse the time that euer thou wert borne.
The owle shrikt at thy birth, an euill signe,
The night Crow cride, aboding lucklesse tune,
Dogs howld and hideous tempests shooke down trees,
The Rauen rookt her on the Chimnies top,
And chattering Pies in dismall discord sung,
Thy mother felt more then a mothers paine,
And yet brought forth lesse then a mothers hope,
To wit: an vndigest created lumpe,
Not like the fruit of such a goodly tree,
Teeth hadst thou in thy head when thou wast borne,
To signifie thou camst to bite the world,
And if the rest be true that I haue heard,
Thou camst into the world [*He stabs him.*
Glo. Die prophet in thy speech, Ile heare
No more, for this amongst the rest, was I ordainde.

Hen. I and for much more slaughter after this.
O God forgiue my sinnes, and pardon thee. [*He dies.*
Glo. What? will the aspiring bloud of Lancaster
Sinke into the ground. I had thought it would haue mounted,
See how my sword weepes for the poore kings death.
Now maie such purple teares be alwaies shed,
For such as seeke the downefall of our house.
If anie sparke of life remaine in thee, [*Stab him againe.*
Downe, downe to hell, and saie I sent thee thither.
I that haue neither pittie, loue nor feare.
Indeed twas true that Henry told me of,
For I haue often heard my mother saie,
That I came into the world with my legs forward,
And had I not reason thinke you to make hast,
And seeke their ruines that vsurpt our rights?
The women wept and the midwife cride,
O Iesus blesse vs, he is borne with teeth.
And so I was indeed, which plainelie signifide,
That I should snarle and bite, and plaie the dogge.
Then since Heauen hath made my bodie so,
Let hell make crookt my mind to answere it.
I had no father, I am like no father,
I haue no brothers, I am like no brothers,
And this word *Loue* which graybeards tearme diuine,
Be resident in men like one another,
And not in me, I am my selfe alone.
Clarence beware, thou keptst me from the light,
But I will sort a pitchie daie for thee.
For I will buz abroad such prophesies,
As Edward shall be fearefull of his life,
And then to purge his feare, Ile be thy death.
Henry and his sonne are gone, thou Clarence next,
And by one and one I will dispatch the rest,
Counting my selfe but bad, till I be best.

Ile drag thy bodie in another roome,
And triumph Henry in thy daie of doome. [*Exit.*

Enter king EDWARD, *Queene* ELIZABETH, *and a Nurse with the youny prince, and* CLARENCE, *and* HASTINGS, *and others.*

Edw. Once more we sit in Englands royall throne,
Repurchasde with the bloud of enemies,
What valiant foemen like to Autumnes corne,
Have we mow'd downe in tops of all their pride?
Three Dukes of Summerset, threefold renownd
For hardie and vndoubted champions.
Two Cliffords, as the father and the sonne,
And two Northumberlands, two brauer men
Nere spurd their coursers at the trumpets sound.
With them the two rough Beares, Warwike and Montague.
That in their chaines fettered the kinglie Lion,
And made the Forrest tremble when they roard,
Thus haue we swept suspition from our seat,
And made our footstoole of securitie.
Come hither Besse, and let me kisse my boie,
Young Ned, for thee, thine Vncles and my selfe,
Haue in our armors watcht the Winters night,
Marcht all a foote in summers skalding heat,
That thou mightst repossesse the crowne in peace,
And of our labours thou shalt reape the gaine.

Glo. Ile blast his haruest and your head were laid,
For yet I am not lookt on in the world.
This shoulder was ordaind so thicke to heaue,
And heaue it shall some waight or breake my backe,
Worke thou the waie, and thou shalt execute.

Edward. Clarence and Gloster, loue my louelie Queene,
And kisse your princely nephew brothers both.

Cla. The dutie that I owe vnto your Maiestie,
I seale vpon the rosiate lips of this sweet babe.

Queen. Thankes noble Clarence worthie brother thankes.
Gloster. And that I loue the fruit from whence thou
Sprangst, witnesse the louing kisse I giue the child.
To saie the truth so Iudas kist his maister,
And so he cried all haile, and meant all harme.
Edward. Nowe am I seated as my soule delights,
Hauing my countries peace, and brothers loues.
Cla. What will your grace haue done with Margaret,
Ranard her father to the king of France,
Hath pawnd the Cyssels and Ierusalem,
And hither haue they sent it for her ransome.
Edw. Awaie with her, and wafte hir hence to France,
And now what rests but that we spend the time,
With stately Triumphs and mirthfull comicke shewes,
Such as befits the pleasures of the Court.
Sound drums and Trumpets, farewell to sower annoy,
For heere I hope begins our lasting ioie. [*Exeunt Omnes.*

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THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

WITH

The Story of the Shepherdess Felismena.

INTRODUCTION.

The Two Gentlemen of Verona may have been Shakespeare's first original comedy. It is the first named in the list given by Meres, who follows it with *The Comedy of Errors* and *Love's Labour's Lost*. These three certainly were earlier than the other comedies named in 1598. One or two of these, produced in 1591-2, would answer well to Henry Chettle's phrase, "facetious grace," associated with the writing of Shakespeare when, in his "Kindheart's Dream," he expressed regret for having allowed, as Robert Greene's literary executor, a sneer against Shakespeare to be printed. Greene wrote when his life was closing in a misery that he himself had made; and he wrote when Shakespeare was regarded rather as a player than as a poet. He had become prominent among the players for his readiness in re-casting old work of the poets to give it a new lease of life upon the stage. To Greene this seemed impertinence, and before his death in 1592 Greene had scarcely become acquainted with the evidence, then first given, that Shakespeare was himself ready to take high place among the dramatists. Chettle's withdrawal of the only unkind words that we know to have been ever written about Shakespeare, bears

witness to the young poet's character as well as to his genius. "I am so sorry," he said, "as if the original fault had been my fault, because myself have seen his demeanour no less civil than he excellent in the quality he professes; besides, divers of worship have reported his uprightness of dealing, which argues his honesty, and his facetious grace in writing that approves his art." Shakespeare's age was at that time about twenty-eight. In the first six years of his work in London, from 1586 to 1592, he had been among the players, making himself generally useful. He was an actor; and in the latter part of this time he seems to have been the actor on whom his company relied most for skill in the revision of plays that had ceased to attract audiences, but could be reconstructed in a way that would bring credit and profit to the theatre. This part of Shakespeare's work is represented in Heminge and Condell's collection of his plays by the three parts of *King Henry VI.*, and in its most advanced form by *The Comedy of Errors* and *King John*. Whoever compares thoughtfully the play upon which Shakespeare founded his *King John* with the work shaped from it, will receive from Shakespeare himself a lesson in the Art of Poetry.

The Two Gentlemen of Verona, which was among the first, if not the first, of Shakespeare's original plays, was first printed in the folio of 1623, the first

edition of Shakespeare's collected works. It is there given as the second comedy in the collection, which does not attempt chronological order, and places *The Tempest* first. Theories have been formed that associate changes in the character of Shakespeare's plays with changes in the poet's temperament during the course of life. But there is no real change in the character of the plays except such as arises from the growth of power. In that respect the difference is very great between *King Lear* and *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*. Shakespeare's view of life is the same throughout, and his method as a dramatist, from first to last, differs only by advance in thoroughness. Every play represents some problem of life and its solution. All through his plays we learn the spiritual rule of three, by which alone the problems of life can be solved :—Love God : love your neighbour : do your work. All through his plays we have evil shown as only overcome by good. When, as in *Romeo and Juliet*, in *The Merchant of Venice*, in *As You Like It*, discords of human life are especially set forth, it is always to show Love as the healing power. Some suppose that *The Tempest* was Shakespeare's last play. Certainly, it was written after 1603. In *The Tempest*, Prospero, robbed of his rule in Milan, and cast adrift upon the sea by his own brother in league with his inveterate enemy the King of Naples, uses magic power that

would have sufficed to keep him independent of the world, to reconcile it to himself. When he might revenge himself upon those who have done him wrong by sending them all to the bottom of the sea, he uses his art only to conquer hate with love, unite his daughter to the heir of Naples, and bring the King and others who had done him wrong to the repentance that is at once followed by full reconciliation. In that late, if not last, play, Prospero says of those who had done ill to him—

"Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the quick,
Yet with my nobler reason, 'gainst my fury
Do I take part. The rarer action is
In virtue, than in vengeance: they being penitent,
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
Not a frown farther."

In this early, if not first, play, *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Proteus is unfaithful—false to his mistress and false to his friend. At the close of the play, when he has sunk lowest, he repents, and full forgiveness follows instantly.

Proteus. My shame and guilt confound me.—
Forgive me, Valentine. If hearty sorrow
Be a sufficient ransom for offence,
I tender't here: I do as truly suffer
As e'er I did commit.
Valentine. Then I am paid;
And once again I do receive thee honest.
Who by repentance is not satisfied

Is nor of Heaven nor earth ; for these are pleased ;
By penitence th' Eternal's wrath 's appeased.

The unity preserved by Shakespeare in artistic treatment of each play —which it is the chief purpose of this edition of his works to show—is of a kind that also makes each play a part of a great whole. In Shakespeare's works we have the life of man set to right music. All the variety of life is there, and Shakespeare's music follows everywhere those laws of the best Science of Harmony which were set forth in the Sermon on the Mount.

The method is the same in Shakespeare's earlier and later plays, although with time and experience it gathers force. In *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* the theme is Fidelity—

"O Heaven, were man
But constant, he were perfect : that one error
Fills him with faults ; makes him run through all sins :
Inconstancy falls off, ere it begins."

Use is made even of the dog as a type of fidelity in fitting the clown's part to the play ; but as the dog's fidelity to Launce could not be shown in the story, Shakespeare has put in place of it Launce's unflinching fidelity to his dog. He takes a whipping that should have gone to the dog—"How many masters would do this for his servant? Nay, I 'll be sworn, I have sat in the stocks for puddings he hath stolen, otherwise he had been executed ; I have stood on the pillory for geese he hath killed, otherwise he had suffered for 't ; thou think'st not of this now,"

Shakespeare did not, like Marlowe, put away the clown in which his public delighted, but he bade him speak the words set down for him, and gave him words that brought him within bounds of the thought and action of the play.

The two gentlemen of Verona (friends, named—one, from association with an old February custom, Valentine, for he is a faithful lover; the other, from the old god who could take many shapes, Proteus, for he is unfaithful) are set in a story that grows out of the unfaithfulness of Proteus. Proteus is the one unfaithful person in the story, and he is met everywhere by examples of fidelity. He plays false, and hears the right note struck constantly by those about him.

In the First Act the friendship is shown; with the love of Proteus for Julia. Valentine, not pledged yet to any lady, is sent by his father to the Court at Milan. The father of Proteus resolves that he also shall go to the Court at Milan.

The Second Act shows at Milan Valentine's love for the Duke's daughter Silvia. Proteus, following to Milan, breaking faith with Valentine his friend and Julia his mistress, plots to win Silvia; while faithful Julia, disguised as a page, will seek Proteus in Milan. Proteus hopes to succeed by a perfidious plot, and marks the selfishness of infidelity by the excuse to himself: "I to myself am dearer than a friend."

The Third Act sets forth the treachery of Proteus, who betrays Valentine's secret to the Duke, and offers to belie him to Silvia. Valentine is banished.

In the Fourth Act, Valentine is taken by the outlaws and becomes their captain. Julia has joined Proteus. There is set forth the fidelity of Silvia and Julia to their loves; also the fidelity of Launce to his dog and to his master. He was ready to give even Crab away in his master's service. Proteus finds that

> "Silvia is too fair, too true, too holy,
> To be corrupted with my worthless gifts."

And Julia, when the host brings her in her boy's dress to hear the music below Silvia's window, in which Proteus takes chief part, causes the host to say—

> How now! are you sadder than you were before? How do you, man? the music likes you not.
>
> *Julia.* You mistake: the musician likes me not.
>
> *Host.* Why, my pretty youth?
>
> *Julia.* He plays false, father.
>
> *Host.* How? out of tune on the strings?
>
> *Julia.* Not so; but yet so false, that he grieves my very heartstrings.
>
> *Host.* You have a quick ear.
>
> *Julia.* Ay, I would I were deaf! it makes me have a slow heart.
>
> *Host.* I perceive, you delight not in music
>
> *Julia.* Not when it jars so.

Host. Hark, what fine change is in the music.
Julia. Ay, that change is the spite.

Silvia resolves to go in search of banished Valentine, and chooses for companion and protector in her enterprise the faithful Eglamour.

"Thyself hast loved ; and I have heard thee say,
No grief did ever come so near thy heart
As when thy lady and thy true love died,
Upon whose grave thou vow'dst pure chastity.
Sir Eglamour, I would to Valentine,
To Mantua, where I hear he makes abode ;
And, for the ways are dangerous to pass,
I do desire thy worthy company,
Upon whose faith and honour I repose."

In the Fifth Act, which, through adventures in the forest, brings the story to an end, it should be noted not only that repentance instantly restores his friend to Proteus, but that the true friendship is distinguished from the false by a large spirit of self-sacrifice. Opposed to the former reasoning of Proteus, "I to myself am dearer than a friend," is the addition made by Valentine of a deed to the words of full reconciliation—

"And, that my love may appear plain and free,
All that was mine in Silvia I give thee."

Thus he releases Silvia of all pledges that might restrain her from taking Proteus if she will, and Shakespeare marks decisively the character of a true friend. "All that was mine in Silvia" was all he had to give. He could not give what was

hers, which Proteus must win from her if he would win her. But the infidelity of Proteus is conquered also by the fidelity of Julia, and the last line of the play promises to the marriage-day of Proteus and Julia, Valentine and Silvia,

"One feast, one house, one mutual happiness."

The story of *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* seems to have been wholly of Shakespeare's own fashioning. The laying of the scene in Italy, and the romance material, followed, of course, the fashion of the day. It has been thought that Valentine among the outlaws might have been suggested by that part of the first book of Sir Philip Sidney's "Arcadia" which tells of Pyrocles among the Helots. The book was written in 1580–81, and first published in 1590, four years after Sidney's death. But there is no resemblance in the incidents, except their association with a tale of friendship. Musidorus finds the chief of the Helots to be his friend Pyrocles, whom he had supposed to be drowned. We may take for granted also that Shakespeare was in 1590 among the first readers of Sidney's "Arcadia," and remember that *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* was written in 1591 or 1592.

There is clearer indication of an influence upon the matter of the play from a pastoral romance in prose mixed with verse—"Diana Enamorada"—by George of Montemayor. He was a Portuguese

of Montemayor, near Coimbra. He began the tale in his youth, following the example set by the "Arcadia" of Sanazzaro; and it was first printed at Valencia in 1542. A second part, in eight books, written by Alonzo Perez, was published in 1564; but even then the work was incomplete. Its fame caused it to be translated by Bartholomew Yonge, and although his translation was not printed until 1598, six or seven years after the production of *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, he says of it "that it had lyen by him finished Horaces ten and sixe yeeres more." There is, however, upon record, as produced in the year 1584, "The History of Felix and Philiomena, shewed and enacted before her highnes by her Ma^ts. servaunts on the sondaie nexte after newyeares daie, at night at Greenwiche." This play is lost, but it seems to have been founded upon those incidents in the "Diana" which are given in this volume from Bartholomew Yonge's translation. The incidents of the maid and the love-letter and of the serenade, are clearly the source of incidents in Shakespeare's story of Julia and Proteus. Shakespeare may, however, have had them from some preceding English treatment of the story, such as this lost play of *Felix and Philiomena*, with which, if we knew it, we might find other resemblances not traceable in the work of George of Montemayor.

H. M.

THE

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DUKE OF MILAN, *Father to Silvia.*
VALENTINE, } *the Two Gentle-*
PROTEUS, } *men.*
ANTONIO, *Father to Proteus.*
THURIO, *a foolish Rival to Valentine.*
EGLAMOUR, *Agent for Silvia in her escape.*
SPEED, *a clownish Servant to Valentine.*
LAUNCE, *the like to Proteus.*
PANTHINO, *Servant to Antonio.*
Host, where Julia lodges.
Outlaws with Valentine.

JULIA, *beloved of Proteus.*
SILVIA, *beloved of Valentine.*
LUCETTA, *Waiting-woman to Julia.*

Servants, Musicians.

SCENE.—In VERONA; in MILAN; and in a Forest near MILAN.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Verona.* An open Place in the City.

Enter VALENTINE *and* PROTEUS.

Val. Cease to persuade, my loving Proteus:
Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits.
Were 't not affection chains thy tender days
To the sweet glances of thy honoured love,
I rather would entreat thy company
To see the wonders of the world abroad,

Than, living dully sluggardised at home,
Wear out thy youth with shapeless idleness.
But since thou lov'st, love still, and thrive therein,
Even as I would, when I to love begin.

Pro. Wilt thou be gone? Sweet Valentine, adieu!
Think on thy Proteus when thou haply seest
Some rare noteworthy object in thy travel:
Wish me partaker in thy happiness
When thou dost meet good hap; and in thy danger,
If ever danger do environ thee,
Commend thy grievance to my holy prayers,
For I will be thy beadsman, Valentine.

Val. And on a love-book pray for my success.

Pro. Upon some book I love, I 'll pray for thee.

Val. That 's on some shallow story of deep love;
How young Leander crossed the Hellespont.

Pro. That 's a deep story of a deeper love;
For he was more than over shoes in love.

Val. 'T is true; for you are over boots in love,
And yet you never swam the Hellespont.

Pro. Over the boots! nay, give me not the boots.

Val. No, I will not, for 't boots not.

Pro. What?

Val. To be

In love: where scorn is bought with groans; coy looks,
With heart-sore sighs; one fading moment's mirth,
With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights:
If haply won, perhaps, a hapless gain;
If lost, why then a grievous labour won:
However, but a folly bought with wit,
Or else a wit by folly vanquishéd.

Pro. So by your circumstance you call me fool.

Val. So, by your circumstance, I fear you'll prove.

Pro. 'T is love you cavil at: I am not Love.

Val. Love is your master, for he masters you;
And he that is so yokéd by a fool,
Methinks, should not be chronicled for wise.

Pro. Yet writers say, as in the sweetest bud
The eating canker dwells, so eating love
Inhabits in the finest wits of all.

Val. And writers say, as the most forward bud
Is eaten by the canker ere it blow,
Even so by love the young and tender wit
Is turned to folly; blasting in the bud,
Losing his verdure even in the prime,
And all the fair effects of future hopes.
But wherefore waste I time to counsel thee
That art a votary to fond desire?

Once more, adieu! My father at the road
Expects my coming, there to see me shipped.

Pro. And thither will I bring thee, Valentine.

Val. Sweet Proteus, no; now let us take our leave.

To Milan let me hear from thee by letters
Of thy success in love, and what news else
Betideth here in absence of thy friend;
And I likewise will visit thee with mine.

Pro. All happiness bechance to thee in Milan!

Val. As much to you at home! and so, farewell.

[*Exit.*

Pro. He after honour hunts, I after love:
He leaves his friends to dignify them more;
I leave myself, my friends, and all, for love.
Thou, Julia, thou hast metamorphosed me,—
Made me neglect my studies, lose my time,
War with good counsel, set the world at naught;
Made wit with musing weak, heart sick with thought.

Enter SPEED.

Speed. Sir Proteus, save you! Saw you my master?

Pro. But now he parted hence to embark for Milan.

Speed. Twenty to one then, he is shipped already,
And I have played the sheep in losing him.

Pro. Indeed, a sheep doth very often stray,
An if the shepherd be awhile away.

Speed. You conclude, that my master is a shepherd then, and I a sheep?

Pro. I do.

Speed. Why, then, my horns are his horns, whether I wake or sleep.

Pro. A silly answer, and fitting well a sheep.

Speed. This proves me still a sheep.

Pro. True; and thy master a shepherd.

Speed. Nay, that I can deny by a circumstance.

Pro. It shall go hard but I 'll prove it by another.

Speed. The shepherd seeks the sheep, and not the sheep the shepherd; but I seek my master, and my master seeks not me: therefore, I am no sheep.

Pro. The sheep for fodder follow the shepherd, the shepherd for food follows not the sheep; thou for wages followest thy master, thy master for wages follows not thee: therefore, thou art a sheep.

Speed. Such another proof will make me cry 'baa.'

Pro. But dost thou hear? gav'st thou my letter to Julia?

Speed. Ay, sir: I, a lost mutton, gave your letter to her, a laced mutton; and she, a laced mutton, gave me, a lost mutton, nothing for my labour.

Pro. Here's too small a pasture for such store of muttons.

Speed. If the ground be overcharged, you were best stick her.

Pro. Nay, in that you are a stray, 't were best pound you.

Speed. Nay, sir, less than a pound shall serve me for carrying your letter.

Pro. You mistake; I mean the pound,—a pinfold.

Speed. From a pound to a pin? fold it over and over.
'T is threefold too little for carrying a letter to your lover.

Pro. What said she? [SPEED *nods.*] Did she nod?

Speed. Ay.

Pro. Nod, Ay? why, that's noddy.

Speed. You mistook, sir: I say she did nod; and you ask me, if she did nod; and I say, Ay.

Pro. And that set together, is 'noddy.'

Speed. Now you have taken the pains to set it together, take it for your pains.

Pro. No, no; you shall have it for bearing the letter.

Speed. Well, I perceive I must be fain to bear with you.

Pro. Why, sir, how do you bear with me?

Speed. Marry, sir, the letter very orderly; having nothing but the word 'noddy' for my pains.

Pro. Beshrew me, but you have a quick wit.

Speed. And yet it cannot overtake your slow purse.

Pro. Come, come; open the matter in brief; what said she?

Speed. Open your purse, that the money and the matter may be both at once delivered.

Pro. Well, sir, here is for your pains. What said she?

Speed. Truly, sir, I think you 'll hardly win her.

Pro. Why? Couldst thou perceive so much from her?

Speed. Sir, I could perceive nothing at all from her; no, not so much as a ducat for delivering your letter. And being so hard to me that brought your mind, I fear she 'll prove as hard to

you in telling your mind. Give her no token but stones, for she 's as hard as steel.

Pro. What! said she nothing?

Speed. No, not so much as—'Take this for thy pains.' To testify your bounty, I thank you, you have testerned me; in requital whereof, henceforth carry your letters yourself. And so, sir, I 'll commend you to my master.

Pro. Go, go, be gone, to save your ship from wreck,
Which cannot perish, having thee aboard,
Being destined to a drier death on shore.—

[*Exit* SPEED.

I must go send some better messenger:
I fear my Julia would not deign my lines,
Receiving them from such a worthless post.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—Verona. JULIA'S Garden.

Enter JULIA *and* LUCETTA.

Jul. But say, Lucetta, now we are alone,
Wouldst thou then counsel me to fall in love?

Luc. Ay, madam; so you stumble not unheedfully.

Jul. Of all the fair resort of gentlemen

That every day with parle encounter me,
In thy opinion which is worthiest love?

Luc. Please you, repeat their names, I 'll show my mind
According to my shallow simple skill.

Jul. What think'st thou of the fair Sir Eglamour?

Luc. As of a knight well-spoken, neat and fine;
But, were I you, he never should be mine.

Jul. What think'st thou of the rich Mercatio?

Luc. Well of his wealth; but of himself, so, so.

Jul. What think'st thou of the gentle Proteus?

Luc. Lord, Lord! to see what folly reigns in us!

Jul. How now! what means this passion at his name?

Luc. Pardon, dear madam: 't is a passing shame
That I, unworthy body as I am,
Should censure thus on lovely gentlemen.

Jul. Why not on Proteus, as of all the rest?

Luc. Then thus,—of many good I think him best.

Jul. Your reason?

Luc. I have no other but a woman's reason; I think him so, because I think him so.

Jul. And wouldst thou have me cast my love on him?

Luc. Ay, if you thought your love not cast away.

Jul. Why, he of all the rest hath never moved me.

Luc. Yet he of all the rest, I think, best loves ye.

Jul. His little speaking shows his love but small.

Luc. Fire that's closest kept burns most of all.

Jul. They do not love that do not show their love.

Luc. O, they love least, that let men know their love.

Jul. I would I knew his mind.

Luc. Peruse this paper, madam.

Jul. 'To Julia.' Say, from whom?

Luc. That the contents will show.

Jul. Say, say, who gave it thee?

Luc. Sir Valentine's page; and sent, I think, from Proteus.

He would have given it to you, but I, being in the way,

Did in your name receive it: pardon the fault, I pray.

Jul. Now, by my modesty, a goodly broker!

Dare you presume to harbour wanton lines?

To whisper and conspire against my youth?

Now, trust me, 't is an office of great worth,

And you an officer fit for the place.
There, take the paper: see it be returned;
Or else return no more into my sight.

Luc. To plead for love deserves more fee than hate.

Jul. Will ye be gone?

Luc. That you may ruminate. [*Exit.*

Jul. And yet I would I had o'erlooked the letter.
It were a shame to call her back again,
And pray her to a fault for which I chid her.
What fool is she, that knows I am a maid
And would not force the letter to my view,—
Since maids, in modesty, say 'No' to that
Which they would have the profferer construe, 'Ay.'
Fie, fie, how wayward is this foolish love,
That, like a testy babe, will scratch the nurse,
And presently, all humbled, kiss the rod.
How churlishly I chid Lucetta hence,
When willingly I would have had her here!
How angerly I taught my brow to frown,
When inward joy enforced my heart to smile!
My penance is, to call Lucetta back,
And ask remission for my folly past.—
What, ho! Lucetta!

Re-enter LUCETTA.

Luc. What would your ladyship?

Jul. Is it near dinner-time?

Luc. I would it were;
That you might kill your stomach on your meat
And not upon your maid.

Jul. What is 't that you took up so gingerly?

Luc. Nothing.

Jul. Why didst thou stoop then?

Luc. To take a paper up
That I let fall.

Jul. And is that paper nothing?

Luc. Nothing concerning me.

Jul. Then let it lie for those that it concerns.

Luc. Madam, it will not lie where it concerns,
Unless it have a false interpreter.

Jul. Some love of yours hath writ to you in rhyme.

Luc. That I might sing it, madam, to a tune.
Give me a note: your ladyship can set.

Jul. As little by such toys as may be possible:
Best sing it to the tune of 'Light o' love.'

Luc. It is too heavy for so light a tune.

Jul. Heavy? belike, it hath some burden, then.

Luc. Ay; and melodious were it, would you sing it.

Jul. And why not you?

Luc. I cannot reach so high.

Jul. Let's see your song.—[*Takes the letter.*]—How now, minion!

Luc. Keep tune there still, so you will sing it out:
And yet, methinks, I do not like this tune.

Jul. You do not?

Luc. No, madam; it is too sharp.

Jul. You, minion, are too saucy.

Luc. Nay, now you are too flat,
And mar the concord with too harsh a descant:
There wanteth but a mean to fill your song.

Jul. The mean is drowned with your unruly base.

Luc. Indeed, I bid the base for Proteus.

Jul. This babble shall not henceforth trouble me:—
Here is a coil with protestation!—

[*Tears the letter.*

Go, get you gone, and let the papers lie:
You would be fingering them, to anger me.

Luc. She makes it strange, but she would be best pleased

To be so angered with another letter. [*Exit.*

Jul. Nay, would I were so angered with the same!

O hateful hands! to tear such loving words:
Injurious wasps, to feed on such sweet honey,
And kill the bees that yield it with your stings?
I'll kiss each several paper for amends.
Look, here is writ—'kind Julia.'—Unkind Julia!
As in revenge of thy ingratitude,
I throw thy name against the bruising stones,
Trampling contemptuously on thy disdain.
And here is writ—'love-wounded Proteus.'—
Poor wounded name! my bosom, as a bed,
Shall lodge thee, till thy wound be thoroughly healed;
And thus I search it with a sovereign kiss.
But twice or thrice was Proteus written down:
Be calm, good wind, blow not a word away,
Till I have found each letter in the letter,
Except mine own name: that some whirlwind bear
Unto a ragged, fearful-hanging rock,
And throw it thence into the raging sea!
Lo, here in one line is his name twice writ,—
'Poor forlorn Proteus; passionate Proteus
To the sweet Julia:'—that I'll tear away;—
And yet I will not, sith so prettily

He couples it to his complaining names.
Thus will I fold them one upon another :
Now kiss, embrace, contend, do what you will.

Re-enter LUCETTA.

Luc. Madam,
Dinner is ready, and your father stays.

Jul. Well, let us go.

Luc. What, shall these papers lie like tell-tales here ?

Jul. If you respect them, best to take them up.

Luc. Nay, I was taken up for laying them down ;
Yet here they shall not lie, for catching cold.

Jul. I see, you have a month's mind to them.

Luc. Ay, madam, you may say what sights you see ;
I see things too, although you judge I wink.

Jul. Come, come ; will 't please you go ?

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Verona. A Room in ANTONIO'S House.

Enter ANTONIO *and* PANTHINO.

Ant. Tell me, Panthino, what sad talk was that
Wherewith my brother held you in the cloister?

Pant. 'T was of his nephew Proteus, your son.

Ant. Why, what of him?

Pant. He wondered, that your lordship
Would suffer him to spend his youth at home,
While other men, of slender reputation,
Put forth their sons to seek preferment out:
Some, to the wars, to try their fortune there;
Some, to discover islands far away;
Some, to the studious universities.
For any or for all these exercises
He said that Proteus your son was meet,
And did request me to impórtune you
To let him spend his time no more at home,
Which would be great impeachment to his age,
In having known no travel in his youth.

Ant. Nor need'st thou much impórtune me to that
Whereon this month I have been hammering.
I have considered well his loss of time,

And how he cannot be a perfect man,
Not being tried and tutored in the world:
Experience is by industry achieved,
And perfected by the swift course of time.
Then, tell me, whither were I best to send him?

Pant. I think your lordship is not ignorant
How his companion, youthful Valentine,
Attends the emperor in his royal court.

Ant. I know it well.

Pant. 'T were good, I think, your lordship sent him thither.
There shall he practise tilts and tournaments,
Hear sweet discourse, converse with noblemen,
And be in eye of every exercise
Worthy his youth and nobleness of birth.

Ant. I like thy counsel; well hast thou advised;
And, that thou may'st perceive how well I like it,
The execution of it shall make known.
Even with the speediest expedition
I will despatch him to the emperor's court.

Pant. To-morrow, may it please you, Don Alphonso,
With other gentlemen of good esteem,
Are journeying to salute the emperor,
And to commend their service to his will.

Ant. Good company; with them shall Proteus go:

And,—in good time.—Now will we break with him.

Enter PROTEUS.

Pro. Sweet love! sweet lines! sweet life!
Here is her hand, the agent of her heart;
Here is her oath for love, her honour's pawn.
O, that our fathers would applaud our loves,
To seal our happiness with their consents!
O heavenly Julia!

Ant. How now! what letter are you reading there?

Pro. May 't please your lordship, 't is a word or two
Of commendations sent from Valentine,
Delivered by a friend that came from him.

Ant. Lend me the letter: let me see what news.

Pro. There is no news, my lord, but that he writes
How happily he lives, how well beloved,
And daily graced by the emperor;
Wishing me with him, partner of his fortune.

Ant. And how stand you affected to his wish?

Pro. As one relying on your lordship's will,
And not depending on his friendly wish.

Ant. My will is something sorted with his wish.
Muse not that I thus suddenly proceed,

For what I will, I will, and there an end.
I am resolved that thou shalt spend some time
With Valentinus in the emperor's court:
What maintenance he from his friends receives,
Like exhibition thou shalt have from me.
To-morrow be in readiness to go:
Excuse it not; for I am peremptory.

Pro. My lord, I cannot be so soon provided:
Please you, deliberate a day or two.

Ant. Look, what thou want'st shall be sent after thee:
No more of stay; to-morrow thou must go.—
Come on Panthino: you shall be employed
To hasten on his expedition.

[*Exeunt* ANTONIO *and* PANTHINO.

Pro. Thus have I shunned the fire for fear of burning,
And drenched me in the sea, where I am drowned.
I feared to show my father Julia's letter,
Lest he should take exceptions to my love;
And, with the vantage of mine own excuse
Hath he excepted most against my love.
O, how this spring of love resembleth
The uncertain glory of an April day,
Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,
And by-and-by a cloud takes all away.

Re-enter PANTHINO.

Pant. Sir Proteus, your father calls for you:
He is in haste; therefore, I pray you, go.
Pro. Why, this it is,—my heart accords thereto,
And yet a thousand times it answers, No.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Milan. A Room in the DUKE's Palace.

Enter VALENTINE *and* SPEED.

Speed [*picking up a glove*]. Sir, your glove.
Val. Not mine; my gloves are on.
Speed. Why, then this may be yours, for this is but one.
Val. Ha! let me see: ay, give it me, it 's mine.—
Sweet ornament, that decks a thing divine!
Ah, Silvia, Silvia!
Speed [*calling*]. Madam Silvia, Madam Silvia!
Val. How now, sirrah?
Speed. She is not within hearing, sir.
Val. Why, sir, who bade you call her?

Speed. Your worship, sir; or else I mistook.

Val. Well, you 'll still be too forward.

Speed. And yet I was last chidden for being too slow.

Val. Go to, sir: tell me, do you know Madam Silvia?

Speed. She that your worship loves?

Val. Why, how know you that I am in love?

Speed. Marry, by these special marks: first, you have learned, like Sir Proteus, to wreath your arms, like a malcontent; to relish a love-song, like a robin-redbreast; to walk alone, like one that had the pestilence; to sigh, like a school-boy that had lost his A B C; to weep, like a young wench that had buried her grandam; to fast, like one that takes diet; to watch, like one that fears robbing; to speak puling, like a beggar at Hallowmas. You were wont, when you laughed, to crow like a cock; when you walked, to walk like one of the lions; when you fasted, it was presently after dinner; when you looked sadly, it was for want of money; and now you are metamorphosed with a mistress, that, when I look on you, I can hardly think you my master.

Val. Are all these things perceived in me?

Speed. They are all perceived without ye.

Val. Without me? they cannot.

Speed. Without you? nay, that's certain; for, without you were so simple, none else would: but you are so without these follies, that these follies are within you, and shine through you like the water in an urinal, that not an eye that sees you but is a physician to comment on your malady.

Val. But, tell me, dost thou know my lady Silvia?

Speed. She that you gaze on so, as she sits at supper?

Val. Hast thou observed that? even she I mean.

Speed. Why, sir, I know her not.

Val. Dost thou know her by my gazing on her, and yet knowest her not?

Speed. Is she not hard-favoured, sir?

Val. Not so fair, boy, as well-favoured.

Speed. Sir, I know that well enough.

Val. What dost thou know?

Speed. That she is not so fair as, of you, well-favoured.

Val. I mean, that her beauty is exquisite, but her favour infinite.

Speed. That's because the one is painted, and the other out of all count.

Val. How painted? and how out of count?

Speed. Marry, sir, so painted to make her fair, that no man counts of her beauty.

Val. How esteem'st thou me? I account of her beauty.

Speed. You never saw her since she was deformed.

Val. How long hath she been deformed?

Speed. Ever since you loved her.

Val. I have loved her ever since I saw her, and still I see her beautiful.

Speed. If you love her, you cannot see her.

Val. Why?

Speed. Because love is blind. O, that you had mine eyes; or your own eyes had the lights they were wont to have, when you chid at Sir Proteus for going ungartered!

Val. What should I see then?

Speed. Your own present folly, and her passing deformity; for he, being in love, could not see to garter his hose; and you, being in love, cannot see to put on your hose.

Val. Belike, boy, then you are in love; for last morning you could not see to wipe my shoes.

Speed. True, sir; I was in love with my bed. I thank you, you swinged me for my love, which makes me the bolder to chide you for yours.

Val. In conclusion, I stand affected to her.

Speed. I would you were set; so your affection would cease.

Val. Last night she enjoined me to write some lines to one she loves.

Speed. And have you?

Val. I have.

Speed. Are they not lamely writ?

Val. No, boy, but as well as I can do them.—Peace! here she comes.

Speed. O excellent motion! O exceeding puppet! Now will he interpret to her.

Enter SILVIA.

Val. Madam and mistress, a thousand good-morrows.

Speed. O, give ye good even: here 's a million of manners.

Sil. Sir Valentine and servant, to you two thousand.

Speed. He should give her interest, and she gives it him.

Val. As you enjoined me, I have writ your letter
Unto the secret nameless friend of yours;
Which I was much unwilling to proceed in,
But for my duty to your ladyship. [*Gives a letter.*]

Sil. I thank you, gentle servant: 't is very clerkly done.

Val. Now trust me, madam, it came hardly off;
For, being ignorant to whom it goes,
I writ at random, very doubtfully.

Sil. Perchance you think too much of so much pains?

Val. No, madam: so it stead you, I will write,
Please you command, a thousand times as much.
And yet,—

Sil. A pretty period. Well, I guess the sequel;
And yet I will not name 't;—and yet I care not;—
And yet take this again;—and yet I thank you,
Meaning henceforth to trouble you no more.

Speed. And yet you will; and yet another yet.

Val. What means your ladyship; do you not like it?

Sil. Yes, yes; the lines are very quaintly writ,
But since unwillingly, take them again;
Nay, take them. [*Gives back the letter.*

Val. Madam, they are for you.

Sil. Ay, ay, you writ them, sir, at my request;
But I will none of them. They are for you:
I would have had them writ more movingly.

Val. Please you, I 'll write your ladyship another.

Sil. And when it's writ, for my sake read it over:
And, if it please you, so: if not, why, so.

Val. If it please me, madam; what then?

Sil. Why, if it please you, take it for your labour.
And so good-morrow, servant. [*Exit.*

Speed. O jest unseen, inscrutable, invisible,
As a nose on a man's face, or a weathercock on a steeple!
My master sues to her, and she hath taught her suitor,
He being her pupil, to become her tutor.
O excellent device! was there ever heard a better,
That my master, being scribe, to himself should write the letter?

Val. How now, sir! what, are you reasoning with yourself?

Speed. Nay, I was rhyming: 't is you that have the reason.

Val. To do what?

Speed. To be a spokesman from Madame Silvia.

Val. To whom?

Speed. To yourself. Why, she wooes you by a figure.

Val. What figure?

Speed. By a letter, I should say.

Val. Why, she hath not writ to me?

Speed. What need she, when she hath made you write to yourself? Why, do you not perceive the jest?

Val. No, believe me.

Speed. No believing you, indeed, sir: but did you perceive her earnest?

Val. She gave me none, except an angry word.

Speed. Why, she hath given you a letter.

Val. That 's the letter I writ to her friend.

Speed. And that letter hath she delivered, and there an end.

Val. I would it were no worse!

Speed. I 'll warrant you, 't is as well:
For often have you writ to her, and she, in modesty,
Or else for want of idle time, could not again reply;
Or fearing else some messenger that might her mind discover,
Herself hath taught her love himself to write unto her lover.
All this I speak in print, for in print I found it.—
Why muse you, sir? 't is dinner-time.

Val. I have dined.

Speed. Ay, but hearken, sir: though the chameleon Love can feed on the air, I am one that am

nourished by my victuals, and would fain have meat. O, be not like your mistress; be moved, be moved. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Verona. A Room in JULIA'S House.

Enter PROTEUS *and* JULIA.

Pro. Have patience, gentle Julia.

Jul. I must, where is no remedy.

Pro. When possibly I can, I will return.

Jul. If you turn not, you will return the sooner. Keep this remembrance for thy Julia's sake.

[*Gives him a ring.*

Pro. Why, then we'll make exchange: here, take you this. [*Gives her a ring.*

Jul. And seal the bargain with a holy kiss.

Pro. Here is my hand for my true constancy;
And when that hour o'erslips me in the day
Wherein I sigh not, Julia, for thy sake,
The next ensuing hour some foul mischance
Torment me for my love's forgetfulness.
My father stays my coming; answer not.
The tide is now: nay, not thy tide of tears;
That tide will stay me longer than I should.
Julia, farewell. [*Exit* JULIA.

What! gone without a word?

Ay, so true love should do: it cannot speak;
For truth hath better deeds than words to grace it.

Enter PANTHINO.

Pant. Sir Proteus, you are stayed for.

Pro. Go; I come, I come.—
Alas! this parting strikes poor lovers dumb!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Verona. A Street.

Enter LAUNCE, *leading a dog.*

Launce. Nay, 't will be this hour ere I have done weeping; all the kind of the Launces have this very fault. I have received my proportion, like the prodigious son, and am going with Sir Proteus to the imperial's court. I think Crab, my dog, be the sourest-natured dog that lives: my mother weeping, my father wailing, my sister crying, our maid howling, our cat wringing her hands, and all our house in a great perplexity, yet did not this cruel-hearted cur shed one tear. He is stone, a very pebble stone, and has no more pity in him than a dog: a Jew would have wept to have seen our parting; why, my grandam, having no eyes, look you, wept herself blind at my parting. Nay,

I 'll show you the manner of it. This shoe is my father :—no, this left shoe is my father ;—no, no, this left shoe is my mother ;— nay, that cannot be so, neither ;—yes, it is so, it is so ; it hath the worser sole. This shoe with the hole in it is my mother, and this my father. A vengeance on 't ! there 't is : now, sir, this staff is my sister ; for, look you, she is as white as a lily, and as small as a wand : this hat is Nan, our maid : I am the dog ; —no, the dog is himself, and I am the dog,—O, the dog is me, and I am myself : ay, so, so. Now come I to my father ; 'Father, your blessing !' now should not the shoe speak a word for weeping : now should I kiss my father ; well, he weeps on. Now come I to my mother ;—O, that she could speak now, like a wood woman !—well, I kiss her ; why, there 't is, here 's my mother's breath up and down. Now come I to my sister ; mark the moan she makes. Now, the dog all this while sheds not a tear, nor speaks a word ; but see how I lay the dust with my tears.

Enter PANTHINO.

Pant. Launce, away, away, aboard : thy master is shipped, and thou art to post after with oars. What 's the matter? why weep'st thou, man?

Away, ass ! you 'll lose the tide, if you tarry any longer.

Launce. It is no matter if the tied were lost; for it is the unkindest tied that ever any man tied.

Pant. What 's the unkindest tide ?

Launce. Why, he that 's tied here, Crab, my dog.

Pant. Tut, man, I mean thou 'lt lose the flood; and, in losing the flood, lose thy voyage; and, in losing thy voyage, lose thy master; and, in losing thy master, lose thy service; and, in losing thy service,—Why dost thou stop my mouth ?

Launce. For fear thou shouldst lose thy tongue.

Pant. Where should I lose my tongue ?

Launce. In thy tale.

Pant. In my tail ?

Launce. Lose the tide, and the voyage, and the master, and the service, and the tied ! Why, man, if the river were dry, I am able to fill it with my tears; if the wind were down, I could drive the boat with my sighs.

Pant. Come, come, away, man : I was sent to call thee.

Launce. Sir, call me what thou darest.

Pant. Wilt thou go ?

Launce. Well, I will go. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Milan. A Room in the DUKE'S Palace.

Enter VALENTINE, SILVIA, THURIO, *and* SPEED.

Sil. Servant,—

Val. Mistress?

Speed. Master, Sir Thurio frowns on you.

Val. Ay, boy, it 's for love.

Speed. Not of you.

Val. Of my mistress then.

Speed. 'T were good you knocked him.

Sil. Servant, you are sad.

Val. Indeed, madam, I seem so.

Thu. Seem you that you are not?

Val. Haply, I do.

Thu. So do counterfeits.

Val. So do you.

Thu. What seem I that I am not?

Val. Wise.

Thu. What instance of the contrary?

Val. Your folly.

Thu. And how quote you my folly?

Val. I quote it in your jerkin.

Thu. My jerkin is a doublet.

Val. Well, then, I 'll double your folly.

Thu. How?

Sil. What, angry, Sir Thurio! do you change colour?

Val. Give him leave, madam; he is a kind of chameleon.

Thu. That hath more mind to feed on your blood, than live in your air.

Val. You have said, sir.

Thu. Ay, sir, and done too, for this time.

Val. I know it well, sir: you always end ere you begin.

Sil. A fine volley of words, gentlemen, and quickly shot off.

Val. 'T is indeed, madam, we thank the giver.

Sil. Who is that, servant?

Val. Yourself, sweet lady; for you gave the fire. Sir Thurio borrows his wit from your ladyship's looks, and spends what he borrows kindly in your company.

Thu. Sir, if you spend word for word with me, I shall make your wit bankrupt.

Val. I know it well, sir: you have an exchequer of words, and, I think, no other treasure to give your followers; for it appears by their bare liveries, that they live by your bare words.

Sil. No more, gentlemen, no more:—Here comes my father.

Enter the DUKE.

Duke. Now, daughter Silvia, you are hard beset.
Sir Valentine, your father's in good health:
What say you to a letter from your friends
Of much good news?

Val. My lord, I will be thankful
To any happy messenger from thence.

Duke. Know you Don Antonio, your countryman?

Val. Ay, my good lord; I know the gentleman
To be of worth, and worthy estimation,
And not without desert so well reputed.

Duke. Hath he not a son?

Val. Ay, my good lord; a son, that well deserves
The honour and regard of such a father.

Duke. You know him well?

Val. I know him as myself; for from our infancy
We have conversed, and spent our hours together:
And though myself have been an idle truant,
Omitting the sweet benefit of time
To clothe mine age with angel-like perfection,
Yet hath Sir Proteus, for that's his name,
Made use and fair advantage of his days;
His years but young, but his experience old;

His head unmellowed, but his judgment ripe:
And, in a word,—for far behind his worth
Come all the praises that I now bestow,—
He is complete in feature and in mind
With all good grace to grace a gentleman.

Duke. Beshrew me, sir, but, if he make this good,
He is as worthy for an empress' love
As meet to be an emperor's counsellor.
Well, sir, this gentleman is come to me
With commendation from great potentates:
And here he means to spend his time awhile:
I think, 't is no unwelcome news to you.

Val. Should I have wished a thing, it had been he.

Duke. Welcome him then according to his worth.
Silvia, I speak to you; and you, Sir Thurio:—
For Valentine, I need not cite him to it.
I 'll send him hither to you presently. [*Exit.*

Val. This is the gentleman, I told your ladyship
Had come along with me, but that his mistress
Did hold his eyes locked in her crystal looks.

Sil. Belike, that now she hath enfranchised them,
Upon some other pawn for fealty.

Val. Nay, sure, I think she holds them prisoners still.

Sil. Nay, then, he should be blind; and, being blind,
How could he see his way to seek out you?

Val. Why, lady, Love hath twenty pair of eyes.

Thu. They say, that Love hath not an eye at all.

Val. To see such lovers, Thurio, as yourself:
Upon a homely object Love can wink.

Enter PROTEUS.

Sil. Have done, have done; here comes the gentleman.

Val. Welcome, dear Proteus!—Mistress, I beseech you,
Confirm his welcome with some special favour.

Sil. His worth is warrant for his welcome hither,
If this be he you oft have wished to hear from.

Val. Mistress, it is; sweet lady, entertain him
To be my fellow-servant to your ladyship.

Sil. Too low a mistress for so high a servant.

Pro. Not so, sweet lady; but too mean a servant
To have a look of such a worthy mistress.

Val. Leave off discourse of disability:—
Sweet lady, entertain him for your servant.

Pro. My duty will I boast of, nothing else.

Sil. And duty never yet did want his meed.
Servant, you 're welcome to a worthless mistress.

Pro. I 'll die on him that says so, but yourself.

Sil. That you are welcome?

Pro. That you are worthless.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, my lord, your father, would speak with you.

Sil. I wait upon his pleasure. [*Exit Serv.*
Come, Sir Thurio,
Go you with me.—Once more, new servant, welcome:
I 'll leave you to confer of home-affairs;
When you have done, we look to hear from you.

Pro. We 'll both attend upon your ladyship.
[*Exeunt* SILVIA *and* THURIO.

Val. Now, tell me, how do all from whence you came?

Pro. Your friends are well, and have them much commended.

Val. And how do yours?

Pro. I left them all in health.

Val. How does your lady, and how thrives your love?

Pro. My tales of love were wont to weary you;

I know you joy not in a love-discourse.

Val. Ay, Proteus, but that life is altered now.
I have done penance for contemning Love :
Whose high imperious thoughts have punished me
With bitter fasts, with penitential groans,
With nightly tears, and daily heart-sore sighs ;
For, in revenge of my contempt of Love,
Love hath chased sleep from my enthralléd eyes,
And made them watchers of mine own heart's sorrow.
O gentle Proteus, Love 's a mighty lord,
And hath so humbled me, as, I confess
There is no woe to his correction,
Nor to his service no such joy on earth !
Now no discourse, except it be of love ;
Now can I break my fast, dine, sup, and sleep,
Upon the very naked name of love.

Pro. Enough ; I read your fortune in your eye.
Was this the idol that you worship so ?

Val. Even she ; and is she not a heavenly saint ?

Pro. No ; but she is an earthly paragon.

Val. Call her divine.

Pro. I will not flatter her.

Val. O, flatter me ; for love delights in praises.

Pro. When I was sick, you gave me bitter pills ;
And I must minister the like to you.

Val. Then speak the truth by her: if not divine,
Yet let her be a principality,
Sovereign to all the creatures on the earth.

Pro. Except my mistress.

Val. Sweet, except not any;
Except thou wilt except against my love.

Pro. Have I not reason to prefer mine own?

Val. And I will help thee to prefer her too:
She shall be dignified with this high honour,—
To bear my lady's train, lest the base earth
Should from her vesture chance to steal a kiss,
And, of so great a favour growing proud,
Disdain to root the summer-swelling flower,
And make rough winter everlastingly.

Pro. Why, Valentine, what braggardism is this?

Val. Pardon me, Proteus; all I can, is nothing
To her, whose worth makes other worthies nothing.
She is alone.

Pro. Then let her alone.

Val. Not for the world: why, man, she is mine own,
And I as rich in having such a jewel
As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl,
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.
Forgive me, that I do not dream on thee,

Because thou seest me dote upon my love.
My foolish rival, that her father likes
Only for his possessions are so huge,
Is gone with her along ; and I must after,
For love, thou know'st, is full of jealousy.

Pro. But she loves you ?

Val. Ay,
And we are betrothed ; nay, more, our marriage-hour,
With all the cunning manner of our flight,
Determined of : how I must climb her window,
The ladder made of cords, and all the means
Plotted and 'greed on, for my happiness.
Good Proteus, go with me to my chamber,
In these affairs to aid me with thy counsel.

Pro. Go on before ; I shall enquire you forth.
I must unto the road, to disembark
Some necessaries that I needs must use,
And then I 'll presently attend you.

Val. Will you make haste ?

Pro. I will.— [*Exeunt* VALENTINE *and* SPEED.
Even as one heat another heat expels,
Or as one nail by strength drives out another,
So the remembrance of my former love
Is by a newer object quite forgotten.
Is it mine eye, or Valentinus' praise,

Her true perfection, or my false transgression,
That makes me, reasonless, to reason thus?
She 's fair, and so is Julia that I love,—
That I did love, for now my love is thawed,
Which, like a waxen image 'gainst a fire,
Bears no impression of the thing it was.
Methinks, my zeal to Valentine is cold,
And that I love him not as I was wont:
O, but I love his lady too too much;
And that 's the reason I love him so little.
How shall I dote on her with more advice,
That thus without advice begin to love her?
'T is but her picture I have yet beheld,
And that hath dazzléd my reason's light;
But when I look on her perfections,
There is no reason but I shall be blind.
If I can check my erring love, I will;
If not, to compass her I 'll use my skill. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.—Milan. A Street.

Enter SPEED *and* LAUNCE.

Speed. Launce! by mine honesty, welcome to Milan!

Launce. Forswear not thyself, sweet youth, for

I am not welcome. I reckon this always, that a man is never undone till he be hanged; nor never welcome to a place till some certain shot be paid, and the hostess say, 'Welcome!'

Speed. Come on, you madcap, I'll to the ale-house with you presently; where for one shot of five-pence thou shalt have five thousand welcomes. But, sirrah, how did thy master part with Madam Julia?

Launce. Marry, after they closed in earnest, they parted very fairly in jest.

Speed. But shall she marry him?

Launce. No.

Speed. How then? Shall he marry her?

Launce. No, neither.

Speed. What, are they broken?

Launce. No, they are both as whole as a fish.

Speed. Why then, how stands the matter with them?

Launce. Marry, thus: when it stands well with him, it stands well with her.

Speed. What an ass art thou! I understand thee not.

Launce. What a block art thou, that thou canst not. My staff understands me.

Speed. What thou say'st?

Launce. Ay, and what I do too: look thee, I'll but lean, and my staff understands me.

Speed. It stands under thee, indeed.

Launce. Why, stand-under and under-stand is all one.

Speed. But tell me true, will't be a match.

Launce. Ask my dog: if he say, ay, it will; if he say, no, it will; if he shake his tail and say nothing, it will.

Speed. The conclusion is then, that it will.

Launce. Thou shalt never get such a secret from me but by a parable.

Speed. 'T is well that I get it so. But, Launce, how say'st thou, that my master is become a notable lover?

Launce. I never knew him otherwise.

Speed. Than how?

Launce. A notable lubber, as thou reportest him to be.

Speed. Why, thou whoreson ass, thou mistakest me.

Launce. Why, fool, I meant not thee; I meant thy master.

Speed. I tell thee, my master is become a hot lover.

Launce. Why, I tell thee, I care not though he

burn himself in love. If thou wilt go with me to the ale-house, so; if not, thou art an Hebrew, a Jew, and not worth the name of a Christian.

Speed. Why?

Launce. Because thou hast not so much charity in thee as to go to the ale with a Christian. Wilt thou go?

Speed. At thy service. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—Milan. A room in the DUKE'S Palace.

Enter PROTEUS.

Pro. To leave my Julia, shall I be forsworn;
To love fair Silvia, shall I be forsworn;
To wrong my friend, I shall be much forsworn;
And even that power which gave me first my oath
Provokes me to this threefold perjury:
Love bade me swear, and Love bids me forswear.
O sweet-suggesting Love, if thou hast sinned,
Teach me, thy tempted subject, to excuse it!
At first I did adore a twinkling star,
But now I worship a celestial sun.
Unheedful vows may heedfully be broken;
And he wants wit that wants resolvéd will

To learn his wit to exchange the bad for better.—
Fie, fie, unreverend tongue! to call her bad
Whose sovereignty so oft thou hast preferred
With twenty thousand soul-confirming oaths.
I cannot leave to love, and yet I do;
But there I leave to love where I should love.
Julia I lose, and Valentine I lose:
If I keep them, I needs must lose myself;
If I lose them, thus find I, by their loss,
For Valentine, myself; for Julia, Silvia.
I to myself am dearer than a friend,
For love is still most precious in itself;
And Silvia—witness Heaven that made her fair!—
Shows Julia but a swarthy Ethiop.
I will forget that Julia is alive,
Remembering that my love to her is dead;
And Valentine I'll hold an enemy,
Aiming at Silvia as a sweeter friend.
I cannot now prove constant to myself
Without some treachery used to Valentine.—
This night, he meaneth with a corded ladder
To climb celestial Silvia's chamber-window;
Myself in counsel, his competitor:
Now presently I'll give her father notice
Of their disguising and pretended flight;
Who, all enraged, will banish Valentine,

For Thurio he intends shall wed his daughter;
But, Valentine being gone, I'll quickly cross
By some sly trick blunt Thurio's dull proceeding.
Love, lend me wings to make my purpose swift,
As thou hast lent me wit to plot this drift! [*Exit.*

Scene VII.—Verona. A Room in Julia's House.

Enter Julia *and* Lucetta.

Jul. Counsel, Lucetta; gentle girl, assist me;
And, e'en in kind love, I do conjure thee,—
Who art the table wherein all my thoughts
Are visibly charáctered and engraved,—
To lesson me; and tell me some good mean,
How, with my honour, I may undertake
A journey to my loving Proteus.

Luc. Alas, the way is wearisome and long.

Jul. A true-devoted pilgrim is not weary
To measure kingdoms with his feeble steps;
Much less shall she that hath Love's wings to fly,
And when the flight is made to one so dear,
Of such divine perfection, as Sir Proteus.

Luc. Better forbear till Proteus make return.

Jul. O, know'st thou not his looks are my soul's food?
Pity the dearth that I have pinéd in
By longing for that food so long a time.
Didst thou but know the inly touch of love,
Thou wouldst as soon go kindle fire with snow
As seek to quench the fire of love with words.

Luc. I do not seek to quench your love's hot fire,
But qualify the fire's extreme rage,
Lest it should burn above the bounds of reason.

Jul. The more thou damm'st it up, the more it burns.
The current that with gentle murmur glides,
Thou know'st, being stopped, impatiently doth rage;
But, when his fair course is not hinderéd,
He makes sweet music with the enamelled stones,
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage;
And so by many winding nooks he strays
With willing sport to the wild ocean.
Then let me go, and hinder not my course.
I 'll be as patient as a gentle stream,
And make a pastime of each weary step,
Till the last step have brought me to my love;
And there I 'll rest, as, after much turmoil,

A blesséd soul doth in Elysium.

Luc. But in what habit will you go along?

Jul. Not like a woman; for I would prevent
The loose encounters of lascivious men.
Gentle Lucetta, fit me with such weeds
As may beseem some well-reputed page.

Luc. Why, then your ladyship must cut your hair.

Jul. No, girl; I'll knit it up in silken strings
With twenty odd-conceited true-love knots:
To be fantastic, may become a youth
Of greater time than I shall show to be.

Luc. What fashion, madam, shall I make your breeches?

Jul. That fits as well as—'Tell me, good my lord,
What compass will you wear your farthingale?'
Why, even what fashion thou best lik'st, Lucetta.

Luc. You must needs have them with a codpiece, madam.

Jul. Out, out, Lucetta! that will be ill-favoured.

Luc. A round hose, madam, now's not worth a pin,
Unless you have a codpiece to stick pins on.

Jul. Lucetta, as thou lov'st me, let me have
What thou think'st meet, and is most mannerly.

But tell me, wench, how will the world repute me
For undertaking so unstaid a journey?
I fear me, it will make me scandalised.

Luc. If you think so, then stay at home, and go not.

Jul. Nay, that I will not.

Luc. Then never dream on infamy, but go.
If Proteus like your journey when you come,
No matter who 's displeased when you are gone.
I fear me, he will scarce be pleased withal.

Jul. That is the least, Lucetta, of my fear.
A thousand oaths, an ocean of his tears,
And instances of infinite of love,
Warrant me welcome to my Proteus.

Luc. All these are servants to deceitful men.

Jul. Base men, that use them to so base effect!
But truer stars did govern Proteus' birth:
His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles;
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate;
His tears pure messengers sent from his heart;
His heart as far from fraud as heaven from earth.

Luc. Pray Heaven, he prove so, when you come to him!

Jul. Now, as thou lov'st me, do him not that wrong
To bear a hard opinion of his truth:

Only deserve my love by loving him,
And presently go with me to my chamber,
To take a note of what I stand in need of
To furnish me upon my longing journey.
All that is mine I leave at thy dispose,
My goods, my lands, my reputation;
Only, in lieu thereof, dispatch me hence.
Come, answer not, but to it presently:
I am impatient of my tarriance. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

Scene I.—Milan. An Anteroom in the Duke's Palace.

Enter Duke, Thurio, *and* Proteus

Duke. Sir Thurio, give us leave, I pray, awhile:
We have some secrets to confer about.—
[*Exit* Thurio.
Now, tell me, Proteus, what 's your will with me?

Pro. My gracious lord, that which I would discover
The law of friendship bids me to conceal;
But when I call to mind your gracious favours
Done to me, undeserving as I am,

My duty pricks me on to utter that
Which else no worldly good should draw from me.
Know, worthy prince, Sir Valentine, my friend,
This night intends to steal away your daughter;
Myself am one made privy to the plot.
I know you have determined to bestow her
On Thurio, whom your gentle daughter hates;
And should she thus be stolen away from you,
It would be much vexation to your age.
Thus, for my duty's sake, I rather chose
To cross my friend in his intended drift
Than, by concealing it, heap on your head
A pack of sorrows which would press you down,
Being unprevented, to your timeless grave.

Duke. Proteus, I thank thee for thine honest care;
Which to requite, command me while I live.
This love of theirs myself have often seen,
Haply when they have judged me fast asleep;
And oftentimes have purposed to forbid
Sir Valentine her company and my court;
But, fearing lest my jealous aim might err,
And so unworthily disgrace the man,—
A rashness that I ever yet have shunned,—
I gave him gentle looks; thereby to find
That which thyself hast now disclosed to me.

And, that thou may'st perceive my fear of this,
Knowing that tender youth is soon suggested,
I nightly lodge her in an upper tower
The key whereof myself have ever kept ·
And thence she cannot be conveyed away.

Pro. Know, noble lord, they have devised a mean
How he her chamber-window will ascend,
And with a corded ladder fetch her down ;
For which the youthful lover now is gone,
And this way comes he with it presently,
Where, if it please you, you may intercept him.
But, good my lord, do it so cunningly
That my discovery be not aiméd at ;
For love of you, not hate unto my friend,
Hath made me publisher of this pretence.

Duke. Upon mine honour, he shall never know
That I had any light from thee of this.

Pro. Adieu, my lord ; Sir Valentine is coming.

[*Exit.*

Enter VALENTINE.

Duke. Sir Valentine, whither away so fast ?

Val. Please it your grace, there is a messenger
That stays to bear my letters to my friends,
And I am going to deliver them.

Duke. Be they of much import ?

Val. The tenor of them doth but signify
My health, and happy being at your court.

Duke. Nay, then, no matter; stay with me awhile.
I am to break with thee of some affairs
That touch me near, wherein thou must be secret.
'T is not unknown to thee that I have sought
To match my friend Sir Thurio to my daughter.

Val. I know it well, my lord; and, sure, the match
Were rich and honourable; besides, the gentleman
Is full of virtue, bounty, worth, and qualities
Beseeming such a wife as your fair daughter.
Cannot your grace win her to fancy him?

Duke. No, trust me: she is peevish, sullen, froward,
Proud, disobedient, stubborn, lacking duty;
Neither regarding that she is my child,
Nor fearing me as if I were her father:
And, may I say to thee, this pride of hers,
Upon advice, hath drawn my love from her;
And, where I thought the remnant of mine age
Should have been cherished by her child-like duty,
I now am full resolved to take a wife,
And turn her out to who will take her in:
Then, let her beauty be her wedding-dower;

For me and my possessions she esteems not.

Val. What would your grace have me to do in this?

Duke. There is a lady in Milano here,
Whom I affect; but she is nice, and coy,
And nought esteems my aged eloquence:
Now, therefore, would I have thee to my tutor—
For long agone I have forgot to court;
Besides, the fashion of the time is changed—
How, and which way, I may bestow myself,
To be regarded in her sun-bright eye.

Val. Win her with gifts, if she respect not words.
Dumb jewels often, in their silent kind,
More than quick words do move a woman's mind.

Duke. But she did scorn a present that I sent her.

Val. A woman sometimes scorns what best contents her.
Send her another; never give her o'er,
For scorn at first makes after-love the more.
If she do frown, 't is not in hate of you,
But rather to beget more love in you;
If she do chide, 't is not to have you gone,
For why the fools are mad, if left alone.
Take no repulse, whatever she doth say;

For, 'get you gone,' she doth not mean, 'away.'
Flatter, and praise, commend, extol their graces;
Though ne'er so black, say they have angels' faces.
That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

Duke. But she I mean is promised by her friends
Unto a youthful gentleman of worth,
And kept severely from resort of men,
That no man hath access by day to her.

Val. Why, then I would resort to her by night.

Duke. Ay, but the doors be locked, and keys kept safe,
That no man hath recourse to her by night.

Val. What lets but one may enter at her window?

Duke. Her chamber is aloft, far from the ground,
And built so shelving, that one cannot climb it
Without apparent hazard of his life.

Val. Why, then, a ladder quaintly made of cords,
To cast up, with a pair of anchoring hooks,
Would serve to scale another Hero's tower,
So bold Leander would adventure it.

Duke. Now, as thou art a gentleman of blood,
Advise me where I may have such a ladder.

Val. When would you use it? pray, sir, tell me that.

Duke. This very night; for Love is like a child,
That longs for everything that he can come by.

Val. By seven o'clock I'll get you such a ladder.

Duke. But hark thee; I will go to her alone.
How shall I best convey the ladder thither?

Val. It will be light, my lord, that you may bear it
Under a cloak that is of any length.

Duke. A cloak as long as thine will serve the turn?

Val. Ay, my good lord.

Duke. Then, let me see thy cloak
I'll get me one of such another length.

Val. Why, any cloak will serve the turn, my lord.

Duke. How shall I fashion me to wear a cloak?—
I pray thee, let me feel thy cloak upon me.—
What letter is this same? What's here?—'To Silvia!'
And here an engine fit for my proceeding!
I'll be so bold to break the seal for once. [*Reads.*

"*My thoughts do harbour with my Silvia nightly;*
And slaves they are to me, that send them flying:

O, could their master come and go as lightly,
Himself would lodge where senseless they are lying.
My herald thoughts in thy pure bosom rest them;
While I, their king, that thither them importune,
Do curse the grace that with such grace hath blessed them,
Because myself do want my servants' fortune:
I curse myself, for they are sent by me,
That they should harbour where their lord should be."

What 's here?

"Silvia, this night I will enfranchise thee."

'T is so; and here 's the ladder for the purpose.
Why, Phaethon,—for thou art Merops' son,—
Wilt thou aspire to guide the heavenly car,
And with thy daring folly burn the world?
Wilt thou reach stars, because they shine on thee?
Go, base intruder! overweening slave!
Bestow thy fawning smiles on equal mates,
And think my patience, more than thy desert,
Is privilege for thy departure hence.
Thank me for this more than for all the favours
Which, all too much, I have bestowed on thee:
But if thou linger in my territories

Longer than swiftest expedition
Will give thee time to leave our royal court,
By Heaven, my wrath shall far exceed the love
I ever bore my daughter or thyself.
Be gone: I will not hear thy vain excuse;
But, as thou lov'st thy life, make speed from hence.

[*Exit* Duke.

Val. And why not death, rather than living torment?
To die is to be banished from myself;
And Silvia is myself: banished from her,
Is self from self; a deadly banishment.
What light is light, if Silvia be not seen?
What joy is joy, if Silvia be not by?
Unless it be to think that she is by,
And feed upon the shadow of perfection.
Except I be by Silvia in the night,
There is no music in the nightingale;
Unless I look on Silvia in the day,
There is no day for me to look upon.
She is my essence; and I leave to be,
If I be not by her fair influence
Fostered, illumined, cherished, kept alive.
I fly not death, to fly his deadly doom:
Tarry I here, I but attend on death;
But, fly I hence, I fly away from life.

Enter PROTEUS *and* LAUNCE.

Pro. Run, boy, run, run, and seek him out.

Launce. So-ho! so-ho!

Pro. What seest thou?

Launce. Him we go to find: there 's not a hair on 's head, but 't is a Valentine.

Pro. Valentine!

Val. No.

Pro. Who then? his spirit?

Val. Neither.

Pro. What then?

Val. Nothing.

Launce. Can nothing speak? master, shall I strike?

Pro. Who wouldst thou strike?

Launce. Nothing.

Pro. Villain, forbear.

Launce. Why, sir, I 'll strike nothing: I pray you,—

Pro. Sirrah, I say, forbear.—Friend Valentine, a word.

Val. My ears are stopped, and cannot hear good news,
So much of bad already hath possessed them.

Pro. Then in dumb silence will I bury mine,

For they are harsh, untuneable, and bad.

Val. Is Silvia dead?

Pro. No, Valentine.

Val. No Valentine, indeed, for sacred Silvia!—
Hath she forsworn me?

Pro. No, Valentine.

Val. No Valentine, if Silvia hath forsworn me!—
What is your news?

Launce. Sir, there is a proclamation that you are vanished.

Pro. That thou art banishéd: O, that's the news,
From hence, from Silvia, and from me, thy friend.

Val. O, I have fed upon this woe already,
And now excess of it will make me surfeit.
Doth Silvia know that I am banishéd?

Pro. Ay, ay; and she hath offered to the doom—
Which, unreversed, stands in effectual force—
A sea of melting pearl, which some call tears:
Those at her father's churlish feet she tendered,
With them, upon her knees, her humble self,
Wringing her hands, whose whiteness so became them
As if but now they waxéd pale for woe:
But neither bended knees, pure hands held up,
Sad sighs, deep groans, nor silver-shedding tears,

Could penetrate her uncompassionate sire;
But Valentine, if he be ta'en, must die.
Besides, her intercession chafed him so,
When she for thy repeal was suppliant,
That to close prison he commanded her,
With many bitter threats of biding there.

Val. No more; unless the next word that thou speak'st
Have some malignant power upon my life:
If so, I pray thee, breathe it in mine ear,
As ending anthem of my endless dolour.

Pro. Cease to lament for that thou canst not help,
And study help for that which thou lament'st.
Time is the nurse and breeder of all good.
Here if thou stay, thou canst not see thy love;
Besides, thy staying will abridge thy life.
Hope is a lover's staff; walk hence with that,
And manage it against despairing thoughts.
Thy letters may be here, though thou art hence
Which, being writ to me, shall be delivered
Even in the milk-white bosom of thy love.
The time now serves not to expostulate;
Come, I 'll convey thee through the city-gate,
And, ere I part with thee, confer at large
Of all that may concern thy love-affairs.
As thou lov'st Silvia, though not for thyself,

Regard thy danger, and along with me!

Val. I pray thee, Launce, an if thou seest my boy,
Bid him make haste, and meet me at the north gate.

Pro. Go, sirrah, find him out. Come, Valentine.

Val. O my dear Silvia!—hapless Valentine!

[*Exeunt* VALENTINE *and* PROTEUS.

Launce. I am but a fool, look you, and yet I have the wit to think my master is a kind of a knave; but that's all one, if he be but one knave. He lives not now that knows me to be in love: yet I am in love; but a team of horse shall not pluck that from me, nor who 't is I love; and yet 't is a woman; but what woman, I will not tell myself; and yet 't is a milk-maid; yet 't is not a maid, for she hath had gossips; yet 't is a maid, for she is her master's maid, and serves for wages. She hath more qualities than a water-spaniel,—which is much in a bare Christian. Here is the cate-log [*pulling out a paper*] of her conditions. Imprimis, 'She can fetch and carry.' Why, a horse can do no more: nay, a horse cannot fetch, but only carry; therefore is she better than a jade. Item, 'She can milk;' look you, a sweet virtue in a maid with clean hands.

Enter SPEED.

Speed. How now, Signior Launce what news with your mastership?

Launce. With my master's ship? why, it is at sea.

Speed. Well, your old vice still; mistake the word. What news, then, in your paper?

Launce. The blackest news that ever thou heardest.

Speed. Why, man, how black?

Launce. Why, as black as ink.

Speed. Let me read them.

Launce. Fie on thee, jolthead! thou canst not read.

Speed. Thou liest; I can.

Launce. I will try thee. Tell me this: who begot thee?

Speed. Marry, the son of my grandfather.

Launce. O illiterate loiterer! it was the son of thy grandmother. This proves that thou canst not read.

Speed. Come, fool, come; try me in thy paper.

Launce. There, and Saint Nicholas be thy speed!

Speed. [*Reads.*] 'Imprimis, She can milk.'

Launce. Ay, that she can.

Speed. 'Item, She brews good ale.'

Launce. And thereof comes the proverb,—Blessing of your heart, you brew good ale.

Speed. 'Item, She can sew.'

Launce. That 's as much as to say, Can she so?

Speed. 'Item, She can knit.'

Launce. What need a man care for a stock with a wench, when she can knit him a stock?

Speed. 'Item, She can wash and scour.'

Launce. A special virtue; for then she need not be washed and scoured.

Speed. 'Item, She can spin.'

Launce. Then may I set the world on wheels, when she can spin for her living.

Speed. 'Item, She hath many nameless virtues.'

Launce. That 's as much as to say, bastard virtues; that, indeed, know not their fathers, and therefore have no names.

Speed. Here follow her vices.

Launce. Close at the heels of her virtues.

Speed. 'Item, She is not to be kissed fasting, in respect of her breath.'

Launce. Well, that fault may be mended with a breakfast. Read on.

Speed. 'Item, She hath a sweet mouth.'

Launce. That makes amends for her sour breath.

Speed. 'Item, She doth talk in her sleep.'

Launce. It 's no matter for that, so she sleep not in her talk.

Speed. 'Item, She is slow in words.'

Launce. O villain, that set this down among her vices! To be slow in words is a woman's only virtue. I pray thee, out with 't, and place it for her chief virtue.

Speed. 'Item, She is proud.'

Launce. Out with that too: it was Eve's legacy, and cannot be ta'en from her.

Speed. 'Item, She hath no teeth.'

Launce. I care not for that neither, because I love crusts.

Speed. 'Item, She is curst.'

Launce. Well; the best is, she hath no teeth to bite.

Speed. 'Item, She will often praise her liquor.'

Launce. If her liquor be good, she shall: if she will not, I will; for good things should be praised.

Speed. 'Item, She is too liberal.'

Launce. Of her tongue she cannot, for that 's writ down she is slow of; of her purse she shall not, for that I 'll keep shut; now, of another thing she may, and that cannot I help. Well, proceed.

Speed. 'Item, She hath more hair than wit, and more faults than hairs, and more wealth than faults.'

Launce. Stop there; I'll have her: she was mine, and not mine, twice or thrice in that last article. Rehearse that once more.

Speed. 'Item, She hath more hair than wit,'—

Launce. More hair than wit,—it may be; I'll prove it: the cover of the salt hides the salt, and therefore it is more than the salt: the hair, that covers the wit, is more than the wit, for the greater hides the less. What's next?

Speed. 'And more faults than hairs,'—

Launce. That's monstrous: O, that that were out!

Speed. 'And more wealth than faults.'

Launce. Why, that word makes the faults gracious. Well, I'll have her; and if it be a match, as nothing is impossible,—

Speed. What then?

Launce. Why, then will I tell thee,—that thy master stays for thee at the north gate.

Speed. For me?

Launce. For thee! ay; who art thou? he hath stayed for a better man than thee.

Speed. And must I go to him?

Launce. Thou must run to him, for thou hast stayed so long, that going will scarce serve the turn.

Speed. Why didst not tell me sooner? pox of your love-letters! [*Exit.*

Launce. Now will he be swinged for reading my letter. An unmannerly slave, that will thrust himself into secrets.—I'll after, to rejoice in the boy's correction. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—Milan.—An Apartment in the DUKE'S Palace.

Enter DUKE *and* THURIO.

Duke. Sir Thurio, fear not but that she will love you
Now Valentine is banished from her sight.

Thu. Since his exile she hath despised me most;
Forsworn my company, and railed at me,
That I am desperate of obtaining her.

Duke. This weak impress of love is as a figure
Trenchéd in ice, which with an hour's heat
Dissolves to water and doth lose his form.
A little time will melt her frozen thoughts,
And worthless Valentine shall be forgot.—

Enter PROTEUS.

How now, Sir Proteus? Is your countryman,
According to our proclamation, gone?

Pro. Gone, my good lord.

Duke. My daughter takes his going grievously.

Pro. A little time, my lord, will kill that grief.

Duke. So I believe; but Thurio thinks not so.
Proteus, the good conceit I hold of thee—
For thou hast shown some sign of good desert—
Makes me the better to confer with thee.

Pro. Longer than I prove loyal to your grace
Let me not live to look upon your grace.

Duke. Thou know'st how willingly I would effect
The match between Sir Thurio and my daughter.

Pro. I do, my lord.

Duke. And also, I think, thou art not ignorant
How she opposes her against my will.

Pro. She did, my lord, when Valentine was here.

Duke. Ay, and perversely she persévers so.
What might we do to make the girl forget
The love of Valentine, and love Sir Thurio?

Pro. The best way is, to slander Valentine
With falsehood, cowardice, and poor descent;

Three things that women highly hold in hate.

Duke. Ay, but she 'll think that it is spoke in hate.

Pro. Ay, if his enemy deliver it :
Therefore, it must, with circumstance, be spoken
By one whom she esteemeth as his friend.

Duke. Then you must undertake to slander him.

Pro. And that, my lord, I shall be loth to do :
'T is an ill office for a gentleman,
Especially against his very friend.

Duke. Where your good word cannot advantage him
Your slander never can endamage him :
Therefore the office is indifferent,
Being entreated to it by your friend.

Pro. You have prevailed, my lord. If I can do it
By aught that I can speak in his dispraise,
She shall not long continue love to him.
But say, this weed her love from Valentine,
It follows not that she will love Sir Thurio.

Thu. Therefore, as you unwind her love from him,
Lest it should ravel and be good to none,
You must provide to bottom it on me ;
Which must be done by praising me as much

As you in worth dispraise Sir Valentine.

Duke. And, Proteus, we dare trust you in this kind,

Because we know, on Valentine's report,
You are already Love's firm votary,
And cannot soon revolt and change your mind.
Upon this warrant shall you have access
Where you with Silvia may confer at large ;—
For she is lumpish, heavy, melancholy,
And for your friend's sake, will be glad of you ;—
Where you may temper her, by your persuasion,
To hate young Valentine and love my friend.

Pro. As much as I can do I will effect.
But you, Sir Thurio, are not sharp enough ;
You must lay lime to tangle her desires
By wailful sonnets, whose composéd rhymes
Should be full fraught with serviceable vows.

Duke. Ay,
Much is the force of heaven-bred poesy.

Pro. Say, that upon the altar of her beauty
You sacrifice your tears, your sighs, your heart ;
Write till your ink be dry, and with your tears
Moist it again ; and frame some feeling line
That may discover such integrity :
For Orpheus' lute was strung with poet's sinews,
Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones,

Make tigers tame, and huge leviathans
Forsake unsounded deeps to dance on sands.
After your dire-lamenting elegies,
Visit by night your lady's chamber-window
With some sweet concert: to their instruments
Tune a deploring dump; the night's dead silence
Will well become such sweet-complaining grievance.
This, or else nothing, will inherit her.

Duke. This discipline shows thou hast been in love.

Thu. And thy advice this night I'll put in practice.
Therefore, sweet Proteus, my direction-giver,
Let us into the city presently
To sort some gentlemen well skilled in music.
I have a sonnet that will serve the turn
To give the onset to thy good advice.

Duke. About it, gentlemen.

Pro. We'll wait upon your grace till after supper,
And afterward determine our proceedings.

Duke. Even now about it; I will pardon you.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

Scene I.—A Forest near Milan.

Enter certain Outlaws.

1 *Out.* Fellows, stand fast; I see a passenger.

2 *Out.* If there be ten, shrink not, but down with 'em.

Enter Valentine *and* Speed.

3 *Out.* Stand, sir, and throw us that you have about ye;
If not, we 'll make you sit, and rifle you.

Speed. O, sir, we are undone! These are the villains
That all the travellers do fear so much.

Val. My friends,—

1 *Out.* That 's not so, sir,—we are your enemies.

2 *Out.* Peace! we 'll hear him.

3 *Out.* Ay, by my beard, will we;
For he is a proper man.

Val. Then know that I have little wealth to lose.
A man I am crossed with adversity;
My riches are these poor habiliments,
Of which if you should here disfurnish me,

You take the sum and substance that I have.

2 *Out.* Whither travel you?

Val. To Verona.

1 *Out.* Whence came you?

Val. From Milan.

3 *Out.* Have you long sojourned there?

Val. Some sixteen months; and longer might have stayed,
If crookéd fortune had not thwarted me.

1 *Out.* What, were you banished thence?

Val. I was.

2 *Out.* For what offence?

Val. For that which now torments me to rehearse:
I killed a man, whose death I much repent;
But yet I slew him manfully in fight,
Without false vantage or base treachery.

1 *Out.* Why, ne'er repent it, if it were done so.
But were you banished for so small a fault?

Val. I was, and held me glad of such a doom.

2 *Out.* Have you the tongues?

Val. My youthful travel therein made me happy,
Or else I often had been miserable.

3 *Out.* By the bare scalp of Robin Hood's fat friar,

This fellow were a king for our wild faction.

1 *Out.* We 'll have him. Sirs, a word.

Speed. Master, be one of them:
It is an honourable kind of thievery.

Val. Peace, villain!

2 *Out.* Tell us this: have you anything to take to?

Val. Nothing, but my fortune.

3 *Out.* Know then, that some of us are gentlemen,
Such as the fury of ungoverned youth
Thrust from the company of awful men:
Myself was from Verona banished
For practising to steal away a lady,
An heir, and near allied unto the duke.

2 *Out.* And I from Mantua, for a gentleman,
Who, in my mood, I stabbed unto the heart.

1 *Out.* And I for such-like petty crimes as these.
But to the purpose,—for we cite our faults,
That they may hold excused our lawless lives;
And, partly, seeing you are beautified
With goodly shape, and by your own report
A linguist, and a man of such perfection
As we do in our quality much want—

2 *Out.* Indeed, because you are a banished man,
Therefore, above the rest, we parley to you.

Are you content to be our general?
To make a virtue of necessity,
And live, as we do, in this wilderness?

3 *Out.* What say'st thou? wilt thou be of our consort?
Say, ay, and be the captain of us all.
We 'll do thee homage, and be ruled by thee,
Love thee as our commander and our king.

1 *Out.* But if thou scorn our courtesy, thou diest.

2 *Out.* Thou shalt not live to brag what we have offered.

Val. I take your offer, and will live with you;
Provided that you do no outrages
On silly women or poor passengers.

3 *Out.* No, we detest such vile, base practices.
Come, go with us, we 'll bring thee to our cave,
And show thee all the treasure we have got,
Which, with ourselves, shall rest at thy dispose.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Milan. The Court of the Palace.

Enter PROTEUS.

Pro. Already have I been false to Valentine,
And now I must be as unjust to Thurio.

Under the colour of commending him,
I have access my own love to prefer;
But Silvia is too fair, too true, too holy,
To be corrupted with my worthless gifts.
When I protest true loyalty to her,
She twits me with my falsehood to my friend;
When to her beauty I commend my vows,
She bids me think how I have been forsworn,
In breaking faith with Julia whom I loved:
And notwithstanding all her sudden quips,
The least whereof would quell a lover's hope,
Yet, spaniel-like, the more she spurns my love,
The more it grows, and fawneth on her still.
But here comes Thurio. Now must we to her window,
And give some evening music to her ear.

Enter THURIO, *and Musicians.*

Thu. How now, Sir Proteus? are you crept before us?

Pro. Ay, gentle Thurio; for you know that love
Will creep in service where it cannot go.

Thu. Ay, but I hope, sir, that you love not here.

Pro. Sir, but I do; or else I would be hence.

Thu. Who? Silvia?

Pro. Ay, Silvia,—for your sake.

Thu. I thank you for your own. Now, gentlemen,
Let's tune, and to it lustily awhile.

Enter at a distance Host, and JULIA *in boy's clothes.*

Host. Now, my young guest; methinks you're allicholly: I pray you, why is it?

Jul. Marry, mine host, because I cannot be merry.

Host. Come, we'll have you merry. I'll bring you where you shall hear music, and see the gentleman that you asked for.

Jul. But shall I hear him speak?

Host. Ay, that you shall.

Jul. That will be music. [*Music plays.*

Host. Hark! hark!

Jul. Is he among these?

Host. Ay; but peace! let's hear 'em.

SONG.

Who is Silvia? what is she,
That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wise is she;

The heaven such grace did lend her
That she might admiréd be.

Is she kind, as she is fair?
For beauty lives with kindness:
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness;
And, being helped, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing,
That Silvia is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling;
To her let us garlands bring.

Host. How now! are you sadder than you were before? How do you, man? the music likes you not.

Jul. You mistake: the musician likes me not.

Host. Why, my pretty youth?

Jul. He plays false, father.

Host. How? out of tune on the strings?

Jul. Not so; but yet so false, that he grieves my very heartstrings.

Host. You have a quick ear.

Jul. Ay, I would I were deaf! it makes me have a slow heart.

Host. I perceive, you delight not in music.

Jul. Not a whit, when it jars so.

Host. Hark, what fine change is in the music.

Jul. Ay, that change is the spite.

Host. You would have them always play but one thing?

Jul. I would always have one play but one thing.
But, host, doth this Sir Proteus that we talk on,
Often resort unto this gentlewoman?

Host. I tell you what Launce, his man, told me,—he loved her out of all nick.

Jul. Where is Launce?

Host. Gone to seek his dog; which, to-morrow, by his master's command, he must carry for a present to his lady.

Jul. Peace! stand aside: the company parts.

Pro. Sir Thurio, fear not you: I will so plead
That you shall say my cunning drift excels.

Thu. Where meet we?

Pro. At Saint Gregory's well.

Thu. Farewell.

[*Exeunt* THURIO *and Musicians.*

Enter SILVIA *above, at her window.*

Pro. Madam, good even to your ladyship

Sil. I thank you for your music, gentlemen.
Who is that that spake?

Pro. One, lady, if you knew his pure heart's truth,
You would quickly learn to know him by his voice.

Sil. Sir Proteus, as I take it.

Pro. Sir Proteus, gentle lady, and your servant.

Sil. What is your will?

Pro. That I may compass yours.

Sil. You have your wish: my will is even this,
That presently you hie you home to bed.
Thou subtle, perjured, false, disloyal man!
Think'st thou, I am so shallow, so conceitless,
To be seducéd by thy flattery,
That hast deceived so many with thy vows?
Return, return, and make thy love amends.
For me, by this pale queen of night I swear,
I am so far from granting thy request
That I despise thee for thy wrongful suit,
And by-and-by intend to chide myself
Even for this time I spend in talking to thee.

Pro. I grant, sweet love, that I did love a lady,
But she is dead.

Jul. [*Aside.*] 'T were false, if I should speak it;
For, I am sure, she is not buriéd.

Sil. Say, that she be; yet Valentine, thy friend,

Survives, to whom, thyself art witness,
I am betrothed; and art thou not ashamed
To wrong him with thy importúnacy?

Pro. I likewise hear, that Valentine is dead.

Sil. And so, suppose, am I; for in his grave,
Assure thyself, my love is buriéd.

Pro. Sweet lady, let me rake it from the earth.

Sil. Go to thy lady's grave, and call hers thence;
Or, at the least, in hers sepúlchre thine.

Jul. [*Aside.*] He heard not that.

Pro. Madam, if your heart be so obdurate,
Vouchsafe me yet your picture for my love,
The picture that is hanging in your chamber:
To that I 'll speak, to that I 'll sigh and weep;
For, since the substance of your perfect self
Is else devoted, I am but a shadow,
And to your shadow will I make true love.

Jul. [*Aside.*] If 't were a substance, you would, sure, deceive it,
And make it but a shadow, as I am.

Sil. I am very loth to be your idol, sir;
But, since your falsehood shall become you well
To worship shadows and adore false shapes,
Send to me in the morning, and I 'll send it:
And so, good rest.

Pro. As wretches have o'ernight,

That wait for execution in the morn.

[*Exeunt* PROTEUS *and* SILVIA.

Jul. Host, will you go?

Host. By my halidom, I was fast asleep.

Jul. Pray you, where lies Sir Proteus?

Host. Marry, at my house. Trust me, I think, 't is almost day.

Jul. Not so; but it hath been the longest night
That e'er I watched, and the most heaviest.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter EGLAMOUR.

Egl. This is the hour that Madam Silvia
Entreated me to call and know her mind.
There 's some great matter she 'd employ me in.—
Madam, madam!

Enter SILVIA *above, at her window.*

Sil. Who calls?

Egl. Your servant and your friend;
One that attends your ladyship's command.

Sil. Sir Eglamour, a thousand times good morrow.

Egl. As many, worthy lady, to yourself.
According to your ladyship's impose,
I am thus early come to know what service
It is your pleasure to command me in.

Sil. O Eglamour, thou art a gentleman—
Think not I flatter, for I swear I do not,—
Valiant, wise, remorseful, well accomplished.
That art not ignorant what dear good will
I bear unto the banished Valentine,
Nor how my father would enforce me marry
Vain Thurio, whom my very soul abhors.
Thyself hast loved; and I have heard thee say,
No grief did ever come so near thy heart
As when thy lady and thy true love died,
Upon whose grave thou vow'dst pure chastity.
Sir Eglamour, I would to Valentine,
To Mantua, where I hear he makes abode;
And, for the ways are dangerous to pass,
I do desire thy worthy company,
Upon whose faith and honour I repose.
Urge not my father's anger, Eglamour,
But think upon my grief,—a lady's grief,—
And on the justice of my flying hence,
To keep me from a most unholy match
Which heaven and fortune still rewards with plagues.
I do desire thee, even from a heart
As full of sorrows as the sea of sands,
To bear me company, and go with me:
If not, to hide what I have said to thee,

That I may venture to depart alone.

Egl. Madam, I pity much your grievances ;
Which since I know they virtuously are placed,
I give consent to go along with you ;
Recking as little what betideth me,
As much I wish all good befortune you.
When will you go ?

Sil. This evening coming.

Egl. Where shall I meet you ?

Sil. At Friar Patrick's cell,
Where I intend holy confession.

Egl. I will not fail your ladyship.
Good morrow, gentle lady.

Sil. Good morrow, kind Sir Eglamour.

[*Exeunt* EGLAMOUR, *and* SILVIA *above.*

Enter LAUNCE *with his dog.*

Launce. When a man's servant shall play the cur with him, look you, it goes hard : one that I brought up of a puppy ; one that I saved from drowning, when three or four of his blind brothers and sisters went to it. I have taught him, even as one would say precisely, 'Thus I would teach a dog.' I was sent to deliver him as a present to Mistress Silvia from my master, and I came no sooner into the dining-chamber, but he steps me to

her trencher, and steals her capon's leg. O, 't is a foul thing, when a cur cannot keep himself in all companies. I would have, as one should say, one that takes upon him to be a dog indeed; to be, as it were, a dog at all things. If I had not had more wit than he, to take a fault upon me that he did, I think verily, he had been hanged for 't: sure as I live, he had suffered for 't: you shall judge. He thrusts me himself into the company of three or four gentlemen-like dogs under the duke's table: he had not been there (bless the mark) a pissing while, but all the chamber smelt him. "Out with the dog!" says one; "What cur is that?" says another; "Whip him out," says the third; "Hang him up," says the duke. I, having been acquainted with the smell before, knew it was Crab, and goes me to the fellow that whips the dog: 'Friend,' quoth I, 'you mean to whip the dog?' "Ay, marry, do I," quoth he. 'You do him the more wrong,' quoth I; ''t was I did the thing you wot of.' He makes me no more ado, but whips me out of the chamber. How many masters would do this for his servant? Nay, I 'll be sworn, I have sat in the stocks for puddings he hath stolen, otherwise he had been executed; I have stood on the pillory for geese he hath killed, otherwise he

had suffered for 't: thou think'st not of this now. —Nay, I remember the trick you served me, when I took my leave of Madam Silvia. Did not I bid thee still mark me, and do as I do? When didst thou see me heave up my leg, and make water against a gentlewoman's farthingale? Didst thou ever see me do such a trick?

Enter PROTEUS, *and* JULIA *in boy's clothes.*

Pro. Sebastian is thy name? I like thee well,
And will employ thee in some service presently.

Jul. In what you please: I will do what I can.

Pro. I hope thou wilt.—How now, you whoreson peasant!
Where have you been these two days loitering?

Launce. Marry, sir, I carried Mistress Silvia the dog you bade me.

Pro. And what says she to my little jewel?

Launce. Marry, she says, your dog was a cur; and tells you, currish thanks is good enough for such a present.

Pro. But she received my dog?

Launce. No, indeed, did she not. Here have I brought him back again.

Pro. What! didst thou offer her this from me?

Launce. Ay, sir: the other squirrel was stolen

from me by the hangman's boys in the market-place; and then I offered her mine own, who is a dog as big as ten of yours, and therefore the gift the greater.

Pro. Go get thee hence, and find my dog again,
Or ne'er return again into my sight.
Away, I say! Stay'st thou to vex me here?
A slave that still an end turns me to shame.—
[*Exit* LAUNCE
Sebastian, I have entertainéd thee,
Partly, that I have need of such a youth,
That can with some discretion do my business,
For 't is no trusting to yon foolish lout;
But, chiefly, for thy face, and thy behaviour,
Which—if my augury deceive me not—
Witness good bringing up, fortune, and truth;
Therefore know thou for this I entertain thee.
Go presently, and take this ring with thee:
Deliver it to Madam Silvia.
She loved me well, delivered it to me.

Jul. It seems you loved not her, to leave her token.
She 's dead, belike?

Pro. Not so: I think, she lives.

Jul. Alas!

Pro. Why dost thou cry, Alas?

Jul. I cannot choose but pity her.

Pro. Wherefore shouldst thou pity her?

Jul. Because, methinks, that she loved you as well
As you do love your lady Silvia.
She dreams on him that has forgot her love;
You dote on her that cares not for your love.
'T is pity love should be so contrary;
And thinking on it makes me cry, Alas!

Pro. Well, well, give her that ring, and therewithal
This letter:—that 's her chamber.—Tell my lady,
I claim the promise for her heavenly picture.
Your message done, hie home unto my chamber,
Where thou shalt find me, sad and solitary. [*Exit.*

Jul. How many women would do such a message?
Alas, poor Proteus! thou hast entertained
A fox to be the shepherd of thy lambs.
Alas, poor fool! why do I pity him
That with his very heart despiseth me?
Because he loves her, he despiseth me;
Because I love him, I must pity him.
This ring I gave him, when he parted from me,
To bind him to remember my good will;
And now am I—unhappy messenger—
To plead for that which I would not obtain;

To carry that which I would have refused;
To praise his faith, which I would have dispraised.
I am my master's true-confirméd love,
But cannot be true servant to my master
Unless I prove false traitor to myself.
Yet will I woo for him; but yet so coldly
As, heaven it knows, I would not have him speed.—

Enter SILVIA, *attended.*

Gentlewoman, good day. I pray you, be my mean
To bring me where to speak with Madam Silvia.

Sil. What would you with her, if that I be she?

Jul. If you be she, I do entreat your patience
To hear me speak the message I am sent on.

Sil. From whom?

Jul. From my master, Sir Proteus, madam.

Sil. O, he sends you for a picture?

Jul. Ay, madam.

Sil. Ursula, bring my picture there.—

[*A picture brought.*

Go, give your master this: tell him from me,
One Julia, that his changing thoughts forget,
Would better fit his chamber than this shadow.

Jul. Madam, please you peruse this letter.

[*Gives a letter.*

Pardon me, madam, I have unadvised
Delivered you a paper that I should not:
This is the letter to your ladyship. [*Gives another.*

Sil. I pray thee, let me look on that again.

Jul. It may not be; good madam, pardon me.

Sil. There, hold.
I will not look upon your master's lines:
I know they are stuffed with protestations,
And full of new-found oaths, which he will break
As easily as I do tear this paper.

[*Tears the second letter.*

Jul. Madam, he sends your ladyship this ring.

Sil. The more shame for him that he sends it me;
For I have heard him say a thousand times
His Julia gave it him at his departure.
Though his false finger have profaned the ring,
Mine shall not do his Julia so much wrong.

Jul. She thanks you.

Sil. What say'st thou?

Jul. I thank you, madam, that you tender her.
Poor gentlewoman! my master wrongs her much.

Sil. Dost thou know her?

Jul. Almost as well as I do know myself
To think upon her woes, I do protest
That I have wept a hundred several times.

Sil. Belike she thinks that Proteus hath forsook her.

Jul. I think she doth, and that 's her cause of sorrow.

Sil. Is she not passing fair?

Jul. She hath been fairer, madam, than she is.
When she did think my master loved her well,
She, in my judgment, was as fair as you;
But since she did neglect her looking-glass,
And threw her sun-expelling mask away,
The air hath starved the roses in her cheeks,
And pinched the lily-tincture of her face,
That now she is become as black as I.

Sil. How tall was she?

Jul. About my stature; for, at Pentecost,
When all our pageants of delight were played,
Our youth got me to play the woman's part,
And I was trimmed in Madam Julia's gown,
Which servéd me as fit, by all men's judgments,
As if the garment had been made for me:
Therefore I know she is about my height.
And at that time I made her weep agood,
For I did play a lamentable part.
Madam, 't was Ariadne, passioning
For Theseus' perjury and unjust flight;
Which I so lively acted with my tears,

That my poor mistress, moved therewithal,
Wept bitterly, and would I might be dead,
If I in thought felt not her very sorrow.

Sil. She is beholding to thee, gentle youth.
Alas, poor lady, desolate and left!—
I weep myself, to think upon thy words.
Here, youth; there is my purse: I give thee this
For thy sweet mistress' sake, because thou lov'st
her.
Farewell. [*Exit* SILVIA, *attended.*

Jul. And she shall thank you for't, if e'er you
know her.—
A virtuous gentlewoman, mild and beautiful!
I hope my master's suit will be but cold,
Since she respects my mistress' love so much.
Alas, how love can trifle with itself!
Here is her picture: let me see; I think,
If I had such a tire, this face of mine
Were full as lovely as is this of hers;
And yet the painter flattered her a little,
Unless I flatter with myself too much.
Her hair is auburn, mine is perfect yellow;
If that be all the difference in his love,
I'll get me such a coloured periwig.
Her eyes are grey as glass, and so are mine:
Ay, but her forehead's low, and mine's as high.

What should it be, that he respects in her,
But I can make respective in myself,
If this fond Love were not a blinded god?
Come, shadow, come, and take this shadow up,
For 't is thy rival. O thou senseless form!
Thou shalt be worshipped, kissed, loved, and adored,
And, were there sense in his idolatry,
My substance should be statue in thy stead
I 'll use thee kindly for thy mistress' sake,
That used me so, or else, by Jove I vow,
I should have scratched out your unseeing eyes,
To make my master out of love with thee. [*Exit.*

ACT V.

Scene I.—Milan. An Abbey.

Enter Eglamour.

Egl. The sun begins to gild the western sky;
And now it is about the very hour
That Silvia at Friar Patrick's cell should meet me.
She will not fail; for lovers break not hours,
Unless it be to come before their time,

So much they spur their expedition.
See, where she comes.—

Enter SILVIA,

Lady, a happy evening!

Sil. Amen, amen! go on, good Eglamour,
Out at the postern by the abbey-wall:
I fear, I am attended by some spies.

Egl. Fear not: the forest is not three leagues off;
If we recover that, we are sure enough. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Milan. A Room in the DUKE'S Palace.

Enter THURIO, PROTEUS, *and* JULIA *in boy's clothes.*

Thu. Sir Proteus, what says Silvia to my suit?

Pro. O, sir, I find her milder than she was;
And yet she takes exceptions at your person.

Thu. What, that my leg is too long?

Pro. No, that it is too little.

Thu. I'll wear a boot to make it somewhat rounder.

Jul. [*Aside.*] But love will not be spurred to what it loathes.

Thu. What says she to my face?

Pro. She says it is a fair one.

Thu. Nay, then the wanton lies; my face is black.

Pro. But pearls are fair, and the old saying is,
Black men are pearls in beauteous ladies' eyes.

Jul. [*Aside.*] 'T is true, such pearls as put out ladies' eyes;
For I had rather wink than look on them.

Thu. How likes she my discourse?

Pro. Ill, when you talk of war.

Thu. But well, when I discourse of love and peace?

Jul. [*Aside.*] But, indeed, better when you hold your peace.

Thu. What says she to my valour?

Pro. O, sir, she makes no doubt of that.

Jul. [*Aside.*] She needs not, when she knows it cowardice.

Thu. What says she to my birth?

Pro. That you are well derived.

Jul. [*Aside.*] True; from a gentleman to a fool.

Thu. Considers she my possessions?

Pro. O, ay; and pities them.

Thu. Wherefore?

Jul. [*Aside.*] That such an ass should owe them.

Pro. That they are out by lease.

Jul. Here comes the duke.

Enter DUKE.

Duke. How now, Sir Proteus! how now, Thurio!
Which of you saw Sir Eglamour of late?

Thu. Not I.

Pro. Nor I.

Duke. Saw you my daughter?

Pro. Neither.

Duke. Why, then, she 's fled unto that peasant Valentine,
And Eglamour is in her company.
'T is true; for Friar Laurence met them both,
As he in penance wandered through the forest;
Him he knew well, and guessed that it was she,
But, being masked, he was not sure of it;
Besides, she did intend confession
At Patrick's cell this even: and there she was not.
These likelihoods confirm her flight from hence.
Therefore, I pray you, stand not to discourse,
But mount you presently; and meet with me,
Upon the rising of the mountain foot
That leads towards Mantua, whither they are fled:
Dispatch, sweet gentlemen, and follow me. [*Exit.*

Thu. Why, this it is to be a peevish girl,
That flies her fortune when it follows her.
I 'll after, more to be revenged on Eglamour,
Than for the love of reckless Silvia. [*Exit.*

Pro. And I will follow, more for Silvia's love
Than hate of Eglamour that goes with her. [*Exit.*

Jul. And I will follow, more to cross that love,
Than hate for Silvia that is gone for love. [*Exit.*

Scene III.—The Forest.

Enter Outlaws with Silvia.

1 *Out.* Come, come;
Be patient; we must bring you to our captain.

Sil. A thousand more mischances than this one
Have learned me how to brook this patiently.

2 *Out.* Come, bring her away.

1 *Out.* Where is the gentleman that was with her?

3 *Out.* Being nimble-footed, he hath out-run us;
But Moyses and Valerius follow him.
Go thou with her to the west end of the wood;
There is our captain. We 'll follow him that 's fled;
The thicket is beset, he cannot scape.

1 *Out.* Come, I must bring you to our captain's cave.
Fear not; he bears an honourable mind,
And will not use a woman lawlessly.

Sil. O Valentine, this I endure for thee.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.—Another Part of the Forest.

Enter Valentine.

Val. How use doth breed a habit in a man!
This shadowy desert, unfrequented woods,
I better brook than flourishing peopled towns:
Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,
And to the nightingale's complaining notes
Tune my distresses and record my woes.
O thou that dost inhabit in my breast,
Leave not the mansion so long tenantless,
Lest, growing ruinous, the building fall,
And leave no memory of what it was!
Repair me with thy presence, Silvia!
Thou gentle nymph, cherish thy forlorn swain!—

[*Noise within.*

What halloing and what stir is this to-day?
These are my mates, that make their wills their law,

Have some unhappy passenger in chase.
They love me well: yet I have much to do
To keep them from uncivil outrages.
Withdraw thee, Valentine: who 's this comes here?
[*Steps aside*

Enter PROTEUS, SILVIA, *and* JULIA *in boy's clothes.*

Pro. Madam, this service I have done for you—
Though you respect not aught your servant doth—
To hazard life, and rescue you from him
That would have forced your honour and your love.
Vouchsafe me, for my meed, but one fair look;
A smaller boon than this I cannot beg,
And less than this, I am sure, you cannot give.

Val. How like a dream is this I see and hear!
Love, lend me patience to forbear awhile.

Sil. O miserable, unhappy that I am!

Pro. Unhappy were you, madam, ere I came;
But by my coming I have made you happy.

Sil. By thy approach thou mak'st me most unhappy.

Jul. [*Aside.*] And me, when he approacheth to your presence.

Sil. Had I been seizéd by a hungry lion,
I would have been a breakfast to the beast
Rather than have false Proteus rescue me.

O Heaven be judge, how I love Valentine,
Whose life 's as tender to me as my soul ;
And full as much—for more there cannot be—
I do detest false perjured Proteus.
Therefore be gone ; solicit me no more.

Pro. What dangerous action, stood it next to death,
Would I not undergo for one calm look ?
O, 't is the curse in love, and still approved,
When women cannot love where they 're beloved.

Sil. When Proteus cannot love where he 's beloved.
Read over Julia's heart, thy first best love,
For whose dear sake thou didst then rend thy faith
Into a thousand oaths ; and all those oaths
Descended into perjury to love me.
Thou hast no faith left now, unless thou 'dst two,
And that 's far worse than none ; better have none
Than plural faith, which is too much by one.
Thou counterfeit to thy true friend !

Pro. In love
Who respects friend ?

Sil. All men but Proteus.

Pro. Nay, if the gentle spirit of moving words
Can no way change you to a milder form,
I 'll woo you like a soldier, at arms' end,

And love you 'gainst the nature of love,—force you.

Sil. O Heaven!

Pro. I'll force thee yield to my desire.

Val. [*Coming forward.*] Ruffian, let go that rude uncivil touch,—

Thou friend of an ill fashion!

Pro. Valentine!

Val. Thou common friend, that's without faith or love,—

For such is a friend now;—treacherous man!

Thou hast beguiled my hopes: nought but mine eye

Could have persuaded me. Now I dare not say,

I have one friend alive; thou wouldst disprove me.

Who should be trusted, when one's own right hand

Is perjured to the bosom? Proteus,

I am sorry I must never trust thee more,

But count the world a stranger for thy sake.

The private wound is deep'st: time most accurst,

'Mongst all foes that a friend should be the worst!

Pro. My shame and guilt confound me.—

Forgive me, Valentine. If hearty sorrow

Be a sufficient ransom for offence,

I tender 't here; I do as truly suffer

As e'er I did commit.

Val. Then I am paid;

And once again I do receive thee honest.
Who by repentance is not satisfied
Is nor of Heaven, nor earth ; for these are pleased ;
By penitence the Eternal's wrath 's appeased :—
And, that my love may appear plain and free,
All that was mine in Silvia I give thee.

Jul. O me unhappy ! [*Faints.*

Pro. Look to the boy.

Val. Why, boy ! why, wag ! how now ? what is the matter ?
Look up ; speak.

Jul. O good sir ! my master charged me
To deliver a ring to Madam Silvia,
Which, out of my neglect, was never done.

Pro. Where is that ring, boy ?

Jul. Here 't is : this is it. [*Gives a ring.*

Pro. How ! let me see.
Why, this is the ring I gave to Julia.

Jul. O, cry you mercy, sir ; I have mistook :
This is the ring you sent to Silvia.
[*Shows another ring.*

Pro. But, how cam'st thou by this ring ?
At my depart I gave this unto Julia.

Jul. And Julia herself did give it me ;
And Julia herself hath brought it hither.

Pro. How ? Julia !

Jul. Behold her that gave aim to all thy oaths,
And entertained them deeply in her heart:
How oft hast thou with perjury cleft the root!
O Proteus, let this habit make thee blush:
Be thou ashamed, that I have took upon me
Such an immodest raiment,—if shame live
In a disguise of love.
It is the lesser blot, modesty finds,
Women to change their shapes than men their minds.

Pro. Than men their minds! 't is true. O Heaven, were man
But constant, he were perfect: that one error
Fills him with faults; makes him run through all sins:
Inconstancy falls off, ere it begins.
What is in Silvia's face but I may spy
More fresh in Julia's, with a constant eye?

Val. Come, come, a hand from either.
Let me be blest to make this happy close;
'T were pity two such friends should be long foes.

Pro. Bear witness, Heaven, I have my wish for ever.

Jul. And I mine.

Enter Outlaws, with DUKE *and* THURIO.

Outlaws. A prize! a prize! a prize!

Val. Forbear,—

Forbear, I say; it is my lord the duke.—
Your grace is welcome to a man disgraced,
Banishéd Valentine.

Duke. Sir Valentine!

Thu. Yonder is Silvia; and Silvia's mine.

Val. Thurio, give back, or else embrace thy death;

Come not within the measure of my wrath:
Do not name Silvia thine; if once again,
Milano shall not hold thee. Here she stands:
Take but possession of her with a touch;—
I dare thee but to breathe upon my love.

Thu. Sir Valentine, I care not for her, I.
I hold him but a fool that will endanger
His body for a girl that loves him not:
I claim her not, and therefore she is thine.

Duke. The more degenerate and base art thou,
To make such means for her as thou hast done,
And leave her on such slight conditions.—
Now, by the honour of my ancestry,
I do applaud thy spirit, Valentine,
And think thee worthy of an empress' love:

Know, then, I here forget all former griefs,
Cancel all grudge, repeal thee home again.
Plead a new state in thy unrivalled merit,
To which I thus subscribe,—Sir Valentine,
Thou art a gentleman, and well derived;
Take thou thy Silvia, for thou hast deserved her.

Val. I thank your grace; the gift hath made me happy.
I now beseech you, for your daughter's sake,
To grant one boon that I shall ask of you.

Duke. I grant it for thine own, whate'er it be.

Val. These banished men, that I have kept withal,
Are men endued with worthy qualities:
Forgive them what they have committed here,
And let them be recalled from their exile.
They are reformed, civil, full of good,
And fit for great employment, worthy lord.

Duke. Thou hast prevailed; I pardon them and thee:
Dispose of them as thou know'st their deserts.
Come, let us go: we will include all jars
With triumphs, mirth, and rare solemnity.

Val. And, as we walk along, I dare be bold
With our discourse to make your grace to smile.
What think you of this page, my lord?

Duke. I think the boy hath grace in him; he blushes.

Val. I warrant you, my lord, more grace than boy.

Duke. What mean you by that saying?

Val. Please you, I 'll tell you as we pass along,
That you will wonder what hath fortunéd.—
Come, Proteus; 't is your penance but to hear
The story of your loves discoveréd:
That done, our day of marriage shall be yours;
One feast, one house, one mutual happiness.

[*Exeunt.*

THE STORY OF THE SHEPHERDESS FELISMENA.

A STORY FROM SIDNEY'S ARCADIA.

THE STORY OF THE SHEPHERDESS FELISMENA.

From the 'Diana' of GEORGE DE MONTEMAYOR.
Translated by BARTHOLOMEW YONGE.

YOU shall therefore knowe (faire nymphes) that great Vandalia is my natiue countrie, a prouince not far hence, where I was borne, in a citie called Soldina, my mother called Delia, my father Andronius, for linage and possessions the chiefest of all that prouince. It fell out that as my mother was married many yeeres and had no children (by reason whereof she liued so sad and malecontent that she enjoyed not one merry day), with teares and sighes she daily importuned the heauens, and with a thousand vowes and deuout offerings, besought God to grant her the summe of her desire: whose omnipotencie it pleased, beholding from his imperiall throne her continuall orisons, to make her barren bodie (the greater part of her age being now spent and gone) to become fruitfull. What infinite joy she conceiued thereof, let her judge, that after a long desire of any thing, fortune at last doth put

it into her handes. Of which content my father Andronius being no less partaker, shewed such tokens of inward joy as are impossible to be expressed. My mother Delia was so much giuen to reading of ancient histories, that if, by reason of sicknes or any important businesse, she had not bene hindred, she would neuer (by her will) haue passed the time away in any other delight; who (as I said) being now with childe, and finding herselfe on a night ill at ease, intreated my father to reade something vnto her, that, her minde being occupied in contemplation thereof, she might the better passe her greefe away. My father, who studied for nothing els but to please her in all he might, began to reade vnto her the historie of Paris, when the three Ladies referred their proude contention for the golden Apple to his conclusion and iudgement. But as my mother held it for an infallible opinion that Paris had partially giuen that sentence (perswaded thereunto by a blinde passion of beautie), so she said, that without all doubt he did not with due reason and wisedome consider the Goddesse of battels; for, as martiall and heroicall feates (saide she) excelled all other qualities, so with equitie and iustice the Apple should have bene giuen to her. My father answered, that since

the Apple was to be giuen to the fairest, and that Venus was fairer than any of the rest, Paris had rightly giuen his iudgement, if that harme had not ensued thereof, which afterwardes did. To this my mother replied, that, though it was written in the Apple, *That it should be giuen to the fairest*, it was not to be vnderstood of corporall beautie, but of the intellectual beautie of the mind. And therefore since fortitude was a thing that made one most beautiful, and the exercise of arms an exterior act of this vertue, she affirmed, that to the Goddesse of battels this Apple should be giuen, if Paris had iudged like a prudent and vnapassionate iudge. So that (faire Nymphes) they spent a great part of the night in controuersie, both of them alledging the most reasons they could to confirme their own purpose. They persisting in this pointe, sleepe began to ouercome her, whom the reasons and arguments of her husband coulde not once mooue ; so that being very deepe in her disputations, she fell into as deepe a sleepe, to whom (my father being now gone to his chamber) appeered the Goddesse Venus, with as frowning a countenance as faire, and saide, I maruell, Delia, who hath mooued thee to be so contrarie to her, that was neuer opposite to thee? If thou hadst but called

to minde the time when thou wert so ouercome in loue for Andronius, thou wouldest not have paide me the debt (thou owest me) with so ill coine. But thou shalt not escape free from my due anger; for thou shalt bring forth a sonne and a daughter, whose birth shall cost thee no lesse than thy life, and them their contentment, for vttering so much in disgrace of my honour and beautie: both which shall be as infortunate in their loue as any were ever in all their liues, or to the age wherein, with remedylesse sighes, they shall breath forth the summe of their ceaselesse sorrowes. And hauing saide thus, she vanished away: when, likewise, it seemed to my mother that the Goddesse Pallas came to her in a vision, and with a merry countenance saide thus unto her: With what sufficient rewardes may I be able to requite the due regarde (most happie and discreete Delia) which thou hast alleaged in my fauour against thy husbands obstinate opinion, except it be by making thee vnderstand that thou shalt bring foorth a sonne and a daughter, the most fortunate in armes that haue bene to their times. Having thus said, she uanished out of her sight, and my mother, thorow exceeding feare, awaked immediately. Who, within a moneth after, at one birth was deliuered of me,

and of a brother of mine, and died in childebed, leauing my father the most sorrowfull man in the world for her sudden death ; for greefe whereof, within a little while after, he also died. And bicause you may knowe (faire Nymphes) in what great extremities loue hath put me, you must vnderstand that (being a woman of that qualitie and disposition as you haue heard) I haue bene forced by my cruell destinie to leaue my naturall habit and libertie, and the due respect of mine honour, to follow him, who thinkes (perhaps) that I doe but leese it by louing him so extremely. Behold, how booteless and vnseemely it is for a woman to be so dextrous in armes, as if it were her proper nature and kinde, wherewith (faire Nymphes) I had neuer bene indued, but that, by meanes thereof, I should come to doe you this little seruice against these villaines ; whiche I account no less then if fortune had begun to satisfie in part some of those infinite wrongs that she hath continually done me. The Nymphes were so amazed at her words, that they coulde neither aske nor answere any thing to that the faire Shepherdesse tolde them, who, prosecuting her historie, saide :

My brother and I were brought vp in a Nunnerie, where an aunt of ours was Abbesse, until we had

accomplished twelue yeeres of age, at what time we were taken from thence againe, and my brother was caried to the mightie and inuincible King of Portugall his Court (whose noble fame and princely liberalitie was bruted ouer all the world) where, being growen to yeeres able to manage armes, he atchieued as valiant and almost incredible enterprises by them, as he suffered vnfortunate disgraces and foiles by loue. And with all this he was so highly fauored of that magnificent King, that he would neuer suffer him to depart from his Court. Vnfortunate I, reserued by my sinister destinies to greater mishaps, was caried to a grandmother of mine, which place I would I had neuer seene, since it was an occasion of such a sorrowfull life as neuer any woman suffered the like. And bicause there is not any thing (faire Nymphes) which I am not forced to tell you, as well for the great uertue and desertes which your excellent beauties doe testifie, as also for that for my minde doth giue me, that you shall be no small part and meanes of my comfort, knowe, that as I was in my grandmothers house, and almost seventeene yeeres olde, a certaine yoong Gentleman fell in loue with me, who dwelt no further from our house than the length of a garden Terrasse, so that he might see

me euery sommers night when I walked in the garden. When as therefore ingratefull Felix had beheld in that place the vnfortunate Felismena (for this is the name of the wofull woman that tels you her mishaps) he was extremely enamoured of me, or else did cunningly dissemble it, I not knowing then whether of these two I might beleeue, but am now assured, that whosoeuer beleeues lest, or nothing at all in these affaires, shall be most at ease. Many daies Don Felix spent in endeauouring to make me know the paines which he suffered for me, and many more did I spende in making the matter strange, and that he did not suffer them for my sake. And I know not why loue delaied the time so long by forcing me to loue him, but onely that (when he came indeed) he might enter into my hart at once, and with greater force and violence. When he had, therefore, by sundrie signes, as by Tylt and Tourneyes, and by prauncing vp and down vpon his proude jennet before my windowes, made it manifest that he was in loue with me (for at the first I did not so well perceiue it) he determined in the end to write a letter vnto me; and hauing practised diuers times before with a maide of mine, and at length, with many gifts and faire promises, gotten her good will and

furtherance, he gaue her the letter to deliuer to me. But to see the meanes that Rosina made vnto me, (for so was she called) the dutifull seruices and vnwoonted circumstances, before she did deliuer it, the othes that she sware vnto me, and the subtle words and serious protestations she used, it was a pleasant thing, and woorthie the noting. To whom (neuerthelesse) with an angrie countenance I turned againe, saying, If I had not regard of mine owne estate, and what heereafter might be said, I would make this shamelesse face of thine be knowne euer after for a marke of an impudent and bolde minion. But bicause it is the first time, let this suffice that I haue saide, and giue thee warning to take heede of the second.

Me thinkes I see now the craftie wench, how she helde her peace, dissembling very cunningly the sorrow that she conceiued by my angrie answer; for she fained a counterfaite smiling, saying, Iesus, Mistresse! I gaue you, bicause you might laugh at it, and not to moone your patience with it in this sort: for if I had any thought that it would haue prouoked you to anger, I praie God he may shew his wrath as great towards me as euer he did to the daughter of any mother. And with this she added many wordes more (as she could do well

enough) to pacifie the fained anger and ill opinion that I had conceiued of her, and taking her letter with her, she departed from me. This hauing passed thus, I began to imagine what might ensue thereof, and loue (me thought) did put a certaine desire into my minde to see the letter, though modestie and shame forbad me to ask it of my maide, especially for the wordes that had passed betweene vs, as you haue heard. And so I continued all that day vntill night, in varietie of many thoughts. But when Rosina came to helpe me to bedde, God knowes how desirous I was to haue her entreat me againe to take the letter, but she would neuer speake vnto me about it, nor (as it seemed) did so much as once thinke thereof. Yet to trie, if by giuing her some occasion I might preuaile, I said vnto her: And is it so, Rosina, that Don Felix, without any regard to mine honour, dares write vnto me? These are things, Mistresse (saide she demurely to me againe), that are commonly incident to loue, wherefore I beseech you pardon me, for if I had thought to haue angred you with it, I would haue first pulled out the bals of mine eies. How cold my hart was at that blow, God knowes, yet did I dissemble the matter, and suffer my selfe to remaine that night

onely with my desire, and with occasion of little sleepe. And so it was, indeede, for that (me thought) was the longest and most painfull night that euer I passed. But when, with a slower pace (then I desired) the wished day was come, the discreet and subtle Rosina came into my chamber to helpe me to make me readie, in dooing whereof, of purpose she let the letter closely fall, which, when I perceiued, what is that that fell downe? (saide I), let me see it. It is nothing, Mistresse, saide she. Come, come, let me see it (saide I): what! mooue me not, or else tell me what it is. Good Lord, Mistresse (saide she), why will you see it: it is the letter I would haue giuen you yesterday. Nay, that it is not (saide I), wherefore shewe it me, that I may see if you lie or no. I had no sooner said so but she put it into my handes, saying, God neuer giue me good if it be anie other thing; and although I knew it well indeede, yet I saide, what, this is not the same, for I know that well enough, but it is one of thy louers letters: I will read it, to see in what neede he standeth of thy fauour. And opening it, I founde it conteined this that followeth:

"I euer imagined (deere Mistresse) that your discretion and wisedome woulde haue taken away

the feare I had to write vnto you, the same knowing well enough (without any letter at all) how much I loue you, but the very same hath so cunningly dissembled, that wherein I hoped the only remedie of my griefes had been, therein consisted my greatest harme. If according to your wisedome you censure my boldnes, I shall not then (I know) enioy one hower of life; but if you do consider of it according to loues accustomed effects, then will I not exchange my hope for it. Be not offended, I beseech you (good Ladie), with my letter, and blame me not for writing vnto you, vntil you see by experience whether I can leaue of to write: and take me besides into the possession of that which is yours, since all is mine doth wholly consist in your hands, the which, with all reuerence and dutifull affection, a thousand times I kisse."

When I had now seene my Don Felix his letter, whether it was for reading it at such a time, when by the same he shewed that he loued me more than himselfe, or whether he had disposition and regiment ouer part of this wearied soule, to imprint that loue in it whereof he wrote vnto me, I began to loue him too well (and, alas, for my harme!) since he was the cause of so much sorrow as I haue

passed for his sake. Whereupon, asking Rosina forgiuenes of what was past (as a thing needfull for that which was to come) and committing the secrecie of my loue to her fidelitie, I read the letter once againe, pausing a little at euery worde (and a very little indeede it was), bicause I concluded so soone with my selfe, to do that I did, although in verie truth it lay not otherwise in my power to do. Wherefore, calling for paper and inke, I answered his letter thus:

"Esteeme not so slightly of mine honour, Don Felix, as with fained wordes to think to enueagle it, or with thy vaine pretenses to offend it any waies. I know wel enough what manner of man thou art, and how great thy desert and presumption is; from whence thy boldness doth arise (I gesse), and not from the force (which thing thou wouldest faine perswade me) of thy feruent loue. And if it be so (as my suspicion suggesteth) thy labor is as vaine as thy imagination is presumptuous, by thinking to make me do any thing contrarie to that which I owe vnto mine honour. Consider (I beseech thee) how seldome things commenced vnder suttletie and dissimulation haue good successe; and that it is not the part of a Gentleman to meane them one way and speak

them another. Thou praiest me (amongst other things) to admit thee into possession of that that is mine: but I am of so ill an humour in matters of this qualitie, that I trust not things experienced, how much lesse then thy bare wordes; yet, neverthelesse, I make no small account of that which thou hast manifested to me in thy letter; for it is ynough that I am incredulous, though not unthankfull."

This letter did I send, contrarie to that I should haue done, because it was the occasion of all my harmes and greefes; for after this, he began to waxe more bolde by unfolding his thoughts, and seeking out the meanes to haue a parly with me. In the end (faire Nymphes), a few daies being spent in his demaunds and my answers, false loue did worke in me after his wonted fashions, euery hower seasing more strongly vpon my vnfortunate soule. The Tourneies were now renewed, the musicke by night did neuer cease; amorous letters and verses were re-continued on both sides; and thus passed I away almost a whole yeere, at the end whereof, I felt my selfe so far in his loue, that I had no power to retire, nor stay my selfe from disclosing my thoughts vnto him, the thing which he desired more then his owne life. But my aduerse fortune

afterwardes would, that of these our mutuall loues (when as now they were most assured) his father had some intelligence, and whosoever reauled them first, perswaded him so cunningly, that his father (fearing lest he would haue married me out of hand) sent him to the great Princesse Augusta Cæsarinas court, telling him, it was not meete that a yoong Gentleman, and of so noble a house as he was, should spend his youth idly at home, where nothing could be learned but examples of vice, whereof the verie same idlenes (he said) was the only Mistresse. He went away so pensiue, that his great greefe would not suffer him to acquaint me with his departure; which when I knew, how sorrowfull I remained, she may imagine that hath bene at any time tormented with like passion. To tell you now the life that I led in his absence, my sadnes, sighes, and teares, which euery day I powred out of these wearied eies, my toong is far vnable: if then my paines were such that I cannot now expresse them, how could I then suffer them? But being in the mids of my mishaps, and in the depth of those woes which the absence of Don Felix caused me to feele, and it seeming to me that my greefe was without remedie, if he were once seene or knowen of the Ladies in that Court (more beau-

tifull and gracious then my selfe). By occasion whereof, as also by absence (a capitall enemie to loue), I might easily be forgotten, I determined to aduenture that, which I think neuer any woman imagined; which was to apparell myselfe in the habit of a man, and to hye me to the Court to see him, in whose sight al my hope and content remained: which determination, I no sooner thought of, then I put in practise, loue blinding my eies and minde with an inconsiderate regarde of mine owne estate and condition. To the execution of which attempt I wanted no industrie; for, being furnished with the helpe of one of my approoued friends, and treasouresse of my secrets, who bought me such apparell as I willed her, and a good horse for my journey, I went not onely out of my countrie, but out of my deere reputation, which (I thinke) I shall neuer recouver againe; and so trotted directly to the Court, passing by the way many accidents, which (if time would giue me leaue to tell them) would not make you laugh a little to heare them. Twenty daies I was in going thither, at the ende of which, being come to the desired place, I took vp mine Inne in a streete less frequented with concurse of people. And the great desire I had to see the destroier of my ioy did not

suffer me to thinke of any other thing, but how or where I might see him. To inquire of him of mine host I durst not, lest my comming might (perhaps) haue bene discouered ; and so seeke him foorth I thought it not best, lest some inopinate mishap might haue fallen out, whereby I might haue bene knowen. Wherefore I passed all that day in these perplexities, while night came on, each hower whereof (me thought) was a whole yeere vnto me. But midnight being a little past, mine host called at my chamber doore, and tolde me if I was desirious to heare some braue musicke, I should arise quickly, and open a window towards the street. The which I did by and by, and making no noise at all, I heard how Don Felix his Page, called Fabius (whom I knew by his voice), saide to others that came with him, Now it is time, my Masters, bicause the Lady is in her gallerie ouer her garden, taking the fresh aire of the coole night. He had no sooner saide so, but they began to winde three Cornets and a Sackbot, with such skill and sweetenesse, that it seemed celestiall musicke. And then began a voice to sing, the sweetest (in my opinion) that euer I heard. And though I was in suspence, by hearing Fabius speake, whereby a thousand doubtes and imaginations (repugnant to my rest)

occurred in my minde, yet I neglected not to heare what was sung, bicause their operations were not of such force that they were able to hinder the desire, nor distemper the delight that I conceiued by hearing it. That therefore which was sung were these verses :—

"Sweete Mistresse, harken vnto me
(If it grecues thee to see me die),
And hearing, though it grecueth thee,
To heare me yet do not denie.

"O grant me then this short content,
For forc'd I am to thee to flie.
My sighes do not make thee relent,
Nor teares thy hart do mollifie.

"Nothing of mine doth giue thee payne,
Nor think'st thou of no remidie :
Mistresse, how long shall I sustaine
Such ill as still thou dost applie?

"In death there is no helpe, be sure,
But in thy will, where it doth lie :
For all these illes which death doth cure.
Alas ! they are but light to trie !

"My troubles do not trouble thee,
Nor hope to touch thy soule so nie :
O ! from a will that is so free,
What should I hope when I do crie?

"How can I mollifie that braue
And stonie hart of pitie drie?
Yet Mistresse, turne those eies (that haue
No peeres) shining like stars in skie;

"But turne them not in angrie sort,
If thou wilt not kill me thereby:
Though yet, in anger or in sport,
Thou killest onely with thine eie."

After they had first, with a concert of musicke, sung this song, two plaied, the one vpon a Lute, the other vpon a siluer sounding Harpe, being accompanied with the sweete voice of my Don Felix. The great ioy that I felt in hearing him cannot be imagined, for (me thought) I heard him nowe, as in that happie and passed time of our loues. But after the deceit of this imagination was discouered, seeing with mine eies, and hearing with mine eares, that this musick was bestowed vpon another, and not on me, God knowes what a bitter death it was vnto my soule. And with a greeuous sigh, that carried almost my life away with it, I asked mine host if he knew what the Ladie was for whose sake the musicke was made? He answered me, that he could not imagine on whom it was bestowed, bicause in that streete dwelled manie noble and faire Ladies. And when

I saw he could not satisfie my request, I bent mine eares againe to heare my Don Felix, who now, to the tune of a delicate harpe, whereon he sweetly plaied, began to sing this Sonnet following :—

A Sonnet.

"My painefull yeeres impartiall *Loue* was spending
In vaine and booteles hopes my life appaying,
And cruell *Fortune* to the world bewraying
Strange samples of my teares that have no ending.
Time, euerie thing at last to truth commending,
Leaues of my steps such marks, that now betraying,
And all deceitfull trusts shall be decaying,
And none haue cause to plaine of his offending.
Shee, whom I lou'd to my obliged power,
That in her sweetest loue to me discouers
Which neuer yet I knew (those heauenly pleasures),
And I do saie, exclaiming euery hower,
Do not you see what makes you wise, O Louers?
Loue, *Fortune*, *Time*, and my fair Mystresse treasures."

The Sonnet being ended, they paused awhile, playing on fower Lutes togither, and on a paire of Virginals, with such heauenly melodie, that the whole worlde (I thinke) could not affoord sweeter musick to the eare nor delight to any minde, not subiect to the panges of such predominant greefe and sorrow as mine was. But then fower voices,

passing well tuned and set togither, began to sing this song following :—

A Song.

"That sweetest harme I doe not blame,
First caused by thy fairest eies,
But greeue, bicause too late I came,
To know my fault, and to be wise.

"I neuer knew a worser kind of life,
To liue in feare, from boldnesse still to cease :
Nor, woorse than this, to liue in such a strife,
Whether of bothe to speake, or holde my peace.

"And so the harme I do not blame,
Caused by thee or thy faire eies ;
But that to see how late I came,
To know my fault and to be wise.

"I euer more did feare that I should knowe
Some secret things, and doubtfull in their kinde,
Because the surest things doe euer goe
Most contrarie vnto my wish and minde.

"And yet by knowing of the same
There is no hurt ; but it denies
My remedie, Since late I came,
To knowe my fault, and to be wise."

When this song was ended, they began to sound diuers sorts of instruments, and voices most excellently agreeing togither, and with such sweetnes

that they could not chuse but delight any very much who were not so farre from it as I. About dawning of the day the musicke ended, and I did what I could to espie out my Don Felix, but the darknes of the night was mine enimie therein. And seeing now that they were gone, I went to bed againe, where I bewailed my great mishap, knowing that he whom most of al I loued, had so vnwoorthily forgotten me, whereof his music was too manifest a witnes. And when it was time, I arose, and without any other consideration, went straight to the Princesse her pallace, where (I thought) I might see that which I so greatly desired, determining to call my selfe Valerius, if any (perhaps) did aske my name. Comming therefore to a faire broad court before the pallace gate, I viewed the windowes and galleries, where I sawe such store of blazing beauties, and gallant Ladies, that I am not able now to recount, nor then to do any more but woonder at their graces, their gorgeous attyre, their iewels, their braue fashions of apparell, and ornaments wherewith they were so richly set up. Vp and downe this place, before the windowes, roade many lords and braue gentlemen in rich and sumptuous habits, and mounted vpon proud Iennets, euery one casting his eie to that part where his

thoughts were secretly placed. God knowes how greatly I desired to see Don Felix there, and that his iniurious loue had beene in that famous pallace; bicause I might then haue beene assured that he should neuer haue got any other guerdon of his sutes and seruices, but onely to see and to be seene, and sometimes to speake to his Mistresse, whom he must serue before a thousand eies, bicause the priuilege of that place doth not giue him any further leave. But it was my ill fortune that he had settled his loue in that place where I might not be assured of this poore helpe. Thus, as I was standing neere to the pallace gate, I espied Fabius, Don Felix his page, comming in great haste to the pallace, where, speaking a word or two with a porter that kept the second entrie, he returned the same waie he came. I gessed his errant was, to knowe whether it were fit time for Don Felix to come to dispatch certaine busines that his father had in the court, and that he could not choose but come thither out of hand. And being in this supposed ioy which his sight did promise me, I sawe him comming along with a great traine of followers attending on his person, all of them being brauely apparelled in a liuerie of watchet silke, garded with yellow veluet, and stitched on

either side with threedes of twisted siluer, wearing likewise blew, yellow, and white feathers in their hats. But my Lorde Don Felix had on a paire of ash colour hose, embrodered and drawen foorth with watchet tissue; his dublet was of white saten, embrodered with knots of golde, and likewise an embrodered ierkin of the same coloured veluet; and his short cape cloke was of blacke veluet, edged with gold lace, and hung full of buttons of pearle and gold, and lined with razed watchet satten: by his side he ware, at a paire of embrodered hangers, a rapier and dagger, with engrauen hilts and pommell of beaten golde. On his head, a hat beset full of golden stars, in the mids of euerie which a rich orient pearle was enchased, and his feather was likewise blew, yellow, and white. Mounted he came vpon a faire dapple graie Iennet, with a rich furniture of blew, embrodered with golde and seede pearle. When I saw him in this rich equipage, I was so amazed at his sight, that how extremely my sences were rauished with sudden ioye I am not able (faire Nymphes) to tell you. Truth it is, that I could not but shed some teares for ioy and greefe, which his sight did make me feele, but, fearing to be noted by the standers by, for that time I dried them vp. But as Don Felix

(being now come to the pallace gate) was dismounted, and gone vp a paire of staires into the chamber of presence, I went to his men, where they were attending his returne; and seeing Fabius, whom I had seene before amongst them, I tooke him aside, and saide vnto him, My friend, I pray you tell me what Lord this is, which did but euen now alight from his Iennet, for (me thinkes) he is very like one whom I haue seene before in an other farre countrey. Fabius then answered me thus: Art thou such a nouice in the court that thou knowest not Don Felix? I tell thee there is not any Lord, knight, or gentleman better knowne in it than he. No doubt of that (saide I), but I will tell thee what a nouice I am, and how small a time I haue beene in the court, for yesterday was the first that euer I came to it. Naie then, I cannot blame thee (saide Fabius) if thou knowest him not. Knowe, then, that this gentleman is called Don Felix, borne in Vandalia, and hath his chiefest house in the antient cittie of Soldina, and is remaining in this court about certaine affaires of his fathers and his owne. But I pray you tell me (said I) why he giues his liueries of these colours? If the cause were not so manifest, I would conceale it (saide Fabius), but since there is not any that knowes it not, and canst

not come to any in this court who cannot tell thee the reason why, I thinke by telling thee it, I do no more then in courtesie I am bound to do. Thou must therefore vnderstand, that he loues and serues a Ladie heere in this citie named Celia, and therefore weares and giues for his liuerie an azure blew, which is the colour of the skie, and white and yellow, which are the colours of his Lady and mistresse. When I heard these words, imagine (faire Nymphes) in what a plight I was; but dissembling my mishap and griefe, I answered him: This ladie certes is greatly beholding to him, bicause he thinkes not enough, by wearing her colours, to shew how willing he is to serue her, vnlesse also he beare her name in his liuerie; wherevpon I guesse she cannot but be very faire and amiable. She is no lesse, indeede (saide Fabius), although the other whom he loued and serued in our owne countrey in beautie farre excelled this, and loued and fauoured him more then ever this did. But this mischieuous absence doth violate and dissolue those thinges which men thinke to be most stronge and firme. At these wordes (faire Nymphes) was I faine to come to some composition with my teares, which, if I had not stopped from issuing foorth, Fabius could not haue chosen but suspected, by the alteration of my

countenance, that all was not well with me. And then the Page did aske me, what countreyman I was, my name, and of what calling and condition I was: whom I answered, that my countrey where I was borne was Vandalia, my name Valerius, and till that time serued no Master. Then by this reckoning (saide he) we are both countrey-men, and may be both fellowes in one house if thou wilt; for Don Felix my Master commanded me long since to seeke him out a Page. Therefore if thou wilt serue him, say so. As for meate, drinke, and apparell, and a couple of shillings to play away, thou shalt neuer want; besides pretie wenches, which are not daintie in our streete, as faire and amorous as Queens, of which there is not anie that will not die for the loue of so proper a youth as thou art. And to tell thee in secret (because, perhaps, we may be fellowes), I know where an old Cannons maide is, a gallant fine girle, whom if thou canst but finde in thy hart to loue and serue as I do, thou shalt neuer want at her hands fine handkerchers, peeces of bacon, and now and then wine of S. Martyn. When I heard this, I could not choose but laugh, to see how naturally the vnhappy page played his part by depainting foorth their properties their liuely colours. And because I

thought nothing more commodious for my rest, and for the enioying of my desire, then to follow Fabius his counsel, I answered him, thus: In truth, I determined to serue none; but now, since fortune hath offered me so good a seruice, and at such a time, when I am constrained to take this course of life, I shall not do amisse if I frame myself to the seruice of some Lord or Gentleman in this Court, but especially of your Master, because he seemes to be a woorthy Gentleman, and such an one that makes more reckoning of his seruants then an other. Ha, thou knowest him not so well as I (said Fabius); for I promise thee, by the faith of a Gentleman (for I am one indeede, for my father comes of the Cachopines of Laredo), that my master Don Felix is the best natured gentleman that euer thou knewest in thy life, and one who vseth his pages better than any other. And were it not for those troublesome loues, which makes vs runne vp and downe more, and sleepelesse, then we woulde, there were not such a master in the whole worlde againe. In the end (faire Nymphes) Fabius spake to his master, Don Felix, as soone as he was come foorth, in my behalfe, who commanded me the same night to come to him at his lodging. Thither I went, and

he entertained me for his Page, making the most of me in the worlde; where, being but a few daies with him, I sawe the messages, letters, and gifts that were brought and caried on both sides, greeuous wounds (alas! and corsiues to my dying hart), which made my soule to flie sometimes out of my body, and euery hower in hazard to leese my forced patience before euery one. But after one moneth was past, Don Felix began to like so well of me, that he disclosed his whole loue vnto me, from the beginning vnto the present estate and forwardnes that it was then in, committing the charge thereof to my secrecie and helpe; telling me that he was fauored of her at the beginning, and that afterwards she waxed wearie of her louing and accustomed entertainment, the cause whereof was a secret report (whosoeuer it was that buzzed it into her eares) of the loue that he did beare to a Lady in his owne countrey, and that his present loue vnto her was but to entertaine the time, while his business in the court were dispatched. And there is no doubt (saide Don Felix vnto me) but that, indeede, I did once commence that loue that she laies to my charge; but God knowes if now there be any thing in the world that I loue and esteeme more deere and precious then her. When I heard

him say so, you may imagine (faire Nymphes) what a mortall dagger pierced my wounded heart. But with dissembling the matter the best I coulde, I answered him thus: It were better, sir (me thinkes), that the Gentlewoman should complaine with cause, and that it were so indeed; for if the other Ladie, whom you serued before, did not deserue to be forgotten of you, you do her (vnder correction, my Lord) the greatest wrong in the world. The loue (said Don Felix againe) which I beare to my Celia will not let me vnderstand it so; but I haue done her (me thinkes) the greater iniurie, hauing placed my loue first in an other, and not in her. Of these wrongs (saide I to my selfe) I know who beares the woorst away. And (disloyall) he, pulling a letter out of his bosome, which he had received the same hower from his Mistresse, reade it vnto me, thinking he did me a great fauour thereby, the contents whereof were these:—

Celias letter to Don Felix.

Neuer any thing that I suspected, touching thy loue, hath been so farre from the truth, that hath not giuen me occasion to beleeue more often mine owne imagination then thy innocencie; wherein, if I do thee any wrong, referre it but to the censure

of thine owne follie. For well thou mightest haue denied, or not declared thy passed loue, without giuing me occasion to condemne thee by thine owne confession. Thou saiest I was the cause that made thee forget thy former loue. Comfort thy selfe, for there shall not want another to make thee forget thy second. And assure thy selfe of this (Lord Don Felix) that there is not any thing more vnbeseeming a Gentleman, then to finde an occasion in a Gentlewoman to leese himselfe for her loue. I will saie no more, but that in an ill, where there is no remedie, the best is not to seeke out any.

After he had made an end of reading the letter, he said vnto me, What thinkest thou, Valerius, of these words? With pardon be it spoken, my lord; That your deedes are shewed by them. Go to, said Don Felix, and speake no more of that. Sir, saide I, they must like me wel, if they like you, because none can iudge better of their words that loue well then they themselues. But that which I thinke of the letter is, that this Gentlewoman would haue beene the first, and that Fortune had entreated her in such sort, that all others might have enuied her estate. But what wouldest thou counsell me? said Don Felix. If thy griefe doth suffer any counsell,

saide I, that thy thoughts be diuided into this second passion, since there is so much due to the first. Don Felix answered me againe, sighing, and knocking me gently on the shoulder, saying, How wise art thou, Valerius, and what good counsell thou dost giue me if I could follow it. Let vs now go in to dinner, for when I haue dined, I will have thee carie me a letter to my Lady Celia, and then thou shalt see if any other loue is not woorthy to be forgotten in lieu of thinking onely of her. These were wordes that greeued Felismena to the hart, but bicause she had him before her eies, whom she loued more than her-selfe, the content, that she had by onely seeing him, was a sufficient remedie of the paine, that the greatest of these stings did make her feele. After Don Felix had dined, he called me vnto him, and giuing me a speciall charge what I should do (because he had imparted his griefe vnto me, and put his hope and remedie in my hands) he willed me to carie a letter to Celia, which he had alreadie written, and, reading it first vnto me, it said thus—

Don Felix his letter to Celia.

The thought, that seekes an occasion to forget the thing which it doth loue and desire, suffers

it selfe so easily to be knowne, that (without troubling the minde much) it may be quickly discerned. And thinke not (Faire Ladie) that I seeke a remedie to excuse you of that, wherewith it pleased you to vse me, since I neuer came to be so much in credit with you, that in lesser things I woulde do it. I have confessed vnto you that indeede I once loued well, because that true loue, without dissimulation, doth not suffer any thing to be hid, and you (deare Ladie) make that an occasion to forget me, which should be rather a motiue to loue me better. I cannot perswade me, that you make so small an account of your selfe, to thinke that I can forget you for any thing that is, or hath euer been, but rather imagine that you write cleane contrarie to that, which you have tried by my zealous loue and faith towards you. Touching all those things, that, in preiudice of my good will towards you, it pleaseth you to imagine, my innocent thoughts assure me to the contrarie, which shall suffice to be ill recompenced being so ill thought of as they are.

After Don Felix had read this letter vnto me, he asked me if the answer was correspondent to those words that his Ladie Celia had sent him in

hers, and if there was any thing therein that might be amended ; whereunto I answered thus : I thinke, Sir, it is needlesse to amende this letter, or to make the Gentlewoman amendes, to whom it is sent, but her, whom you do iniure so much with it. Which vnder your Lordships pardon I speake, bicause I am so much affected to the first loue in all my life, that there is not any thing that can make me alter my minde. Thou hast the greatest reason in the world (said Don Felix) if I coulde perswade my selfe to leaue of that, which I haue begun. But what wilt thou haue me do, since absence hath frozen the former loue, and the continuall presence of a peerlesse beautie rekindled another and more feruent within me? Thus may she thinke her selfe (saide I againe) vniustly deceiued, whom first you loued, because that loue which is subiect to the power of absence cannot be termed loue, and none can perswade me that it hath beene loue. These words did I dissemble the best I could, because I felt so sensible griefe, to see myselfe forgotten of him, who had so great reason to loue me, and whom I did loue so much, that I did more, then any would have thought, to make my selfe still unknowen. But taking the letter and mine errant with me, I went to Celias

house, imagining by the way the wofull estate whereunto my haplesse loue had brought me ; since I was forced to make warre against mine owne selfe, and to be the intercessour of a thing so contrarie to mine owne content. But comming to Celias house, and finding a page standing at the dore, I asked him if I might speake with his Ladie : who being informed of me from whence I came, tolde Celia how I would speake with her, commending therewithall my beautie and person vnto her, and telling her besides, that Don Felix had but lately entertained me into his seruice ; which made Celia saie vnto him, What, Don Felix so soone disclose his secret loues to a page, but newly entertained ? he hath (belike) some great occasion that mooues him to do it. Bid him com in, and let us know what he would haue. In I came, and to the place where the enimie of my life was, and, with great reuerence kissing her hands, I deliuered Don Felix his letter vnto her. Celia tooke it, and casting her eies vpon me, I might perceiue how my sight had made a sudden alteration in her countenance, for she was so farre besides herselfe, that for a good while she was not able to speake a worde, but, remembring her selfe at last, she saide vnto me, What good fortune hath beene so fauourable

to Don Felix to bring thee to this Court, to make thee his Page? Euen that, faire Ladie, saide I, which is better then euer I imagined, bicause it hath beene an occasion to make me behold such singular beautie and perfections as now I see cleerely before mine eies. And if the paines, the teares, the sighes, and the continuall disquiets that my lord Don Felix hath suffred haue greeued me heeretofore, now that I haue seene the source from whence they flow, and the cause of all his ill, the pittie that I had on him is now wholly conuerted into a certaine kinde of enuie. But if it be true (faire Lady) that my comming is welcome vnto you, I beseech you by that, which you owe to the great loue which he beares you, that your answer may import no lesse vnto him. There is not anie thing (saide Celia) that I would not do for thee, though I were determined not to loue him at all, who for my sake hath forsaken another. For it is no small point of wisedome for me to learne by other womens harmes to be more wise, and warie in mine owne. Beleeue not, good Lady (saide I), that there is any thing in the worlde that can make Don Felix forget you. And if he hath cast off another for your sake, woonder not thereat, when your beautie and wisedome is so great, and the

others so small that there is no reason to thinke that he will (though he hath woorthelie forsaken her for your sake) or euer can forget you for any woman else in the worlde. Doest thou then know Felismena (saide Celia), the lady whom thy Master did once loue and serue in his owne countrey? I know her (saide I), although not so well as it was needfull for me to haue preuented so many mishaps (and this I spake softly to my selfe). For my fathers house was neere to hers; but seeing your great beautie adorned with such perfectiones and wisdome, Don Felix can not be blamed, if he hath forgotten his loue only to embrace and honour yours. To this did Celia answer, merily and smiling, Thou hast learned quickly of thy Master to sooth. Not so, faire Ladie, saide I, but to serue you woulde I faine learne: for flatterie cannot be, where (in the iudgement of all) there are so manifest signes and proofes of this due commendation. Celia began in good earnest to ask me what manner of woman Felismena was, whom I answered, that, touching her beautie, some thought her to be very faire; but I was neuer of that opinion, bicause she hath many daies since wanted the chiefest thing that is requisite for it. What is that? said Celia. Content of minde, saide I, bicause perfect beautie

can neuer be, where the same is not adioyned to it. Thou hast the greatest reason in the world, saide she, but I haue seene some ladies whose liuely hewe sadnes hath not one whit abated, and others whose beautie anger hath encreased, which is a strange thing me thinkes. Haplesse is that beauty, saide I, that hath sorrow and anger the preseruers and mistresses of it, but I cannot skill of these impertinent things: And yet that woman, that must needes be molested with continuall paine and trouble, with greefe and care of minde and with other passions to make her looke well, cannot be reckoned among the number of faire women, and for mine owne part I do not account her so. Wherein thou hast great reason, saide she, as in all things else that thou hast saide, thou hast showed thy selfe wise and discreete. Which I haue deerely bought, saide I againe: But I beseech you (gracious Lady) to answer this letter, because my Lord Don Felix may also haue some contentment, by receiuing this first well emploied seruice at my hands. I am content, saide Celia, but first thou must tell me if Felismena in matters of discretion be wise, and well aduised? There was neuer any woman (saide I againe) more wise than she, bicause she hath beene long since beaten to it by her great

mishaps : but she did neuer aduise her selfe well, for if she had (as she was accounted wise) she had neuer come to haue bene so contrarie to her selfe. Thou speakest so wisely in all thy answeres, saide Celia, that there is not any that woulde not take great delight to heare them : which are not uiands (saide I) for such a daintie taste, nor reasons for so ingenious and fine a conceit (faire lady), as you haue, but boldly affirming, that by the same I meane no harme at all. There is not any thing, saide Celia, whereunto thy wit cannot attaine, but because thou shalt not spende thy time so ill in praising me, as my Master doth in praying me, I will reade thy letter, and tell thee what thou shalt say vnto him from me. Whereupon vnfolding it, she began to read it to her selfe, to whose countenance and gestures in reading of the same, which are oftentimes outwarde signes of the inwarde disposition and meaning of the hart, I gaue a watchfull eie. And when she had read it, she said vnto me, Tell thy Master, that he that can so well by wordes expresse what he meanes, cannot choose but meane as well as he saith : and comming neerer unto me, she said softly in mine eare, And this for the loue of thee, Valerius, and not for much for Don Felix thy master his sake, for I see how much thou

lovest and tenderest his estate. And from thence alas (saide I to my selfe), did all my woes arise. Whereupon kissing her hands for the great curtesie and fauour she shewed me, I hied me to Don Felix with this answer, which was no small ioy to him to heare it, and another death to me to report it, saying manie times to my selfe (when I did either bring him home some ioyfull tydings or carrie letters or tokens to her), O thrise vnfortunate Felismena, that with thine owne weapons art constrained to wounde thy ever-dying hart, and to heape vp fauours for him, who made so small account of thine. And so did I passe away my life with so many torments of minde, that if by the sight of my Don Felix they had not beene tempered, it could not haue otherwise beene but that I must needes haue lost it. More then two monethes together did Celia hide from me the feruent loue she bare me, although not in such sort, but that by certaine apparant signes I came to the knowledge thereof, which was no small lighting and ease of that griefe, which incessantly haunted my wearied spirites; for as I thought it a strong occasion, and the onely meane to make her vtterly forget Don Felix, so likewise I imagined, that, perhaps, it might befall to him as it hath done to many, that

the force of ingratitude, and contempt of his loue, might haue vtterly abolished such thoughtes out of his hart. But, alas, it happened not so to my Don Felix; for the more he perceiued that his ladie forgot him, the more was his minde troubled with greater cares and greefe, which made him leade the most sorrowfull life that might be, whereof the least part did not fall to my lot. For remedie of whose sighes and pitious lamentations, poore Felismena (euen by maine force) did get fauours from Celia, scoring them up (whensoever she sent them by me) in the catalogue of my infinite mishaps. For if by chaunce he sent her anie thing by any of his other seruants, it was so slenderly accepted, that he thought it best to send none vnto her but my selfe, perceiuing what inconuenience did ensue thereof. But God knowes how many teares my messages cost me, and so many they were, that in Celias presence I ceased not to powre them foorth, earnestly beseeching her with praiers and petitions not to entreat him so ill, who loued her so much, bicause I would binde Don Felix to me by the greatest bonde, as neuer man in like was bounde to any woman. My teares greeued Celia to the hart, as well for that I shed them in her presence, as also for that she sawe if I meant to loue her, I

woulde not (for requitall of hers to me) haue sollicited her with such diligence, nor pleaded with such pittie, to get fauours for another. And thus I liued in the greatest confusion that might be, amids a thousand anxieties of minde, for I imagined with my selfe, that if I made not a shew that I loued her, as she did me, I did put it in hazard lest Celia, for despite of my simplicitie or contempt, woulde haue loued Don Felix more then before, and by louing him that mine could not haue any good successe; and if I fained my selfe, on the other side, to be in loue with her, it might haue beene an occasion to haue made her reiect my Lord Don Felix; so that with the thought of his loue neglected, and with the force of her contempt, he might haue lost his content, and after that, his life, the least of which two mischiefes to preuent I would haue giuen a thousand liues, if I had them. Manie daies passed away in this sort, wherein I serued him as a thirde betweene both, to the great cost of my contentment, at the end whereof the successe of his loue went on woorse and woorse, bicause the Loue that Celia did beare me was so great, that the extreme force of her passion made her loose some part of that compassion she should haue had of her selfe. And on a day after that

I had caried and recaried many messages and tokens betweene them, sometimes faining some my selfe from her vnto him, bicause I could not see him (whom I loued so deerely) so sad and pensiue, with many supplications and earnest praiers I besought lady Celia with pittie to regard the painfull life that Don Felix passed for her sake, and to consider that by not fauouring him, she was repugnant to that which she owed to her selfe: which thing I entreated, bicause I saw him in such a case, that there was no other thing to be expected of him but death, by reason of the continuall and great paine which his greeuous thoughts made him feele. But she with swelling teares in her eies, and with many sighes, answered me thus: Vnfortunate and accursed Celia, that nowe in the end dost know how thou liuest deceiued with a false opinion of thy great simplicitie (vngratefull Valerius) and of thy small discretion. I did not beleeue till now that thou didst craue fauours of me for thy Master, but onely for thy selfe, and to enioy my sight all that time, that thou diddest spende in suing to me for them. But now I see thou dost aske them in earnest, and that thou art so content to see me vse him well, that thou canst not (without doubt) loue me at all. O how ill dost thou acquite the loue I beare thee, and

that which, for thy sake, I do nowe forsake! O that time might reuenge me of thy proude and foolish minde, since loue hath not beene the meanes to do it. For I cannot thinke that Fortune will be so contrarie vnto me, but that she will punish thee for contemning that great good which she meant to bestow on thee. And tell thy Lord Don Felix, that if he will see me aliue, that he see me not at all: And thou, vile traitour, cruell enemie to my rest, com no more (I charge thee) before these wearied eies, since their teares were neuer of force to make thee knowe how much thou art bound vnto them. And with this she suddenly flang out of my sight with so many teares, that mine were not of force to staie her. For in the greatest haste in the worlde she got into her chamber, where, locking the dore after her, it auailed me not to call and crie unto her, requesting her with amorous and sweete words to open me the dore, and to take such satisfaction on me as it pleased her: nor to tell her many other things, whereby I declared vnto her the small reason she had to be so angrie with me, and to shut me out. But with a strange kinde of furie she saide vnto me, Come no more, vngratefull and proud Valerius, in my sight, and speake no more unto me, for thou art not able to

make satisfaction for such great disdaine, and I will haue no other remedie for the harme which thou hast done me, but death it selfe, the which with mine owne hands I will take in satisfaction of that, which thou deseruest: which words when I heard, I staied no longer, but with a heauie cheere came to my Don Felix his lodging, and, with more sadnes then I was able to dissemble, tolde him that I could not speake with Celia, because she was visited of certaine Gentlewomen her kinsewomen. But the next day in the morning it was bruted ouer all the citie, that a certaine trance had taken her that night, wherein she gaue vp the ghost, which stroke all the court with no small woonder. But that, which Don Felix felt by her sudden death, and how neere it greeued his very soule, as I am not able to tell, so cannot humane intendement conceiue it, for the complaints he made, the teares, the burning sighes, and hart-breake sobbes, were without all measure and number. But I saie nothing of my selfe, when on the one side the vnlucky death of Celia touched my soule very neere, the teares of Don Felix on the other did cut my hart in two with greefe: and yet this was nothing to that intollerable paine which afterwards I felt. For Don Felix heard no sooner

of her death, but the same night he was missing in his house, that none of his seruants nor any bodie else could tell any newes of him.

Whereupon you may perceiue (faire Nymphes) what cruell tormentes I did then feele : then did I wish a thousand times for death to preuent all these woes and mysteries, which afterwards befell vnto me : for Fortune (it seemed) was but wearie of those which she had but till then giuen me. But as all the care and diligence which I emploied in seeking out my Don Felix was but in vaine, so I resolued with my selfe to take this habite vpon me as you see, wherein it is more then two yeeres since I haue wandered vp and downe, seeking him in manie countryes : but my Fortune hath denied me to finde him out, although I am not a little now bounde vnto her by conducting me hither at this time, wherein I did you this small piece of seruice. Which (faire Nymphes) beleeue me, I account (next after his life in whom I haue put all my hope) the greatest content that might haue fallen vnto me.

The Shepherdesse hauing made an ende of her sharpe answer, and Felismena beginning to arbitrate the matter between them; they heard a

great noise in the other side of the meadow, like to the sounde of blowes, and smiting of swordes vpon harneies, as if some armed men had fought together, so that all of them with great haste ranne to the place, where they heard the noise, to see what the matter was. And being come somewhat neere, they saw in a little Iland (which the riuer with a round turning had made), three knights fighting against one. And although he defended himselfe valiantly, by shewing his approued strength and courage, yet the three knights gaue him so much to do, that he was faine to helpe himselfe by all the force and pollicie he could. They fought on foote, for their horses were tied to little trees, that grew thereabouts. And now by this time, the knight that fought all alone and defended himselfe, had laide one of them at his feete with a blowe of his good sword, which ended his life. But the other two that were very strong and valiant, redoubled their force and blowes so thick on him, that he looked for no other thing then death. The Shepherdesse Felismena seeing the knight in so great danger, and if she did not speedily helpe him, that he could not escape with life, was not afraide to put hers in ieopardy, by doing that, which in such a case she thought,

she was bound to performe: wherefore putting a sharpe headed arrowe into her bowe, shee saide vnto them: Keepe out knights, for it is not beseeming men that make account of this name and honour, to take aduantage of their enimies with so great oddes. And ayming at the sight of one of their helmets, she burst it with such force, that the arrow running into his eies, came out of the other side of his head, so that he fell downe dead to the ground. When the distressed knight sawe two of his enimies dead, he ran vpon the third with such force, as if he had but then begun the combat; but Felismena helped him out of that trouble, by putting another arrow into her bow, the which transpiercing his armour, she left vnder his left pap, and so iustly smote his heart, that this knight also followed his two companions. When the Shepherds and the knight beheld what Felismena had done, and how at two shootes she had killed two such valiant knights, they were all in great wonder. The knight therefore taking off his helmet, and comming unto her saide, How am I able (faire Shepherdesse) to requite so great a benefite, and good turne, as I have received at thy hands this day, but by acknowledging this debt for euer in my gratefull minde. When Felismena beheld the

knights face, and knew him, her sences were so troubled, that being in such a traunce she could scarce speake, but comming to herselfe againe, she answered him, Ah my Don Felix, this is not the first debt, wherein thou art bound vnto me. And I cannot beleeue, that thou wilt acknowledge this (as thou saiest) no more then thou hast done greater then this before. Beholde to what a time and ende my fortune and thy forgetnesse hath brought me, that she that was woont to be serued of thee in the citie with Tilt and Tourneyes, and honoured with many other things, whereby thou didst deceiue me (or I suffered my selfe to be deceiued) doth nowe wander vppe and downe, exiled from her natiue countrey and libertie, for vsing thus thine owne. If this brings thee not into the knowledge of that which thou owest me, remember how one whole yeere I serued thee as thy page in the Princesse Cesarinas Court: and how I was a solicitor against my selfe, without discouering my selfe, or my thoughts vnto thee, but onley to procure thy remedie, and to helpe the greefe, which thine made thee feele. How many times did I get thee fauours from thy mistresse Celia to the great cost of my teares and greefes: all which account but small Don Felix

in respect of those dangers (had they beene vnsufficient) wherein I would haue spent my life for redresse of thy paines, which thy iniurious loue affoorded thee. And vnlesse thou art weary of the great loue that I haue borne thee, consider and weigh with thy selfe the strange effects, which the force of loue hath caused me to passe. I went out of my natiue countrey, and came to serue thee, to lament the ill that thou did'st suffer, to take vpon me the iniuries and disgraces that I receiued therein; and to giue thee any content, I cared not to lead the most bitter and painefull life that euer woman liued. In the habite of a tender and daintie Ladie I loued thee more then thou canst imagine, and in the habite of a base page I serued thee (a thing more contrarie to my rest and reputation then I meane now to reherse), and yet now in the habite of a poore and simple Shepherdesse I came to do thee this small seruice. What remaines then more for me to doe, but to sacrifice my life to thy louelesse soule, if with the same yet, I could giue thee more content: and if in lieu therof thou wouldest but remember, how much I haue loued, & do yet loue thee: here hast thou thy sword in thy hand; let none therefore but thy selfe reuenge the offence that I haue done

thee. When the Knight heard Felismenas words, and knew them all to be as true as he was disloyall, his hart by this strange & sudden accident recouered some force againe to see what great iniurie he had done her, so that the thought thereof, and the plenteous effusion of blood that issued out of his woundes, made him like a dead man fall downe in a swoune at faire Felismenas feete. Who with great care, and no lesse feare, laying his head in her lap, with showers of teares that rained from her eies, vpon the Knights pale visage, began thus to lament. What meanes this cruell Fortune? Is the periode of my life come iust with the last ende of my Don Felix his daies? Ah my Don Felix (the cause of all my paine) if the plenteous teares, which for thy sake I haue shed, are not sufficient: and these which I now distill vpon thy louely cheekes, too fewe to make thee come to thy selfe againe, what remedie shall this miserable soule haue to preuent, that this bitter ioy by seeing thee, turne not into occasion of vtter despaire. Ah my Don Felix, Awake my loue, if thou dost but sleepe, or beest in a traunce, although I would not woonder if thou dost not, since neuer any thing that I could do, preuailed with thee to frame my least content. And in

these and other lamentations was faire Felismena plunged, whom the Portugall Shepherdesses with their teares and poore supplies, endeuored to incou rage, when on the sudden they saw a faire Nymph comming ouer the stony causey that lead the way into the Ilande, with a golden bottel in one hand, & a siluer one in the other, whom Felismena knowing by and by, saide vnto her, Ah Doria, could any come at this time to succour me, but thou faire Nymph? Come hither then, & thou shalt see the cause of al my troubles, the substance of my sighs, & the obiect of my thoughts, lying in the greatest danger of death that may be. In like occurrents (saide Dora) vertue and a good hart must take place. Recall it then (faire Felis-mena) and reuiue thy daunted spirits, trouble not thy selfe any more, for nowe is the ende of thy sorrowes and the beginning of thy contentment come. And speaking these wordes, she be-sprinkled his face with a certaine odoriferous water which she brought in the siluer bottle, whereby he came to his memorie againe, and then saide vnto him, If thou wilt recouer thy life, Sir Knight, and giue it her that hath passed such an ill one for thy sake, drinke of the water in this bottle: The which Don Felix taking in his hande, drunke

a good draught, and resting vpon it a little, founde himselfe so whole of his wounds, which the three knights had giuen him, and of that, which the loue of Celia had made in his brest, that now he felt the paine no more, which either of them had caused in him, then if he had neuer had them. And in this sort he began to rekindle the old loue, that he bare to Felismena, the which (he thought) was neuer more zealous then now. Whereupon sitting downe vpon the greene grasse, hee tooke his Lady and Shepherdesse by the hands, and kissing them manie time saide thus vnto her. How small account would I make of my life (my deerest Felismena) for cancelling that great bond, wherein (with more then life) I am for euer bound vnto thee: for since I enioy it by thy meanes, I thinke it no more then right, to restore thee that which is thine owne. With what eies can I behold thy peerelesse beautie, which (though vnaduisedly) I knew not to be such, yet how dare I (for that which I owe thee) cast them in any other part? What wordes are sufficient to excuse the faults, that I haue committed against thy faith, and firmest loue, and loyaltie? Wretched and accursed for euer shall I be, if thy condition and clemencie be not enclined to my fauour and pardon: for no

satisfaction can suffice for so great an offence, nor reason to excuse me for that, which thou hast to forget me. Truth it is, that I loued Celia well, and forgot thee, but not in such sort that thy wisedome and beautie did euer slide out of my minde. And the best is, that I knowe not wherein to put this fault, that may be so iustly attributed to me; for if I will impute it to the yoong age that I was then in, since I had it to loue thee, I shoulde not haue wanted it to haue beene firme in the faith that I owed thee. If to Celias beautie, it is cleere, that thine did farre excell hers and all the worlds besides. If to the change of time, this shoulde haue beene the touchstone which should haue shewed the force and vertue of my firmenes. If to iniurious and trayterous absence, it serues as little for my excuse, since the desire of seeing thee should not haue been absent from supporting thy image in my memorie. Behold then Felismena, what assured trust I put in thy goodnes, that (without any other meanes) I dare put before thee, the small reason thou hast to pardone me. But what shall I doe to purchase pardon at thy gracious hands, or after thou hast pardoned me, to beleeue, that thou art satisfied: for one thing greeves me more then any thing else in the world, and this it is. That, though the loue

which thou hast borne me, and wherewith thou dost yet blesse me, is an occasion (perhaps) to make thee forgiue me, and forget so many faults: yet I shal neuer lift vp mine eies to behold thee, but that euerie iniurie, which I have done thee, will be worse than a mortal incision in my guiltie hart. The Shepherdesse Felismena, who saw Don Felix so penitent for his passed misdeedes, and so affectionately returned to his first thoughts, with many teares told him, that she did pardon him, bicause the loue, that she had euer borne him, would suffer her to do no lesse: which if she had not thought to do, she would neuer haue taken so great paines and so many wearie iourneyes to seeke him out, and many other things, wherewith Don Felix was confirmed in his former loue. Whereupon the faire Nymph Doria came then to the Knight, and after many louing words and courteous offers in the Ladie Felicias behalfe passed betweene them, she requested him and faire Felismena to goe with her to Dianas Temple, where the sage Ladie (with great desire to see them) was attending their comming. Don Felix agreed thereunto, and taking their leaue of the Portugall Shepherdesses (who wondered not a little to see what had happened) and of the woefull Shepherd Danteus, mounting

vpon the horses of the dead Knights that were slaine in the late combate, they went on their waie. And as they were going, Felismena told Don Felix with great ioy, what she had past since she had last seene him, which made him to marvell verie much, and especially at the death of the three Sauages, and at the Palace of the sage Ladie Felicia, and successe of the Shepherds and Shepherdesses, and at euerie thing else contained in this booke. And Don Felix wondred not a little to vnderstand how his Ladie Felismena had serued him so many daies as his page, and that he was so far gon out of his wits and memorie, that he knew her not all that while. And his ioy on the other side, to see that his Ladie loued him so well, was so great, that by no meanes he could hide it. Thus therefore riding on their way, they came to Dianas Temple, where the sage Felicia was looking for their comming: and likewise the Shepherd Arsileus, and Belisa, Syluanus, and Seluagia, who were now come thither not many daies before. They were welcomed on euerie side, and with great ioy intertained; but faire Felismena especially, who for hir rare vertues and singular beautie was greatly honored of them all. There they were all married

with great ioy, feasts, and triumphes, which were made by all the goodly Nymphes, and by the sage and noble Ladie Felicia; the which Syrenus with his comming augmented not a little.

A TALE FROM SIDNEY'S "ARCADIA."

Sir Philip Sidney wrote his "Arcadia" for the pleasure of his sister, the Countess of Pembroke. It was not written for publication, and upon his death-bed he asked a friend to collect all the leaves of the MS. and burn them. His sister, no doubt, interfered after his death for their preservation. He had dedicated the work to her, saying to her, "You desired me to do it, and your desire to my heart is an absolute commandment. For severer eyes it is not; being but a trifle, and that triflingly handled." It was written in the years 1580 and 1581. Sidney received his death-wound before Zutphen in 1586, and the "Arcadia" was first published in 1590. The force and simplicity of Sidney's character are shown in the style of his "Apologie for Poetrie," for which he did wish many readers. The euphuistic style that was the fashion of the day has no more place in that work than it has in the poems by which Spenser wished to be remembered. Spenser amused himself by writing euphuistic pieces, which, though there were nine comedies among them, he kept from the press.

Sidney amused his sister by following the fashion for her pleasure, and in so doing set a fashion; for his "Arcadia" stands in the literature of Europe first in a series of heroic pastoral romances, especially developed in France, that formed a main part of the light reading of two generations of idlers. Sidney joined to the Spanish and Italian pastoral, of prose mixed with verse, a wealth of adventure planned after the fashion of the Spanish romances of chivalry. There was an influence upon him also from the old Greek Romance of the loves of Theagenes and Chariclea—the Æthiopica, written in the fourth century by Heliodorus, afterwards Bishop of Tricca, in Thessaly. It had been recently translated into English by Thomas Underdown, and was specially praised by Sidney in his "Apologie for Poetrie."

Sidney's story is of two cousins and close friends, Musidorus, Prince of Thessaly; and Pyrocles, Prince of Macedon. When young men upon their travels together, they were parted by shipwreck. Musidorus, cast on the Laconian shore, was rescued and taken to the house of the noble Kalander, in Arcadia, where he spoke of himself as Palladius and of his lost friend as Daiphantus. After a time Kalander learned that his son Clitophon had been

taken prisoner by the Helots, in Laconia. Musidorus gathered an Arcadian army for his rescue, and found Pyrocles in the marvellously brave captain of the Helots. Clitophon was released, and the two friends, now re-united, presently resolved to make their way to the two daughters of Basilius, King of Arcadia. He and his wife Gynecia had carried them into a forest, and there shut them up in two lodges. In one of the lodges the king and queen themselves lived, and kept watch over their daughter Philoclea; their other daughter, Pamela, was in the other lodge, under care of a clown and his ugly wife, Dametas and Miso, who had a more unpleasant daughter, Mopsa. Pyrocles dressed himself as an Amazon, and called himself Zelmane, so he found his way to the lodge of Philoclea, to whom he gave his heart. Here he was courted by Basilius, who took him for a woman, and by Gynecia, who took him for a man, while he with difficulty made his suit to Philoclea, who took him for first one and then the other. Musidorus obtained access to the other lodge as a shepherd, Dorus, and, that he might remain near Pamela, professed affection for her keeper Mopsa. This is only the beginning of entanglements. Notes of war sound, episodes abound, and among

the episodes is one that may suffice to show the manner of the book. Pyrocles, as captain of the Helots, may not have suggested to Shakespeare the adventure of Valentine among the outlaws, yet certainly we owe to the episode now quoted his fine interweaving of the story of Gloster and his sons, an addition of highest value to the artistic working out of the design of his *King Lear*.

It was in the kingdome of *Galatia*, the season being (as in the depth of Winter) very cold, and as then sodainly grown to so extreme and foul a storm, that never any winter (I think) brought forth a fouler childe: so that the Princes were even compelled by the hail, that the pride of the winde blew into their faces, to seek som shrouding place, which a certain hollow rock offering unto them, they made it their shield against the tempests fury. And so staying there, till the violence thereof was passed, they heard the speech of a couple, who not perceiving them, being hid within that rude canopie, held a strange and pitiful disputation, which made them step out, yet in such sort as they might see unseen. There they perceived an aged man, and a young, scarcely com to the age of a man, both poorly arrayed, extremely weather-beaten; the old man blinde, the young man leading him: and yet through all those miseries, in both there seemed to appear a kinde of nobleness, not sutable to that affliction. But the first words they heard, were these of the old man. Wel *Leonatus* (said hee) since I cannot perswade thee to lead mee to that which should end my grief, and my trouble,

let mee now intreat thee to leav mee : fear not, my misery cannot bee greater than it is, and nothing doth becom me but misery : fear not the danger of my blinde steps, I cannot fall wors, than I am : and do not I pray thee, do not obstinately continue to infect thee with my wretchedness : but flie, flie from this region onely worthy of mee. Dear father (answered hee) do not take away from mee the onely remnant of my happiness : while I have power to do you service, I am not wholly miserable. Ah my son (said hee, and with that hee groned, as if sorrow strave to break his heart) how evill fits it mee to have such a son, and how much doth thy kindness upbraid my wickedness ! These dolefull speeches, and som others to like purpose (well showing they had not been born to the fortune they were in) moved the Princes to go out unto them, and ask the younger what they were ? Sirs (answered hee with a good grace, and made the more agreeable by a certain noble kinde of pitiousness) I see well you are strangers, that know not our miserie, so well here known, that no man dare know, but that wee must bee miserable. Indeed our state is such, as though nothing is so needfull unto us as pitie, yet nothing is more dangerous unto us, than to make our selvs so known as may stir pitie : but your presence promiseth that crueltie shall not ouer-run hate : and if it did, in truth our state is sunk below the degree of fear.

This old man (whom I lead) was lately rightfull Prince of this countrie of *Paphlagonia*, by the hard-hearted ungratefulness of a son of his, deprived not onely of his kingdom (whereof no forrain forces were ever able to spoil him) but of his sight, the riches which Nature

grant's to the poorest creatures: whereby, and by other his unnatural dealings, hee hath been driven to such grief, as even now hee would have had mee to have led him to the top of this rock, thence to cast himself headlong to death: and so would have made mee, who received my life of him, to bee the worker of his destruction. But noble Gentlemen, said hee, if either of you have a father and feel what dutifull affection is ingrafted in a son's heart, let mee intreat you to convey this afflicted Prince to som place of rest and security: amongst your worthy acts it shall bee none of the least, that a king of such might and fame, and so unjustly oppressed, is in any sort by you relieved.

But before they could make him answer, his father began to speak. Ah my son, said hee, how evil an historian are you, that leav out the chief knot of all the discours? my wickedness, my wickedness! and if thou doest it to spare my ears (the onely sens now left mee proper for knowledg) assure thyself thou doest mistake mee: and I take witness of that Sun which you see (with that hee cast up his blinde eyes, as if hee would hunt for light) and wish my self in wors case that I do wish my self, which is as evill as may bee, if I speak untruly, that nothing is so welcom to my thoughts, as the publishing of my shame. Therefore know you Gentlemen (to whom from my heart I wish that it may not prove som ominous foretoken of misfortune to have met with such a miser as I am) that whatsoëver my son (ô God, that truth bind's me to reproch him with the name of my son) hath said is true. But beside those truths, this also is true, that having had, in lawfull marriage, of a mother fit to bear

royal children, this son (such a one as partly you see, and better shall know by my short declaration) and so enjoyed the expectations in the world of him, till hee was grown to justifie their expectations (so as I needed envie no father for the chief comfort of mortalitie, to leav another ones-self after mee) I was carried by a bastard son of mine (if at least I bee bound to believ the words of that base woman my concubine, his mother) first to mislike, then to hate, lastly to destroy, or to do my best to destroy this son (I think you think) undeserving destruction. What ways shee used to bring mee to it, if I should tell you, I should tediously trouble you with as much poysonous hypocrisie, desperate fraud, smooth malice, hidden ambition, and smiling envie, as in any living person could bee harboured : but I list it not ; no remembrance of naughtiness delight's mee but mine own ; and mee think's, the accusing his traps might in som manner excuse my fault, which certainly I lothe to do. But the conclusion is, that I gave order to som servants of mine, whom I thought as apt for such charities as my self, to lead him out into a forrest, and there to kill him.

But those thievs (better natured to my son than my self) spared his life, letting him go to learn to live poorly : which hee did, giving himself to bee a private souldier in a country here by : but as hee was ready to bee greatly advanced for som noble pieces of service which hee did, hee heard newes of mee : who (drunk in my affection to that unlawful and unnatural son of mine) suffered my self so to bee governed by him, that all favors and punishments passed by him, all offices and places of importance distributed to his favorites ; so that ere

I was aware, I had left my self nothing but the name of a King! which hee shortly weary of too, with many indignities (if any thing may bee called an indignity, which was laid upon mee) threw me out of my Sea, and put out my eyes, and then (proud in his tyranny) let mee go, neither imprisoning, nor killing mee; but rather delighting to make mee feel miserie; miserie indeed, if ever there were any; full of wretchedness, fuller of disgrace, and fullest of guiltiness. And as hee came to the crown by so unjust means, as unjustly he keep it, by force of stranger souldiers in *Cittadels*, the neasts of tyrannie and murtherers of libertie; disarming all his own country men, that no man durst shew himself a well-willer of mine: to say the truth (I think) few of them being so (considering my cruel folly to my good son, and foolish kindness to my onkinde bastard :) but if there were any who felt a pitie of so great a fall, and had yet any sparks of unslain duty left in them towards me; yet durst they not shew it, scarcely with giving me alms at their doors; which yet was the onely sustenance of my distressed life, no bodie daring to show so much charitie, as to lend mee a hand to guide my dark steps; till this son of mine (God knowe's, worthie of a more virtuous, and more fortunate father) forgetting my abominable wrongs, not reckoning danger, and neglecting the present good waie hee was in of doing himself good, came hither to do this kinde office you see him perform towards mee, to my unspeakable grief; not onely becaus his kindness is a glass even to my blinde eyes of my naughtiness, but that above all griefs, it grive's me hee should desperately adventure the loss of

his well-deserving life for mine, that yet ow more to Fortune for my deserts, as if he would carry mud in a chest of Chrystal: for well I know, hee that now raigneth, how much soëver (and with good reason) hee despiseth mee, of all men despised; yet hee will not let slip any advantage to make away him, whose just title (ennobled by courage and goodness) may one day shake the seat of a never-secure tyrannie. And for this caus I craved of him to lead mee to the top of this rock, indeed I must confess, with meaning to free him from so serpentine a companion as I am. But hee finding what I purposed, onely therein since hee was born, shewed himself disobedient unto mee. And now Gentlemen, you have the true story, which I praie you publish to the world, that my mischievous proceedings may be the glory of his filial pietie, the onely reward now left for so great a merit. And if it may bee, let me obtain that of you, which my son denie's mee: for never was there more pitie in saving any, than in ending mee; both becaus therein my agonie shall end, and so you shall preserv this excellent yong man, who els wilfully followe's his own ruine.

The matter in it self lamentable, lamentably expressed by the old Prince (which needed not to take to himself the gestures of pitie, since his face could not put off the marks thereof) greatly moved the two Princes to compassion, which could not stay in such hearts as theirs without seeking remedie. But by and by the occasion was presented: for *Plexirtus* (so was the bastard called) came thither with fortie hors, onely of purpose to murder his brother, of whose coming hee had soon advertisement,

and thought no eyes of sufficient credit in such a matter, but his own, and therefore came himself to bee actor, and spectator. And as soon as hee came, not regarding the weak (as hee thought) guard but of two men, commanded som of his followers to set their hands to his, in the killing of *Leonatus*. But the young Prince (though not otherwise armed but with a sword) how falsly soëver hee was dealt with by others, would not betray himself; but bravely drawing it out, made the death of the first that assayled him, warn his fellows to com more warily after him. But then *Pyrocles* and *Musidorus* were quickly becom parties (so just a defence deserving as much as old friendship) and so did behave them among that companie (more injurious than valiant) that many of them lost their lives for their wicked master.

Yet perhaps had the number of them at last prevailed, if the king of *Pontus* (lately by them made so) had not com unlooked for to their succour. Who (having had a dream which had fixt his imagination vehemently upon som great danger, presently to follow those two Princes, whom hee most dearly loved) was com in all haste, following as well as hee could their track with a hundred horses in that countrey, which hee thought (considering who then raigned) a fit place enough to make the stage of any Tragedie.

But then the match had been so ill made for *Plexirtus*, that his ill-led life, and wors-gotten honor should have tumbled together to destruction; had there not com in *Tydeus* and *Telenor*, with fortie or fiftie in their suit, to the defence of *Plexirtus*. These two were brothers, of the noblest hous of that country, brought up from their

infancie with *Plexirtus*, men of such prowess as not to know fear in themselvs, and yet to teach it in others that should deal with them: for they had often made their lives triumph over most terrible dangers; never dismaied, and ever fortunate; and truly no more setled in valor, than disposed to goodness and justice, if either they had lighted on a better friend, or could have learned to make friendship a childe, & not the father of virtue. But bringing up (rather then choice) having first knit their mindes unto him (indeed craftie enough, either to hide his faults, or never to shew them, but when they might pay home) they willingly held out the cours, rather to satisfie him, than all the world; and rather to bee good friends, than good men: so as though they did not like the evil hee did, yet they liked him that did the evil; and though not counsellors of the offence, yet protectors of the offender. Now they having heard of this sodain going out with so small a companie, in a countrie full of evil-wishing mindes towards him (though they knew not the caus) followed him; till they found him in such case, as they were to venture their lives, or els he lose his: which they did with such force of minde and body, that truly I may justly say, *Pyrocles* and *Musidorus* had never till then found any, that could make them so well repeat their hardest lesson in the feats of arms. And briefly so they did; that if they overcame not, yet were they not overcom, but carried away that ungrateful master of theirs to a place of securitie, howsoëver the Princes laboured to the contrarie. But this matter being thus far begun, it became not the constancie of the Princes so to leav it; but in

all haste making forces both in *Pontus* and *Phrygia*, they had in few days left him but onely that one strong place where hee was. For, fear having been the onely knot that had fastned his people unto him, that once united by a greater force, they all scattered from him, like so many birds, whose cage had been broken.

In which season the blinde King (having in the chief Citie of his Realm set the Crown upon his son *Leonatus's* head) with many tears (both of joy and sorrow) setting forth to the whole people, his own fault and his son's virtue, after he had kist him, and forc't his son to accept honor of him (as of his new-becom subject) even in a moment died, as it should seem, his heart broken with unkindness and affliction, stretched so far beyond his limits with his access of comfort, as it was able no longer to keep safe his vital spirits. But the new King (having no less lovingly performed all duties to him dead, than alive) pursued on the siege of his unnatural brother, as much for the revenge of his father, as the establishing of his own quiet. In which siege truly I cannot but acknowledg the prowess of those two brothers, than whom the Princes never found in all their travel, two of greater abilitie to perform, nor of abler skill for conduct.

But *Plexirtus* finding that if nothing els. famine would at last bring him to destruction, thought better by humbleness to creep, where by pride hee could not march. For certainly so had nature formed him, and the exercise of craft conformed him to all turningness of sleights, that though no man had less goodness in his soul than hee, no man could better finde the places whence arguments

might grow of goodness to another ; though no man felt less pitie, no man could tell better how to stir pitie ; no man more impudent to denie, where proofs were not manifest ; no man more readie to confess with a repenting manner aggravating his own evil, where denial would but make the fault fouler. Now hee took this way, that having gotten a passport for one (that pretended hee would put *Plexirtus* alive into his hands) to speak with the King his brother, hee himself (though much against the minds of the valiant brothers, who rather wished to die in brave defence) with a rope about his neck, barefooted, came to offer himself to the discretion of *Leonatus*. Where what submission hee used, how cunningly in making greater the fault, hee made the faultiness the less, how artificially hee could set out the torments of his own conscience, with the burdensom cumber hee had found of his ambitious desires, how finely seeming to desire nothing but death, as ashamed to live, hee begg'd life in the refusing it ; I am not cunning enough to bee able to express : but so fell out of it, that though at first sight *Leonatus* saw him with no other eye, than as the murderer of his father, and anger already began to paint revenge in many colors, ere long hee had not onely gotten pitie, but pardon ; and if not an excuse of the fault past, yet an opinion of a future amendment : while the poor villains (chief ministers of his wickedness, now betrayed by the author thereof) were delivered to many cruel sorts of death ; hee so handling it, that it rather seemed, hee had more com into the defence of an unremediable mischief alreadie committed, than that they had don it at first by consent.

In such sort the Princes left these reconciled brothers (*Plexirtus* in all his behaviour carrying him in far lower degree of service, than the ever-noble nature of *Leonatus* would suffer him) & taking likewise their leavs of their good friend the King of *Pontus* (who returned to enjoy som benefit, both of his wife and Kingdom) they privately went thence, having onely with them the two valiant brothers, who would needs accompanie them through divers places; they four doing acts more dangerous, though less famous, becaus they were but private chivalries: till hearing of the fair and virtuous Queen *Erona* of *Lycia*, besieged by the puissant King of *Armenia*, they bent themselves to her succour, both becaus the weaker (and weaker as being a Ladie) and partly becaus they heard the King of *Armenia* had in his companie three of the most famous men living, for matters of arms, that were known to bee in the world.

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